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PERIODICAL COLLECTION

THE
PORT FOLIO
Vol. 6.



Edwin Orr

PHILADELPHIA.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

Vol. VI.

JULY, 1811.

No. 1.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LIFE OF SAPPHO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WHEN we reflect with what glory and for how many ages the name of Sappho has been transmitted, and that it has adorned even the present one, we cannot too much regret the ravage time has committed on the poetry of this illustrious woman, of which there now remains but a few fragments. She must have possessed, in a high degree, the esteem of the Grecians, who named her their tenth muse. The celebrated writers of antiquity always mention her with a kind of transport. Even Longinus, this impartial and severe critic, hesitated not to propose her as the most perfect model of her kind, and we may easily conceive in what species of writing she excelled. Endowed with a most feeling and ardent soul, she obeyed the dictates of nature. Tenderness, and the transports of love, she painted in glowing, but natural colours, for she felt their influence; but envy that "worst of poisons, which ever finds a ready entrance to ignoble minds," persecuted her with violence: she was abandoned, betrayed, and unhappy.

VOL. VI.

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This woman, no less astonishing by her genius than her character, was born at Mytilène, the capital city of Lesbos, and flourished about six hundred years before the Christian era. The most received opinion is, that her father's name was Scamandronyme; her mother's that of Cléïs. She had three brothers—Larichus, whom she has celebrated in her verses—Eurigius, of whom she has made no mention—and Charaxus, whom she reproached with having a violent passion for the courtesan Rhodope; the same who erected a pyramid with the prodigalities of her lovers.

Sappho was a brunette, and of a middling stature. It appears, however, that her beauty was not of the regular standard, of which we may judge from the celebrated engraving of Delauney, taken from the relief of ancient sculpture. The fire of her soul, the source of her great talents, was seen in her countenance, and it impressed on all her features a character of passion and energy, superior even to beauty itself. Love was the only sentiment that possessed her heart, and that she breathed forth in her works.

Married, almost from her infancy, to Cercola, one of the richest inhabitants of the isle of Andros, she gave birth to a daughter whom she named Cléïs, after her mother. An early widowhood exposed her to the dangers of a new condition in life, which her extreme youth, her desire for liberty, and perhaps the complexion of her character did not excite in her own mind any apprehension.

Her verses and examples very soon invited the youth of her sex to pleasures, and emboldened them to dispute with man the palm of talents. Her renown was so brilliant and rapid, that she put even Envy to the blush—her disciples were the most celebrated women of Greece; at Mylet, Anaxagore; at Colophone, Gongice; at Salamine, Eunice; at Lesbos, Damophile; in Lancride, Thelesile, and the younger Eriune, who was perhaps her equal. What elegance attended her! what crowds of adorers! among whom we distinguish the three greatest poets of her age—Archiloque, Hipponax, and Alcie.

Thus glided away the days of Sappho, enjoying the flattering homage of both sexes, and the two-fold pleasure of reigning over

them, at the same time, by love and admiration. Will it be believed, that her first persecutor was a man? How is it that jealousy has not shown its head among those of her own sex, who have written of her, whilst the men were constantly persecuting her? Is it that the men would be more wicked, or would the women be more naturally induced to make a common cause, when the glory and interest of their sex was at stake.

Sappho's first misfortune was in too well pleasing the three poets whom I have already named. Athénée does not inform us which of the three was preferred; but none of them merited her preference, from the despicable and cruel use they made of the arms of satire. Preeminent in these malicious attacks was Alcée, who, with a furious zeal, signalized his jealousy, and far surpassed his rivals in his ebullitions against his mistress.

He was one of the first citizens of the republic; a warrior, and at the head of a party, then the most powerful: born at Mytilène he felt honoured in having in Sappho a compatriot and a rival: she, in her turn, named him the chanter of Lesbos: she had, however, no idea that the verses of a man of sixty should be preferred by her to youth and grace: the *lover* complained of it, and murmured; but the *poet*, who had just consecrated an eulogium on the heart and talents of his mistress, with equal zeal attacked her manners and her works. We should, however, render this piece of justice to the Mytilénians, that they immediately declared against Alcée, and that they afforded to Sappho, on this occasion, a protection which her glory, and, perhaps, the nature of her weaknesses had a right to demand.

The young Phaon appeared at that time at Mytilène; he was the handsomest of the Lesbians; he attracted the regard and the hearts of all, and Sappho had the dangerous happiness to be preferred. Alcée, now more furious, gave full scope to his vindictive rage, and the women, became (I know not how) more credulous, gave full credit to the imputations of Alcée. Every one united themselves against her, and even her friends betrayed her. The young Damophile, one of her most beloved *élèves*, wounded her most sensibly; by her artifice she brought Phaon to doubt of the fidelity of his mistress, and from this to the part he took in absentsing himself from her. Sappho, however, shone but the brighter:

in her lacerated heart she found only the gnawings of unhappy love, and of sorrow, without a murmur: her verses were daily inviting the return of the ingrate Phaon; but with the passionate accents of a heart that still believed itself too happy in the sentiment that causes its suffering. Never did there escape from her the least word against the culpable—never the shadow of complaint against her enemies, without excepting even Damophile.

It is strange, that Phaon was not actuated by self-love, to return to her, and that he should not be sensible of the pleasure of hearing his name resounded throughout all Greece, immortalized by the chefs-d'œuvres of tenderness and of poetry, which he did not merit to inspire.—His return to Mytilène was but food for new torment, and but fuel to the flame that was consuming the heart of this celebrated unfortunate, who was a second time abandoned. From the picturing of her despair, it is that Ovid has drawn those passages of eloquence and love which animate *la plus touchante* of his heroines.

Figure to your mind this transcendent genius, amidst her fellow-citizens, whom she honours, become the object of public hatred and disdain; obliged to pursue, by the most passionate letters, an ingrate who laughed at her tears; and, above all, behold Sappho going, even to Sicily, and falling at the feet of a young man, who repulses her with disdain.

This last action drove her to the height of despair: she wished even to renounce her love—she ascended to the top of a promontory hanging over the sea, and from thence

“She meditated the eternal depth below,
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunged; soon overwhelmed, and swallowed up,
In that immense of being.”

Thus leaving to posterity an everlasting remembrance of her talents and misfortunes.

Thus was rendered illustrious the famous promontory of Leucate, of which the death and the name of Sappho do not, at this remote period, recall the idea without a pang for this unfortunate victim.

W. S.

Philadelphia, 15th May, 1811.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The conductor of the Port Folio will insert the following reply to Mr. George Baron, of Newyork, Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy, if he thinks it worthy of a place, in the scientific department of his valuable miscellany.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE perused your friendly letter addressed to me, in the Newyork Commercial Advertiser, on the subject of commencing the publication of the second volume of the Mathematical Correspondent. I regretted very much, at the time that work was abandoned, that there could not be found, in this populous and enlightened country, patronage sufficient to support it. Such a work is really a desideratum. We are in possession of no proper vehicle, at present, for conveying to the public discoveries and improvements in science; and I think it no small reflection upon the taste and understanding of the American people. Our modern sciolists seem willing to contribute to every thing that is showy and superficial; but works of a profound cast; works, which require a laborious exercise of the reasoning faculty, appear to them almost as terrific as the Bohon Upaz. The first volume of the Mathematical Correspondent had begun to awaken a taste for the recondite and exact sciences; though, like the faint illuminations of the glow-worm, I acknowledge its rays were confined within a narrow sphere; and, could means be devised to secure the public support, to a certain extent, I doubt not but it might be made, in its recommencement, eminently instrumental, in lighting the friends of science to the sanctuary of her temple. The European presses abound with the most contemptuous reflections upon the jejuneness of American genius and American talent. And why? In a great measure, because we have so few works possessing the character necessary to rouse talent into action, and to fan genius into its fervid blaze. A newspaper is ephemeral—is evanescent. A man of science feels unwilling to commit an important discovery, or even an improvement, to a type that may find an earlier grave than him.

self. I am in possession of some scientific improvements, to which I would willingly give publicity, could I find for them an appropriate receptacle; and you have, confidentially, convinced me, that you are in possession of many more; which, if promulgated, I am well persuaded, would prove no inconsiderable addition to the stock of general information; and would it not be extreme vanity in us, to suppose that we are the only persons, in the United States, in possession of discoveries and improvements, in science? I have no doubt but the number, capable of contributing to the success of the contemplated work, is far more considerable than is generally imagined; and that the mass of information, which might be drawn, from these various sources, would, ultimately, remunerate, and more than remunerate the public, for that patronage, which is necessary, in the commencement of the undertaking. Your theory of Differentials may, with great propriety, be considered an entire new system: for it bears much less resemblance to the intricate mass of analytical confusion, hitherto dignified with that appellation, than the Newtonian illustrations of the celestial phenomena to the chaos of Egyptian astronomy. Your observations, on the science of Fluxions, particularly the Summatory Calculus, have induced me, since I last saw you, to bestow more than ordinary attention on that subject; and, I am now satisfactorily convinced, that they were founded on fact, and that the ordinary methods, of investigating integrals, are susceptible of very great improvement, emanating from arcana, in the science hitherto undeveloped. The accurate determination of the longitude at sea, has proved one of the most baffling subjects, that has ever exercised the energies of the human intellect; and although many, at various periods, have thought themselves entitled to imitate the luminary of Syracuse, when he was fortunate enough to solve the hydrostatical question of king Hiero; yet have they all been compelled, finally, to acknowledge, that its difficulties are insuperable. And, indeed, I have sometimes been induced to believe, that some physical impediment, arising from the perplexity of figure, motion, and relation, is placed by the Omniscent, as an insurmountable barrier to the attainment of this desirable object, as well for the

purpose of humiliating the pride of the human understanding, as to serve, through succeeding generations, for a perpetual "eos ingenii." Should Providence, however, be so kind as to spare your life, until you complete your new system of navigation, with which, I am happy to learn, you are so rapidly progressing; I doubt not, from the idea which I now entertain of it, but it will prove a valuable succedaneum for the long sought-for discovery. I am, indeed, so well convinced of its utility, simplicity and superiority to all other systems of navigation, hitherto divulged; that I cannot but urge you, with the importunity of a friend, to accelerate the completion and publication of a work, the sterling excellence of which must secure you the respect of your contemporaries, the gratitude of posterity, and entitle you, without vanity, to direct that your epitaph shall be extracted from the 30th ode of the 3d book of the immortal bard of Venusia.*

With regard to your question, relative to the number seven, I will observe, that my vocational engagements have been so literally incessant, since the receipt of your favour, that I have not been able to give it that mature investigation, which, from its importance, and its curious bearing on numerical operations, it unquestionably deserves; the profound discoveries, the sage remarks, and the *noli-me-tangere* suggestions, of the erudite W. S. to the contrary, notwithstanding. However, from the little reflection, which I have been able to bestow on it, I have discovered one reason, why six equal digits will divide, exactly, by this remarkable and dignified number; I say dignified, because it expresses, ordinally, the day on which the Almighty Fabricator of the universe is said, in figurative language, to have "rested from his work." It is well known, that one number will exactly divide by another, when the first, or dividend, is a multiple of the second, or divisor. It is also known, that if a succession of dividends should leave remainders, whose sum amounts to a multiple of a divisor, the aggregate of the dividends will itself be a

- * Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imper edax, non Aquilo Impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

multiple of that identical divisor. Now, in the question proposed; if we take six units, they make, according to our notation, one hundred and eleven thousand, one hundred and eleven; which is only the aggregate sum of one, ten, one hundred, one thousand, ten thousand, and a hundred thousand. If we inquire, then, whether these numbers are, respectively, multiples of the septenary, we shall soon discover, that this property belongs to none of them; but we shall, at the same time perceive, that, on their being divided by the number seven, they will leave a set of remainders, whose sum is a multiple of the septenary; and, that therefore, the aggregate must be exactly divisible by that number. Now if this be true of six units, it must be true of six twos, of six threes, of six fours, and in fact, of any six equal digits; because every digit is a multiple of the unit.

To substantiate the truth of this reasoning, I shall subjoin the following illustration. As we know that 111111 means the same thing as $1 + 10 + 100 + 1000 + 10000 + 100000$; let the small right hand square, in the annexed diagram, represent a unit; and let it be required to ascertain how often another square, of seven times its dimensions, is contained in it. It is obvious, that we shall have the remainder $\frac{1}{7}$; or as seven will be a common denominator, we may say, that the remainder will be one. Let the second square, marked ten, be a superficies of ten times the contents of the first; and let it be required to ascertain how often that also contains the common measure seven; it is equally obvious, that we shall have the remainder $\frac{3}{7}$, or 3. Let then the contents of the succeeding squares be to each other in the same decuple ratio, as indicated by the numbers, which they enclose; and let the common measure seven be applied,

$7 [1] =$	1
$7 [10] =$	3
$7 [100] =$	2
$7 [1000] =$	6
$7 [10000] =$	4
$7 [100000] =$	5
sum of remainders,	$= 21$.

be one, three, two, six, four, and five.—Now, it is evident that $1 + 3 + 2 + 6 + 4 + 5 = 21$, the sum of the remainders, amounts to a multiple of the septenary; and consequently, that the aggregate 111111 must

divide, exactly, by that number. Five equal digits will not do this; nor will seven; nor, in fact, will any other number that is not a multiple of six; and for this obvious reason; because the sum of their remainders will not be a multiple of the septenary. I would willingly make some further observations, on the curious properties of this digit; but my time will not permit; I have barely a sufficiency to add, should the publication of the Mathematical Correspondent be recommenced, you may count, with certainty, upon my most ardent wishes for its success, and my feeble exertions to contribute to its utility; if they can prove, in the smallest degree, auxiliary to so eminent a duumvirate of mathematicians, as Messrs. George Baron, of New-York, and Thomas Maughan, of Quebec.—I have the honour to be, my dear sir, with sentiments of respect and esteem, your friend and obedient humble servant,

THOMAS P. IRVING.

Newbern, N. C.
April 29th, 1811.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORLANDO.—A POEM.

CANTO II.

MR. EDITOR,

THE author of the poem called ORLANDO, at the request of several, has at length finished the second Canto, which he ventures to send to you for publication. Through the imprudence of a friend (in publishing the first canto) a youth, who has not yet attained his eighteenth year, was exposed to the harsh strictures of criticism. Many of the censures of the writer, who signs himself "Justice," might have been spared, not only as evincing little sensibility to the exquisite feelings of youth, but likewise as being unfounded. The author might say, with truth, that his heart is rather too proud to suffer him to become a wilful imitator; such a one too, as a person might suppose him to be, on reading the remarks of "Justice." He never imitated wilfully except the three several lines of Gray, Collins and Shakspeare. The following observations were made by a friend of his: whether they are just or not the public must determine.

"Poets," says he, "in reading the works of others, are frequently struck with ideas, which remain imprinted on the mind after the source whence they are derived is forgotten. Those being called into action by some circumstance, the person finding them floating on his brain, regards and uses them as his own offspring, whereas they are only his by adoption. This may account for some of the passages wherein you are thought guilty of plagiarism, as you inform me at the time you had not the Minstrel, and had read it but once. To proceed to the descriptive parts of the poem: France and Scotland both abound in savage mountains and delightful vales; therefore Nature does hold forth some resemblance in her grand outlines in either country; but when we descend to the particular scenery, the difference of climate is soon perceived. This similarity in outline, and dissonance in particularity, ought to be expected in two persons describing the different countries. Accordingly we find that Orlando and the Minstrel both describe hills and dales; but in the individual ideas which are imprinted on the mind by reading either, I defy the critic, with all his ingenuity, to discover any affinity scarcely: those he has pointed out are almost all verbal.

"In those gloomy times in which the scene of both the Minstrel and Orlando is laid, the belief of the existence of ghosts was universally established; and a poet, pretending to delineate the feelings of a person who lived at such a period, would do wrong to omit this important cause of terror and delight. This is a sufficient reason why you should have introduced your twenty-fourth and fifth stanzas, although the imagery should be nearly the same as that employed by Beattie. But, in the particular ideas, I perceive no resemblance; the scenery that arises in my mind on reading both, is totally different. The visionary personages of the Minstrel are rather of a mild nature; those of Orlando are gloomy and terrific.

"The critic falls into a very great absurdity, where he says the descriptions of the seashore are similar; no person of common sense, after reading the two, would say the one is an imitation of the other."

Such are the observations of a friend. The author cannot judge of the justness of the remarks, because as Aristotle remarks "*Πας το οικτιος εφ' ου αγαπασ.*" For those passages, where the critic condescends to praise him, the author feels the liveliest gratitude. He must confess, though upon the whole, the writer has treated him rather harshly, he has derived some benefit from his observations. He hopes this second Canto will prove it; he has taught him that after he has written he ought to make some research and observe whether other authors have not passages parallel with those he has penned. The critic in looking over it may, *perhaps*, find lines similar to those of preceding poets, but no imitations unmarked.

The remarks of his friend, prefixed to the first Canto, where he says, "this poem is, *perhaps*, inferior to those of Chatterton," appear like those of a lunatic; as any attempt to equal that great but unfortunate poet, at such an age, would savour much of insanity. To discover the falsity of such criticism as

the above, "Justice" was certainly right in coming forward; but he need not have maltreated the poet for the offences of his friend. However, since he has volunteered, we hope he will again present himself on the publication of this Canto, and "point out faults and beauties alike!"

The three last stanzas may be deemed an excrescence; but the author could not repress the tribute of affection due to the place of his nativity.

1.

Ah! what a variegated scene is human life!
 Here sweetest vales, extent of purest joy;
 Dear vales, with every human blessing rife;
 There troubled views, of deep distress annoy.
 Such is our lot; why then does man expect
 Unsullied pleasure, in each future hour:
 Vain worm of earth, why dost thou not reflect:
 See'st thou, not oft, the rise and fall of earthly power?

2.

But grieve not sore, at this thy common doom,
 So clouds and sunshine, checker every day;
 Though prospects, sad, thy present landscape gloom,
 Soon will they flee, and brightest sunbeams play:
 Fair Hope attends, like evening's beaming star,
 The cheer and solace of our devious way,
 Points happier views, advancing from afar,
 E'en o'er the mourner's face, reflects a sprightly ray.

3.

But who can see, and yet not feel some gloom
 Steal o'er his mind, to view young genius fall,
 Unwept, unheeded, to his clay cold tomb,
 And not a friend to bear his dusky pall.
 Such a mean fate thy tow'ring soul disdain'd,
 Oh! Chatterton, the pride of British song,
 By one rash act, an early death obtain'd,
 Fled from a guilty world, all conscious of thy wrong.

4.

The sun's last ray proclaim'd the approach of even,
The dew drops sparkled, on the velvet green,
While roseate gold* shone in the western heaven,
And cast its huc, on mountains in between.
On Garonne's flowery banks, there was a grove,
Where cypress green, and bending willows rose,
A sacred spot, to melancholy love.
And here Orlando led, his father followed close.

5.

In that sweet spot, the verdant willow rows
Form round the monument a mournful shade,
With ever pendant, ever weeping boughs;
See the wild brook, that dashes through the glade,
Sweetly meand'ring through the blooming trees;
This was the place that held his mother's tomb:
And oft the murmuring brook, and sighing breeze,
Seem'd sadly to lament her beauties' early doom.

6.

Sweet is the tear, that from affection flows,
In brilliant dew drops, trickling from the eye.
His father here would think on all his woes,
And heave for her he lov'd, the frequent sigh;
Aye recollect, when first, in Spanish bowers,
He woo'd the maid, then blooming, fresh, and young,
How swift and pleasant, pass'd those joyful hours,
When love was all he breath'd from his enraptured tongue.

7.

'Twas to this sacred spot the way he led;
And now they gain'd the monumental stone:
" Sit down my son, Orlando, here he said,
" And listen to my tale of times now gone:

*Roseate gold may seem a curious expression; but who has not observed the lovely admixture of ruddy and golden tints in the western sky when the sun was setting.

"Long have I kept you in this staid retreat,
"Distant from courts, and busy men's rough noise;
"Now then, 'tis time this unknown world to greet,
"Partake its numerous ills, or share its nobler joys.

8.

"But why," Orlando cried, "why must we part?
"Why must I leave thee, father, kind and good?
"Who thy gray locks will comb, or sooth thy heart,
"Wipe from thy furrowed cheek, the briny flood;
"Who with sweet flowers, this sacred spot will grace,
"When morning's sun beams gild the eastern skies?
"I cannot leave thee, father, leave this place,
"To seek a guilty world you taught me to despise."

9.

"Forbear, my son, forbear to touch my heart!
"Know then that thou art born of noble blood;
"To gain thy honours due 'tis now we part,
"And thou must be a knight, right brave and good;
"Wouldst thou then live a kind's ignoble life?
"Cast off such thoughts, and seek the fields of glory,
"Urge thy fell way through many a lordly strife,
"A son of mine must live in fame and future story."

10.

"You boil my blood, my father, I will go,
"Pursue my way through glory's noble course,"
"Then hear, my son, a lengthen'd tale of woe,
"And how my all was lost by guilty force:
"Of fraudulent man, my son, you must beware,
"Though honour dwells in many a noble breast,
"Yet still Deceit hold forth her gilded snare,
"Each on the other preys, Vice is in Virtue drest.

11.

"I dwelt in youth near Ebro's merry shore,
"Of Arragonia's fairest maid possest,
"And many a happy day, I thought in store,
"In all my heart could wish supremely blest;
"Frowning with antique grandeur soar'd my towers,
"In vegetated splendour spread my plains,
"Checker'd with palm trees green, and orange bowers;
"Few were the Spanish lords that own'd such rich domains.

12.

"Then held the regal sway a noble king,
"In all his actions kind, and truly just,
"Ah! whence again, shall e'er his equal spring,
"For he, alas, lies slumbering in the dust:
"I soon obtain'd, and felt his matchless love,
"For I esteem'd the heroic deeds of youth,
"This arm then nerv'd, not oft in vain I strove,
"The foremost knight in war, the foremost knight in truth.

13.

"One eve all Nature spread her brightest bloom,
"Around in clusters grew the roses wild,
"The fragrant breath of May shed sweet perfume,
"All in lone dell, where the blue violet smil'd,
"O'er the dark woods, the setting sun beams stray'd,
"The sturdy shepherd on the green hedge hung,
"Saw the dun mountains cast a longer shade,*
"Or lov'd to hear the blackbird whistle forth his song.

14.

"O'er the calm lake, the breathing zephyrs stray'd,
"Its bosom ruffled by the dashing oar,
"Or where alone the glossy wild duck play'd,
"Or gain'd with paddling feet, the grassy shore;

*Majoresque cadunt, altis de montibus umbræ.

VIRG.

“Rose the bland moon, the eastern hills above,
 “The breeze was still, and every noise was stay’d,
 “Save the sweet accents of the voice of Love,
 “Soft whisper’d to the lass beneath the palm tree shade.

15.

“Then we walk’d forth these pleasing scenes to view;
 “Fond on my arm, my raptured lady hung,
 “O’er all her works, her eye sweet Nature drew,
 “She listen’d soft, while Philomela sung.
 “Whence came that piercing scream? our heads we rais’d—
 “A dreadful sight struck on our doubting eyes,
 “In one red flame, our ancient castle blaz’d—
 “Sunk Anna in these arms, that shook with dread surprise.

16.

“Now shrieks and shouts, in mingled tumult rose;
 “But, hark, that foot fall quick! ’twas Jacques came,
 “Ah! fly my lord, he cried, the worst of foes—
 “Ah! fly, a fiend more dread than yonder flame:
 “A tyrant’s bands each avenue defend.
 “Quick from its sheath, my trusty blade I drew,
 “Resolv’d on conquering, or a noble end.
 “Leave Anna here to die, I caught her up and fled.

17.

“Through gloomy woods, my faithful Jacques led;
 “Louder and louder, rose the shouts behind,
 “Swifter o’er many a hill and dale we fled,
 “‘As swift as though we rode upon the wind.’*
 “Now tir’d we sat us on a mountain high,
 “Then lay the dreary way, we came in sight,
 “The castle flaming, burnish’d all the sky,
 “And ‘heav’d and flash’d’ the lake ‘intolerably bright.’†

* Dryden.

† Southey.

18.

" Ah! who can think upon the days of youth,
" When all was beauty, all was innocence,
" When every thought, and every word was truth,
" Nor at the thought, one sacred tear dispense.
" Bright were those scenes where first my breath I drew.
" And Nature smiled, beauty was ever nigh,
" All, all are gone, for beauty quickly flew,
" And clouds of ashes darken all the evening sky.

19.

" Forgive the lengthen'd story of old age.
" With morning rose a village to our view,
" Here Jacques bought a minstrel's equipage,
" For Anna dear, a ploughman's garb of blue;
" Here too he learnt, with sorrow in his eye,
" Our noble king, had been dethron'd and kill'd,
" That me, and other lords, were doom'd to die,
" Sworn faithful to our prince, in battle ably skill'd.

20.

" At home no longer could I now remain,
" But sought, in my disguise, the land of France;
" My little harp procured us bread in Spain,
" What time I softly play'd the evening dance;
" At length I reach'd thy flowery banks, Garonne,
" And built my mansion on yon curving swell;
" Jacques is dead, alas! my Anna's gone,
" And thou alone remainst, to take my last farewell."

21.

He paus'd—fell down his cheek the tear,
Then thus pursued the history of his life:
" A stranger knight, last eve came here,
" And brought a tale, with pleasing wonders rife,

“The lords rebel against the usurping chief,
 “And wish my son to join their gallant force,
 “With morning’s sun, haste to dear Spain’s relief,
 “Clad in thy armour bright, on yonder prancing horse.

22.

“Go then, my son, as duke of old Castile,
 “These papers all the rest will tell.
 “Oh! what a fluttering at my heart I feel,
 “Catch me, Orlando, in thy arms—farewell.
 “Steel firm thy heart, oh! man, ’gainst ill,
 “In this dark world is sorrow mixt with joy,
 “Submit submissive to the eternal will.
 “Orlando’s all was gone, he was an orphan boy.

23.

Aye the soft tear, fell glittering from his eye,
 To think him dead, who watch’d his infant hours,
 Lov’d his wild prattle, when on tending knee,
 Or deckt his little breast with blooming flowers,
 Who taught him first, fair Nature’s works to love,
 Or more sublime, her savage scenery wild;
 Or listen’d to his harp in orange grove,
 And on his first attempts, with approbation smil’d.

* * * * *

24.

Now on his prancing horse, he darts afar,
 All his fair limbs in beaming mail array’d,
 Floated his lofty plumes in ambient air,
 Round his bright helm, a blazing radiance play’d,*
 Yet still he linger’d on the mountain height,
 And cast a wishful, tender look behind,
 The village cots, his ancient home in sight,
 The lov’d companions there rush on his melting mind.

* High on his helm celestial lightnings play. *Pope’s Iliad.*

25.

He turn'd and look'd upon the mountains then,
Oft had he wander'd o'er yon misty hills,
Or silent roving through the lonely glen,
Heard the far dashing, of the lucid rills:
Oft had he climb'd to yonder haggart scenes,
Lov'd the wild rocks for each fantastic form,
But more delightful, to these youthful dreams
When o'er the darken'd heights, lower'd the thunder storm.

26.

Long did he travel o'er the hills forlorn,
Where nought was heard upon the breezy gale,
Save the loud echoes, from the bugle horn
Of the wild hunter, rushing through the dale,
Chasing the ibex up the steepy hill,
Or howling on the wind his bandogs grim.
Trailing her shadows far, came evening still,*
Purpled the snowy heights, crimson'd far ocean's stream.

27.

Now gloomy night began to spread around;
Yet still Orlando climb'd the giddy steep,
Startled by rocks, that tumbling far profound,
Sent sullen echoes from the dashing deep.
And nought appear'd, save in the distant glen,
Flash'd its red glare around, the gipsy fire,
On savage rocks, or still more savage men,
And aye the quivering light made darkness still more dire.

28.

The mountains now were pass'd, the effulgent morn
Glow'd on the Spanish heights, fresh blew the gale,
Yet still he wander'd, through a wild forlorn,
Where briars grew, or bushes fill'd the dale:

* And now came evening still. *Milton*

Sudden a bloomy lawn appear'd in view,
And blazed the rising sun through yonder trees,
'Twas fragrant perfume, where the flow'rets grew,
And sung the feath'ry choir, melodious on the breeze.

29.

A darkling stream soft murmur'd through the grove,
Then gleaming distant in the enamel'd vale.
Who could see yonder maid, and yet not love,
Or the sweet poison with his breath inhale.
That ruby lip, and aye that downy cheek,
Those melting eyes, cast on the sparkling ground,
Her auburn hair, darken'd a charming neck,
So sweet a form as hers, no zone before had bound.

30.

With back half bent, and hand upon his breast,
And modest look, (his beaver thrown aside,)
This beaming maid, in accents soft address;
She blush'd as sweet, as Provence rose beside.
"Tell me, fair lady, where count Delsa dwells,
"Lives he afar, from these cool blooming bowers?"
"I am his child; these are my native hills,
"Follow me stranger, then, to yonder lofty towers."

31.

How odorous was the gale across the mead,
From rosemary, or lavender, or thyme,
Or where the gorse its golden blossoms spread,
Orlando felt the influence of the clime;
Cast many a side long glance upon the maid,
Enraptured as they walk'd in converse sweet,
How fleeting was to him the time they stray'd,
For they at length had reach'd the wide spread castle gate.

32.

The noble chieftain's presence soon they won,
The knight his father's ring and papers gave;
He look'd: was startled: "Art thou Castile's son,
"Where is he? Why those tears? he is in his grave—

" Ah! has the friend, of infant hours fled—
" Cast off this wo, we seek the field of war,
" This eve; and midst the dying and the dead,
" We crown our youthful king; or death we nobly dare.

33.

" When in infantine days, then blythe and light,
" Our children we betroth'd, our race to join,
" Seest thou my daughter there? my heart's delight,
" Gain her consent alone, and she is thine."
Now heaven and rapture, in his face was blent,
He caught her hand, and on his knee address;
She blush'd like crimson eve, yet smil'd consent,
Their hands together join'd, kneeling they both are blest.

34.

How soon the time arrived when they must go:
Mounted aloft, upon their champing steeds,
Elvira waved her hand of lily snow;
They clatter'd along o'er the sounding meads:
Fair groves of verdent cork trees rose in view,
And spread the oaks, their leaves forever green,*
And sweet the vales, where the silk cistus grew,
Where amaryllis bright, or jonquils gay were seen.

35.

And now afar, across the level plain,
Gay in the air, the streamers were afloat,
Soon was in ken the camp of warlike Spain,
And sounded shrill the martial music's note:
Frequent was heard the crash of beamy spears;
The ancient soldier lean'd upon his arms,
Or scatter'd in the groups; nor death he fears,
Nor combats fiercest shock, nor all wild war's alarms.

* Evergreen oaks (*quercus bellote*. Lin.) are very common in Spain. So likewise are the plants mentioned in this and the succeeding stanzas.

36.

Here as I write, near Trenton's glassy stream,*
 And think on all the horrors of a war,
 Methinks I see the distant watchfire gleam,
 Or hear the death shriek darting from afar:
 Or as I walk along thy orchard hill,
 Now gloomy night has all things overcast,
 Departed ghosts obedient to my will,
 Scream on the darkling flood, or ride the infuriate blast.

37.

Here died, perhaps, full many a noble youth,†
 Whom Genius warmed with her extatic flame,
 Whom Science might have taught her noblest truth,
 Fell'd by the stroke of death without a name.
 And here, perhaps, some one who might have grasp'd
 The sword of empire, or led armies on,
 Fell his ambition in the scathing blast,
 And the long waving grass his monument alone.

38.

Will you sweet maids who deck Trentonia's bowers,
 Attentive listen to your poet's lay,
 Oft has he past with you the pleasant hours,
 Well pleas'd to hear your frolic accents gay.
 To rove with you 'twas sweet o'er meadows bland,
 When soft the gale from clover field has blown,
 Enchating L****, with her lily hand,
 Would playful wish to deck, my brows with myrtle crown.

* It will be easily observed, that in this and the following stanzas, I allude to the battle of Trenton.

† In some passages of this stanza, there is a manifest imitation of Gray's *Elegy*.

22 ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY TO VARENNES.

ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY TO VARENNES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WRITTEN BY MARIA THERESE
CHARLOTTE OF FRANCE, DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

DURING the whole of the day of the 20th of June, 1791, my father and mother appeared very thoughtful, and much agitated, without my being able to conjecture the reason. After dinner they sent my brother and myself into another apartment, and shut themselves up alone with my aunt. I have since learned that it was then they informed her of the project they had in contemplation to escape. At five o'clock my mother joined us, to walk with her, accompanied by Madame de Maillé, her lady, and Madame de Soucy, under governess to my brother, to Tivoli, the house of Monsieur Bontin, near the castle of Antin. During the walk my mother took me apart, and told me that I must not be uneasy at what I should see, and that we should not be long separated, but should very soon meet again. I could not comprehend what she meant. She embraced me and said, "if the ladies inquired why I was so agitated, I must say that she was offended with me, and I had been asking her forgiveness." We returned at seven. I retired very sad to my apartment, not knowing what to think of my mother's conduct. I was entirely alone, my mother having engaged Madam de Mackan at a visitation where she often went, and had sent the young person to the country who usually attended me. I was scarcely in bed when my mother came to me; she had ordered me before to send away all the people except one of my women, under pretext that I was ill. She accordingly found me alone; she told us that we must depart immediately, and gave orders how it must be arranged. She said to Madame Brunyer, who was the woman that remained with me, that she wished her to follow us, but as she was married, she of course would not leave her husband; she however answered without hesitation, that my mother was perfectly right to depart, that her situation had been unhappy for a long time, and as for herself she would quit her husband, and follow her wherever she went. My mother was much affected with this mark of attachment. She left us and went to her own apartment, after wishing good night to Mon-

sieur and Madame, who had come, as usual, to supper with my father. Monsieur was already informed of the journey, but was in bed; he arose immediately and departed, taking with him Monsieur d'Avary, whom he made the partner of all his dangers, and who is still with him; as for Madame she knew nothing of the intended journey; it was not until she was retired for the night, that Madame Gourbillon, her companion, entered her room, and told her that she was charged on the part of the queen and Monsieure, to carry her immediately from France. Monsieur and Madame met, but did not appear to know each other, and arrived happily at Brussels.

My brother had been also awoke by my mother, and Madame de Fournelle conducted us both to my mother; we found there a *garde-du-corps*, named Monsieur de Maldan, who hurried our departure; my mother was very uneasy through fear of being known; they had dressed my brother as a little girl; he looked charming; as he had fallen asleep, he was unconscious of what passed. I afterwards asked him what he thought of it, he told me that he believed they were going to act a play, as we were so disguised. At half past ten, when we were all ready, my mother conducted us herself to the coach, which was much exposed, in the middle of the court; we were put in, Madame de Fournelle, my brother, and myself. Monsieur de Fersen rode as coachman; we were obliged to take a very circuitous route round Paris; at last we arrived at a small inn, near the Thuilleries. My brother was sleeping at the bottom of the coach, concealed under the gown of Madame de Fournelle. We saw pass us Monsieur de la Fayette, who was in my father's coach. We awaited them there at least a long hour, without being able to see what passed us; never did the time appear to me so long.

Madame de Fournelle travelled under the name of Madame la Baronne de Korff; my mother was the governess to her children, and called herself Madame Rochet; my father the valet de chambre Durand; my aunt, an attendant called Rosalie; my brother and myself were the two children of Madame de Korff, under the names of Amélie and Aglaë. At last, at the expiration of about an hour, I saw a woman, who came round

our coach; I feared we were discovered; but I was reassured on seeing the coachman open the door, and recognizing my aunt; she had escaped with only one of her people. In entering the coach she trod on my brother, who was still at the bottom, but he fortunately did not complain. She assured us all was tranquil, and that my father and mother would soon arrive; indeed my father arrived almost immediately afterwards, and then my mother, with the *guard-du-corps* which were to follow us. We again therefore set forward on our journey. Nothing particular happened to us till near the end, where we were to find a carriage to convey us on; but M. de Fersen did not know where to look for it; we were consequently obliged to wait a long time, which gave us great uneasiness, as my father went out. At last M. de Pherson returned, bringing with him the carriage; we immediately got in. M. de Fersen wished my father and mother good night, and set off in full speed. The three *garde-du-corps* were Messieurs M. de Maldan, Dumontier, and Valori; the latter travelled as courier, the others as domestics, and on horseback, and the other seated on the coach. They had changed their names; the former called himself St. Fan, the second Melchior, the other Francois. The two women who had gone before us, we found at Bondé; they were in a small coach, we took them with us. The day began to dawn; nothing remarkable happened during the morning; however, at ten leagues from Paris, we encountered a man on horseback, who continually followed our coach. At Etoges we feared we were known. At four o'clock we passed the grand city of Chalons on the Marne, there we were immediately discovered; every one blessed God that they saw their king in safety, and put up prayers for his escape. The next post to Chalons, we were to find some troops on horseback to conduct the carriage to Montmedy, but on our arrival we did not find them there; we anxiously awaited them till eight o'clock, and then went on to Clermont. There we saw the troops, but all the village were in alarm, and would not let them mount their horses. An officer recognized my father, approached the coach, and whispered to him that he was betrayed. We saw there also Monsieur Charles de Damas, but he could do nothing there;

we continued our route. The night had all at once overtaken us, and in spite of the agitation and inquietude that we were in, we all slept soundly. We were awoke by a frightful jolt, and at the same time their coming to tell us that they knew not what had become of the courier that rode before the coach. We supposed by the fear they were in, that they thought he had been discovered and taken. We were now arrived at the commencement of the village of Varennes. There was scarcely a hundred houses in this place, and no accommodation for posting; of course travellers were obliged to bring their own horses to this place. We had them, but they were at the Castle, on the other side of the river, and nobody knew where to find them. The postilions said that their horses were fatigued, and could not go further. There were therefore no other means left than by walking them as well as we could. At last the courier arrived and brought with him a man whom he believed was in our confidence, but I believed a spy of La Fayette. He came to the coach dressed in a morning gown and night-cap; he threw himself nearly withinside, saying, that he knew a secret, but he would not discover it. Madame de Tournelle asked him if he was acquainted with Madame de Korff; he said, no. We could not draw from him the secret. I have never seen this man since. We at last persuaded the postilions, with great difficulty, that our horses were at the Castle. They therefore, though with great reluctance, walked their own slowly on. On our arrival at the village we were alarmed with frightful cries round our carriage of "Stop, stop." They tore our post-boys from their seats, and the next moment our carriage was completely surrounded with armed men and flambeaux. They demanded who we were? We replied, Madame Korff and family. They then took their lights, put them immediately before the face of my father, and signified to us that we must descend from our carriage. We refused, saying, that we were simple travellers, and must pass. They threatened to murder us, if we resisted, and at the same instant all their guns were turned against the coach. We descended, and in traversing the street, saw pass us six dragoons on horse-back; but they had unfortunately no officers among them (for had there been) six well determined men would have been able to conquer all these fellows, and have saved the king.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ACCIDENT lately threw in my way an old volume, entitled "De la Sagesse" published at Paris in 1613, by Pierre Charron Parisien; in the 19th page of which are these words: "*Le vraye estude de l'homme, c'est l'homme.*" Now, Mr. Editor, we all remember the celebrated line of a favourite bard, in his Essay on Man, "The proper study of mankind is man." This being *verbatim* with the former, a question naturally arises, could two persons, writing in different ages, originate in themselves the same arrangement of words to express a like meaning? The probable inference is, they could not, and that one must have borrowed from the other. It is only *barely possible*, that Pope might have caught the idea and expression, without recollecting that both were copies.

T.

Cincinnati, May 5th, 1811.

SCIENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE excessive subtlety of the connexion between the mind and body, has baffled the investigation of the inquisitive philosopher, and while we constantly *feel* it, we must regret that we cannot *understand* it. It is not my intention to delve into this unfathomable subject, to build conjectures, which must sink as fast as the imagination can raise them; but to endeavour to illustrate a *part* of this branch of science, which has not hitherto been considered with a sufficient degree of accuracy.

It is now universally admitted that impressions of external objects are conveyed to the mind through the agency of *nerves*, whose *vibrations* serve as the organ of communication. This principle laid down as general, confessedly operates with regard to four of the five senses which we possess, but the *sense* of *seeing*, being more complicated than the rest, has been excluded from its proper class, and supposed to be governed, like a solitary, isolated outcast, by rules of its own. The hypotheses which

have been framed to form a reasonable elucidation of this operation of nature, are various and in some degree inconsistent. Since, however, the discovery of the different degrees of *refrangibility*, which the rays of light possess, all curiosity upon the subject seems to be extinguished. Philosophers having demonstrated, by proofs numerous and irresistible, that the convexity of the chrystalline humour of the eye, is such as to form a complete image upon the retina, seem to have considered themselves as having reached the *ne plus ultra* of discovery. They content themselves with having a piece of glass in a convex form to represent the chrystalline humour, and something behind it, at a *proper distance*, on which the image may be formed, and rest perfectly satisfied with this proof of the truth of their conclusions. But admitting that a coloured image is formed upon the retina of the eye, we are entirely at a loss to trace the process by which the faculty of vision is enabled to produce impressions upon the mind. It is at this stage of demonstration, that wild and fanciful hypotheses are framed; that disputants, losing sight of the ultimatum of their search, perplex themselves and their disciples with silly and trifling questions. Such, for example, is the dispute about the *object's appearing inverted*. The combating this latter doubt, some, who style themselves philosophers, still more visionary than the former, assert that *we look along the rays of light*, and thus see the object in its upright form. Others, to involve the subject still more in obscurity, have raised a question still less entitled to the name of *dispute* than the former, to wit, whether the mind contemplates the *object* or the *image*. The absurdity of supposing that the *mind* contemplates the *object* is at once established by reflecting, that a stream of light is continually pouring into the eye, and the mind cannot possibly have any power to run counter to this stream of rays and fasten upon the object, to judge of its dimensions and colour. Nor is it less absurd, to say that the mind contemplates the *image*; for if this were the case, there must be some *principal of vision*, behind the retina, with whose existence and nature we are unacquainted; perhaps something in the form of a *little eye* behind the retina, of which there is another one, and so on *ad infinitum*. This principle of vision is not formally acknowledged by any of the

advocates of the theory, but without it they must fall, and with it they cannot stand. For if we admit its existence, we must divide man into *three parts*, mind, body, and this non-descript, upon the utter absurdity of which, there needs no farther comment.

I will now state my own opinion on the subject, which, by giving uniformity to nature, rescues her from the imputation of irregularity, which the advocates of either of the above systems would cast upon her. Human nature is gifted with five senses. The impressions which we receive through the medium of four of them, are communicated by means of nerves, which are extremely attenuated, and susceptible of the slightest vibrations. The probability that the same method is used in the formation of a channel, by which the ideas derived from the powers of vision are conveyed to the mind, is founded upon the actual discovery of the nerves, whose vibrations excite in us the sensations of hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling, and heightened by observing the uniformity of nature. If we possess only five senses, and can distinctly trace the process by which four of them operate, does it not amount to a high degree of certainty, that the fifth is not a solitary exception to this general law. And besides, if the objections, that have been mentioned, overthrow every fanciful theory that has been framed on the subject, the circumstances of being left destitute of every reasonable hypothesis, tends to corroborate our opinion. I suppose, that the rays of light infringing upon the retina of the eye, excite vibrations in those delicate nerves, which communicate from it to the *common sensorium*, and that according to the strength of these vibrations, is the perception of colour. For example, the red rays when separated from the rest, retain a greater quantity of heat, than others; from this circumstance and from the phenomenon of their being less refrangible than those of any other colour, they probably contain a greater *quantity of matter*. Rays of light in passing through a prism, are deflected from their course, and by admitting that they possess different degrees of *momentum* (owing to the difference in their *quantity of matter*, all moving with an equal degree of *velocity*) the circumstance of refrangibility is at once made plain. For those rays which have the greatest degree of momentum (which are the red ones) must be

less liable to be turned from their course, by the particles of glass, through which they glide, than the purple ones, which do not possess an equal power of resistance. The corner stone of my theory being thus laid, by admitting the fact, that some rays possess a greater momentum than others, I proceed to show the connection between this, and the phenomena of vision.

The retina of the eye, is composed of a vast number of small nerves, united like a net-work, upon which an image is formed, in colour and proportion, bearing an exact resemblance to its external prototype. The coloured rays exciting stronger vibrations, in proportion to the smallness of their refrangibility, may thus occasion the perception of the *colour* of objects, and according to the number of nerves that are agitated, is the *distance* from the eye. When we look at a vessel, that is four or five miles from us, the image that is formed upon the retina, is small, and the nerves that vibrate, few. As the vessel approaches, the image expands, and the number of nerves in agitation increases, and thus, we are sensible of a diminution in its distance from us. We are justified in this theory, by the configuration of the eye: the optic nerves, all terminating in a soft pulp, exactly resembling the substance at the extremity of the nerves of the ear. It will serve also to account for a fact, which is otherwise inexplicable. Every one knows that after having gazed steadily at the sun for some time, we are unable to distinguish objects around us. But the capacity of the retina for the reception of images, is not at all diminished. They are painted upon it, in as vivid colours, after our gazing at the sun, as they were before. How comes it then that we suffer a temporary privation of sight? Admitting my theory, it is all as clear as the first proposition of Euclid; for the quantity of light that is admitted into the eye, upon gazing at the sun, excites such strong vibrations, in the optic nerves, that the tremulous ones, caused by the object to which we afterwards direct our eye, are merged and lost in those stronger ones, that have not yet ceased their motion.

I will mention only one more circumstance in corroboration of my opinion. Upon putting a piece of zinc upon the tongue, and a piece of silver under it, and approaching them together; at the moment of contact, a flash of light appears to pass before

the eyes. Upon what principle this can be accounted for, if we say that the mind contemplates the *image*, I know not. It must be an electrical spark, that is produced at the instant of contact, which darting through the head, causes the optic nerves to vibrate. It is well known, that when any of the nerves, which serve as the nerves between the mind and body, are, from any cause made to vibrate, the same impression is produced upon the mind, as if the corresponding object were actually present. The electric spark, therefore, by exciting such vibrations in the nerves of the retina, as would be caused by a flash of light, deceives the mind. With these observations, I submit the case to judgment.

B.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CRITIQUE ON THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES B. BROWN.

THE writings of the late Charles B. Brown of this city, have not for a long time past been made the subject of critical analysis. It is hoped, therefore, that some remarks on this head will not be regarded as impertinent, nor be deemed unworthy a place in your amusing and instructive repository. Perhaps it would be difficult to find another instance of a writer who had all his talents at all times so perfectly under self command. No opinion amongst men of letters is more commonly believed than this, that Genius is at all times partial and capricious in her visitations to her votary, and almost every writer adopts this opinion and practises accordingly. The peculiar state of the weather, slight personal indisposition, a mind irritated by some paltry incident, or that listlessness or ennui which is always the bed-fellow of indolence, are regarded as proof or apology that the writer is for the time incapable of performing his task. I presume, sir, that no law of christian charity would be violated, if I should modestly hint, that such are often the apology of indolence; that our good genius or by whatever other name we think proper to denominate him, will not come because he is not invited, and that he is not a guest so familiar but what he always expects to receive a card of invitation. In works depending mere-

ly on the fancy for accomplishment, such as a poem, a play, novel or romance, this apology may in part be true; but certainly it is not true to the extent contended for by these writers. Try the integrity of this excuse, by another standard—tell those very gentlemen who are so fond of abusing their own talents, that you coincide in their opinion and are perfectly satisfied that they are incompetent to write, and this will be ample evidence of the falsehood of their own declarations.

No such affectation, Mr. Editor, belonged to the author whose style we propose to examine. It was his object in early life, to acquire a habit of self command, and to bring his intellectual forces to the field disciplined for action whenever occasion required. He laid open his own mind to such rigid investigation, and scrutinized its various excellencies and defects with such fidelity and labour, that his intellect seemed like a map submitted to the view of his bodily eye. Defects were repaired by reading and meditation, until he satisfied not only others but himself, scrupulous and ardent of inquiry as he was. After this view of his character, it is unnecessary to mention that he was above that paltry artifice, usually adopted by ignorance, of affecting more knowledge of a subject than he actually possessed. His ambition was to acquire, not the appearance, but the reality of knowledge, and he would only feel himself degraded by concealing his ignorance of a subject. Indeed, the false pride of wishing to pass our opinion for more than its sterling and intrinsic value, is so inherent in nature, it requires all the hardihood of integrity to overcome. The advantages to be derived from self study, the pleasure we experience in becoming deeply acquainted with the philosophy of our own minds, have not been properly appreciated. A few random ideas sometimes occupy our minds on all subjects, and, delighted by their novelty or charmed with their brilliance, we conceive ourselves masters by intuition, of every art and science enlightened by such thoughts. Here is the great fallacy superficial men labour under. Those thoughts are valuable only to those who have previously been familiar with the subject. They may tend to illustrate points of inquiry and research obscure to us, although the main ground is familiar to our

footsteps. They illuminate a ground which we have often trod; we know of course how to dispose of such lights to advantage, and, by their assistance, to dissipate from the bypaths and recesses, that which before we dared not venture to approach. To him who has never surveyed the subject before, this light glares with a momentary lustre, and speedily retires like lightning into the cloud whence it emerges. It was ever Brown's favourite creed, that man was competent to perform any thing which Providence had placed in the grasp of human attainment, and that genius and ambition were terms synonymous. We might successfully contest the orthodoxy of this, but the argument would lead us wide from our present inquiry. Brown acted however, on the full persuasion of its truth, and he has left behind him a noble monument of what industry and ambition, as he would term it, are capable of accomplishing. Dr. Johnson recommends in the warmest terms, that every author should fix in his own mind, a visionary standard of perfection; it served to enlarge his ideas, to stimulate effort, and to preserve the intellectual faculties in a constant state of excitation. Lord Nelson, as his recent biographer informs us, reduced this principle to another purpose, and formed to himself an image of heroic glory, which he constantly aspired after. It was always glittering before his grasp, still gently receding and leading the hero on through danger, jeopardy, and death. At the Nile it sparkled with redoubled brilliance; at Trafalgar he grasped it and expired, and like a rainbow it now encircles his urn. A height of excellence alike visionary and inaccessible, taught Brown habitually to disregard his own efforts. All his writings he considered as beneath his ambition to admire, when he compared them with this standard of action. He only exulted in his performances when he believed they approximated nearer to that idol of his fancy, than his preceding efforts had carried him. Authors of this cast, are by far the severest critics on their own works; they will discover blemishes which to an ordinary eye, will appear to be beauties, and their blemishes and defects are alike incentives to still further exertions. This is the true end of our being, to husband what little of life remains to the best advantage, and to make the industry of the latter part of it, in

some measure to atone for the indolence of the former. The early style of Brown's writings was characterized by its diffusiveness, the ordinary fault of men of letters. By avoiding obscurity, they present the same idea in such a variety of light, it loses the charm of novelty, and is dissipated by the very attempts to render it more obvious. The frequent exercise of the pen, and the pruning of its luxuriance overcame this defect, and his style was afterwards noted for its uncommon strength and energy. The wonders and prodigies with which his early efforts abound, are all wonders and prodigies *sui generis*. Disgusted with the dull insipid tales of the German school, the ghosts, the castles, and the hobgoblins of modern romance, he searched the mysterious volume of nature, and found prodigies more to his liking. Somnambulism and ventriloquism, furnished fields equally large and commodious for fancy to expatiate in, and capable of the same embellishment of incident. The facts may all be true, and whether true or not, they partake of more novelty and nature than all the monsters that Germany can produce. No man delighted to wander more than Brown did in the regions of the marvellous; no man more heartily despised those novelists who, to produce novelty, put human nature on the rack. His choice of incident had all the novelty of action, without being liable to the strong objection to which German wonders are liable, that such novelties do not exist in nature. We still enjoy the society of flesh and blood, in the midst of all these marvellous events, and see nothing done but what a human agent is capable of doing.

Authors who deal so much in spectres, ghosts and hobgoblins, probably are not aware that while they profess reverence for novelty, they follow the most beaten and ordinary track of writing. They revive that species of the incredible, so justly exploded by the christian religion, which the poets, under the system of heathen mythology, indulged in, with so much freedom and success. A modern ghost is to all intents and purposes, an adequate representative of Jupiter, Mars, and the other heathen deities, whose presence was indispensibly requisite to save their respective heroes from danger and death. When the

writer's imagination was jaded in quest of an expedient, it was marvellous indeed, if supernatural power was incompetent to furnish one. Brown justly exploded this antique novelty, and as before remarked, if his agents are allowed to act, his novelties partake nothing of the incredible. He never himself, regarded his novels in a serious light; he considered them as the sportive effusions of his juvenile pen, and yet these compositions, written on the spur of the occasion, and when written abandoned by their author without regret, have been read, republished in England, and admired. Like hardy children, disclaimed by their parent, and thrown on the world for support, they have bravely scrambled through every opposing obstacle, and hardily acquired competence and reputation for themselves. But Brown's peculiar and characteristic merits, are founded on a much broader base. Almost every science has received the tribute of his pen, and the same characteristic novelty is attendant on whatever he wrote. Questions of literature or policy, that had been the debate of public writers until ingenuity itself seemed exhausted, and if we may be allowed the expression, worn to the bone in the research, when touched by his pen, started up with some glittering novelty of appearance, and received a sort of resuscitation from the touch. The public read, always amused, always delighted, and oftentimes convinced, when they had entertained a firm belief that not only argument, but what was by far more copious and redundant, abuse also had been exhausted. It was the peculiar trait of this writer, to take a ground of investigation exclusively his own. Such was the strength and luminous perspicuity of his style, such his plausible arrangement of facts, such his skill and adroitness in maintaining his position, whatever that position was, that those not convinced by his argument, found it difficult either to question his hypothesis, or to resist his deductions. The fortress was often strong and impregnable to assault, although the country which it commanded was not always worth the skill and ingenuity manifested in the construction of the engineer. In those occasional sallies of a mind always exuberant, never did the motto applied by Horne Tooke, to the productions of Junius, more forcibly apply, "*materies superat*

at opus." These may be called the truant pastime of his pen; and even in the recreative moments of the author's mind, we discerned the vigour and elasticity of its sinews. The games of Greece and Rome were unquestionably political institutions. By those mock encounters, the youth acquired a hardihood of muscle, skill, dexterity, and strength for attack or defence, whenever their country demanded services more hazardous and important. With this view, Brown seems in his lighter essays, to have disciplined and invigorated his genius. He thought whatever was done, should be well done; that the intrinsic and comparative insignificance of the task to be performed, was no apology for want of skill and dexterity in the artist. Pastime was thus employed to the invigoration of his genius, to render it subservient for exercise more arduous and impracticable. His country had already begun to reap the benefit of such talents so disciplined; his mind, to use Shakspeare's beautiful expression was now "flowing in more formal majesty." The cloud which had oppressed his early years had now become splendid and luminous, and rapidly departing before the rising beams, when suddenly the orb became dark in the meridian maturity of his blaze. I propose, Mr. Editor, to examine this point more at large in a subsequent number of your miscellany.

A. R.

N. B. A biography of Charles B. Brown, and a selection from his manuscripts, are about to be published. The profits of the work will be exclusively applied to the family of the deceased. The work will be comprised in two volumes. We have not the smallest doubt that the pen of a writer, whose works are deemed worthy of a publication in England, will receive a liberal patronage in his native country.

ZERAH COLBURN.

DURING several weeks, we have repeatedly received astonishing and almost incredible accounts of the mathematical powers of a child living in Vermont. Within the last month, he has been exhibited in this place, and we have had frequent and ample opportunities for examining him; and have besides, collected from the father, and from respectable gentlemen in that part of the country where this prodigy was born, the following account of his birth and education.

Zerah Colburn was born at Cabot in the county of Caledonia, and state of Vermont, on the first day of September 1804. In the early part of his infancy, and until he was a year old, his parents considered him very much inferior to the rest of their children, and sometimes fearfully anticipated all the trouble and sorrow attendant on the maintenance of an idiot. By degrees he seemed to improve, and they began to conceive better hopes; but, he was more than two years old before he was supposed to possess that degree of intelligence which usually falls to the share of our species. After this, his progress became more apparent; and although all who saw him declared he was very eccentric in his manners and amusements, yet all acknowledged that he was shrewd and intelligent. No one, however, had yet discovered in him any inclination to the combinations of arithmetic, and no one remembers that he ever made any inquiries about numbers, or their use. As he always lived in a frontier town of Vermont, where education meets with little encouragement, and as his father's resources were few and trifling, he had received no instruction, and was in fact ignorant of the first rudiments of reading. It was, therefore, with unqualified astonishment, that his father overheard him multiplying different sums merely for his own amusement; and on investigating the extent of his powers, found he could multiply any two numbers under one hundred. This happened about the beginning of last August. Immediately on this discovery, the father sent him to a woman's school, such as is usually kept in our back settlements during the summer season. There he remained until the latter

part of September, and was taught to read a little; but is still completely ignorant of figures and our method of using them. The want of artificial symbols does not, however, seem to embarrass him in the least. Instead of them, he employs their names, and without any other assistance, performs mentally all the common operations in the four fundamental rules of arithmetic. He can add a column of figures four in height and three in width. He can subtract five figures and divide four. He can multiply any number under one thousand by any number under one hundred, or a series of three questions each of whose factors do not exceed one hundred. He has also learnt by inquiry several of the different kinds of measure, and now reduces miles to rods and feet, and years to days, hours, &c. His most remarkable operation is that of discovering the several multiples of a given number; and this he does with such astonishing rapidity, that the hearer cannot note them down so fast as he utters them:—Ex. gr. when asked what numbers multiplied together will produce 1224, he replied instantly, 2×612 , 4×306 , 8×153 , 3×408 , 6×204 , 12×102 , 24×51 , 9×136 , 18×68 , 36×34 , and 17×72 . In this, and similar operations, he probably discovers the two first factors by division, and afterwards multiplies and divides these factors to procure the next set and so on until the series is exhausted, when he recurs to the original number, and making a new division, proceeds as before. In multiplication he finds the multiples of *one* factor and multiplies them successively into the *other*. Thus, in multiplying 32 by 156, instead of taking the common mode, he says, $13 \times 32 = 416$, $416 \times 12 = 4992$; because $12 \times 13 = 156$. But if the hundreds proposed will not suffer this process, he first multiplies the hundreds, and then the tens, and discovers the aggregate by addition. His facility in multiplication arises in a great measure from the extent of his table, which, instead of comprising only one hundred and forty-four combinations, probably comprises ten thousand, as he evidently answers all questions whose factors are less than one hundred, from recollection, and not from computation. His memory is prodigious, and appears capable of almost indefinite cultivation. In his general disposition, he is uncommonly docile and affectionate, although he discovers considera-

ble pride of opinion, and is chagrined when detected in an error. He is remarkably inquisitive, and is never satisfied with a superficial examination of any new object or fact. Music excites him powerfully; and next to this, pictures. His person is strong and well proportioned except his head, which is much larger than usual. This circumstance has raised suspicions, that he had been subject to the rickets; a disorder which has been supposed sometimes to produce a prematurity of talents; but the father declares, that the child has always been healthy, and particularly denies that he ever discovered any appearances of this disease.

Considering all these circumstances, the present appears to be an unparalleled instance of the early development of mind. It is preposterous to compare him with the admirable Critton or the blind Dydimus; because their faculties were drawn forth by the usual artifices of education; while the youth of this child, the ignorance of his parents, and their relative situation in society, preclude the possibility of his having attained his present powers by any use of the ordinary means of improvement. It is certain, therefore, that he has made himself what he now is, the most astonishing instance of premature skill in arithmetical combinations that the world ever saw.

Monthly Anthology.

Boston, December 15, 1810.

BRISTOL MINERAL WATERS.

THE accurate analysis of whatever is received either for the purposes of pleasure or health, into the human system, at once enlarges the empire of Curiosity and of Use. To swallow huge doses of unknown substances, without any investigation of their properties, or *modus operandi*, is the characteristic of vulgar Credulity, governed by impudent Empiricism. To detect the latent qualities of the three kingdoms, to explore the secrets of medicine, and, above all, to be familiar with the magic of chymistry is the part of a philosophical patient, and a liberal scholar.

For more than a century, men, afflicted with physical or fancied sufferings, have fled from cities and crowds, and relinquished the use of alcohol or wine, for those blander bowls which the nymphs of many a mineral fountain so liberally impart. Germany has her Spa, and England her Cheltenham; we too, even almost at our doors, have *our Bristol* and *our Bath*; and for the following elegant investigation, of the properties of the salubrious wave, domestic science is indebted to the ingenuity of Dr. James Cutbush, whose chemical abilities reflect the highest honour upon himself, and upon the city of Philadelphia, which fosters a *self-taught disciple* of Fourcroy and Lavoisier.

From the researches of this gentleman, and some of his learned predecessors, it is manifest that the mineral water of Bath, is of a character decidedly chalybeate; that it is a valiant tonic in most cases of debility; that it is a cheerer of the spirits, depressed either by Disease or Despair; and that as a powerful alterative and deobstruent, it deserves the amplest trial from many a distressed dyspeptic, and gloomy son of the spleen.

Let, therefore, the votary of midnight excess, let the pining invalid, and finally let all the lovers of nature and solitude, at this enchanting season, repair to Bath, and ruddy cheeks and radiant eyes will soon attest, as well as the philosopher, the physician, and the chemist, the healing power of pure water, pure air, and purest joys combined.

J. D.

Experiment.

1. Litmus paper was not sensibly altered.
2. Turmeric paper remained unchanged.
3. Muriate of barytes did not produce a precipitate.
4. Acetite of lead gave a white precipitate, which, on standing, was increased.
5. Nitrate of silver produced a purple colour, and on standing, afforded a precipitate more or less coloured.
6. Oxy-sulphate of silver produced a precipitate analogous to expt. 4.
7. Solution of soap remained unaltered.
8. Caustic potash gave a brown precipitate.
9. Caustic ammonia produced the same effect.
10. Carbonate of potash struck a brown colour.

Experiment.

11. Nitrate of mercury afforded the same result as expt. 4.
12. Lime water did not produce a white precipitate, after standing some time.
13. Oxalate of potash remained unaltered.
14. Carbonate of ammonia and phosphate of soda, added one after the other, gave no precipitate.
15. Alcohol, added to an equal quantity of the water, produced no change.
16. Alcohol of galls produced a brown colour, and, on standing, gave a black precipitate.
17. Prussiate of lime produced a blue colour.
18. Triple Prussiate of potash afforded the same result.
19. Succinate of ammonia produced a brown precipitate.
20. Muriate of lime was not sensibly affected.
21. Solution of arsenic produced a light brown appearance.
22. Nitric acid did not produce any visible effect.
23. On exposing a portion of the water to heat, in an evaporating dish, an ochrous deposition was formed.
24. By separating the product of expt. 23, and adding alcohol of galls to the filtered liquor, no change of colour ensued.
25. Sixteen ounces of the water was evaporated to dryness; the residue was collected and weighed; it amounted to 2.25 gr.; of which 75 was muriate of soda. The remainder (1.50 gr.) was oxyd of iron.
26. A piece of polished silver immersed in the water became tarnished. This effect, however, is not apparent until after some hours.

The temperature was ascertained to be the same as other spring water.

RECAPITULATION.

The first experiment indicated the non-existence of *uncombined acid*. Sulphuretted hydrogen, if in sufficient quantity, *and not in combination*, will also affect the colour of litmus. The second experiment proved, that no alkali nor alkaline earth, if present, was in excess. That none of the sulphates, (salts formed with sulphuric acid) were held in solution, is inferred from

expt. 3. Muriatic acid, however, was found to be present, from the production of muriate of lead. The fifth experiment indicated sulphuretted hydrogen, which existed in the state of combination, as will be hereafter noticed. It may be proper to remark, that the solutions of silver (the nitrate particularly) are precipitated by sulphuretted hydrogen, and by hydro-sulphurets; but in this case, the precipitate, instead of being white, which is produced wholly by muriatic acid, is more or less of a purple or blackish colour. The precipitate in this instance is soluble in dilute nitrous acid. Extractive matter has also this effect; but its presence was not detected.

The sixth experiment confirmed expt. 4th, in producing an insoluble muriate of silver.

The seventh experiment proved the non-existence of earthy salt; if it had occurred, a turbidness would have ensued, owing to a mutual decomposition of the soap (saponule of soda) and earthy salt. If a metallic salt, such as a sulphate or muriate, had been present, a turbidness would have also taken place. Expts. 8, 9 and 10, showed the existence of metallic matter, which by the use of other reagents was proved to be iron.

Experiment 11 confirmed expt. 4, by producing a submuriate of mercury. Expt. 12 proved, that no carbonic acid was present; if it had occurred, a white precipitate, soluble with effervescence in any of the acids, would have been formed.

Although none of the earths were detected by the reagents before mentioned, yet, in order to examine the water for lime and magnesia, the 13th and 14th experiments were instituted. These, however, were unsuccessful.

Alcohol produced no precipitate, which demonstrated, agreeably to the observations of Mr. Kirwan, and with the other reagents employed, that none of the sulphates were held in solution.

Alcohol of galls indicated the presence of iron. In consequence of the peculiar colour it produced, being analogous to the phenomena which take place under similar circumstances, by which the solvent of the metal was inferred, the presence of sulphuretted hydrogen as the menstruum of the iron was proved to exist.

Experiments 17 and 18 confirmed expt. 16, by producing the prussiate of iron; the 19th expt. also confirmed this conclusion, by affording a succinate of iron.

The 20th expt. proves the non-existence of uncombined alkali; the 21st the presence of sulphur, according to Westrumb; and the 22d, that the substances present were soluble in this acid.

The 23d expt. also proves, that the solvent of the iron was a volatile, and not a fixed one; for, on the application of heat, the menstruum was carried off, and the iron deposited in the form of an oxyd.

Experiment 24 also confirms this conclusion.

The 25th expt. was instituted in order to ascertain the quantity of fixed ingredients which the water contained. Accordingly, on evaporating sixteen ounces, a residue, consisting of two and a quarter grains was left; after separating the saline matter, the remaining one and a half grains was the ferruginous oxyd.

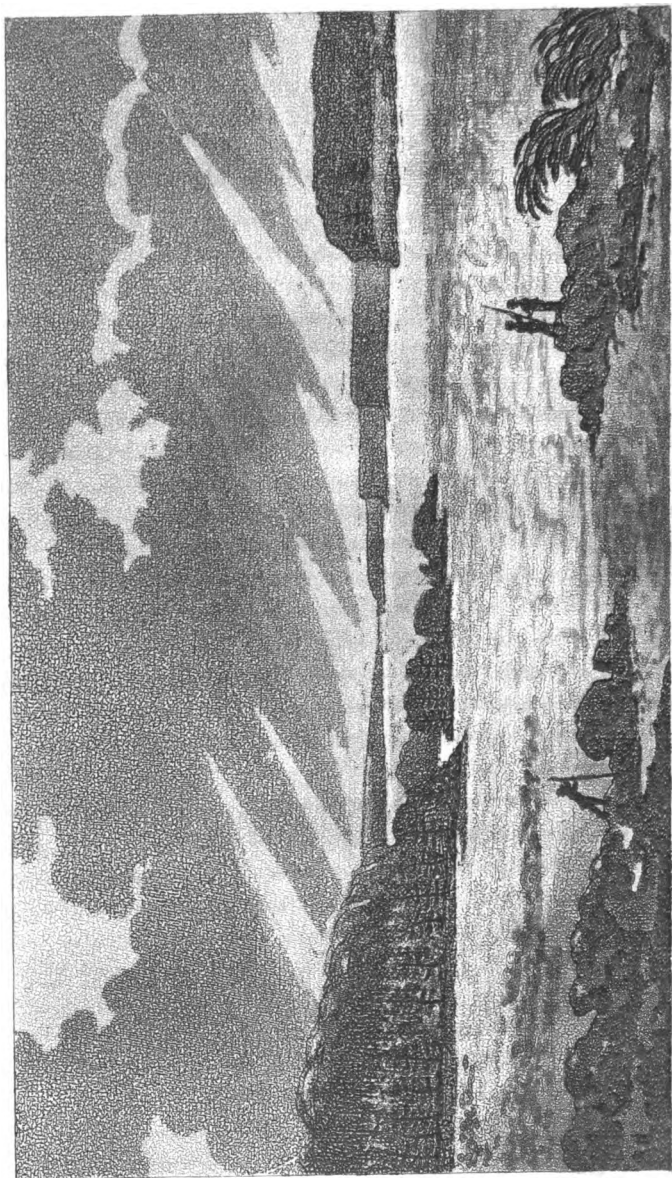
Experiment 26th proved the presence of hepatic or sulphuretted hydrogen gas.

Considering these experiments and inferences as conclusive, as far as they have gone, it would follow, that this water is a chalybeate, (which has heretofore been proved,*) that the iron is dissolved wholly, or in part, by sulphuretted hydrogen, and that it is accompanied by an alkaline muriate, the muriate of soda.

Bath, March 26th, 1811.

* See the experiments and observations of Dr. Rush, and Dr. de Normandie: the former in a treatise published in 1776, and the latter in the American Philosophical Transactions.

RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO—AMERICAN SCENERY.

THE artist who furnished us with the plate which accompanies this article, as well as that of Burlington Bay on Lake Champlain, has made an attempt, at a mode of engraving, new in this country. As an encouragement to future exertion, we have been induced to give it a place in the present number, and shall endeavour, by the superiority of our next, to atone for the deficiencies of the present.

The rapids above the celebrated Falls of Niagara, form perhaps the most terrific part of the whole of that astonishing scenery. The river, for the last half mile immediately above the cataract, descends about 58 feet, presenting to the view a broad inclined plane, or declivity of waters, surging and foaming against the rocky channel, or silently rushing down, black and gloomy, to the verge of the tremendous gulf, into which they are instantly precipitated, and when fancy hurries the beholder, forlorn, helpless, hastening to destruction; till starting to himself, as if from a hurried dream, he rejoices to find it unreal.

Notwithstanding the almost irresistible rapidity with which this torrent descends, and the inevitable destruction that would attend the slightest accident in the attempt, persons have been found, daring enough to pass from the American shore to Goat island, in the middle of the river, by means of long poles, with which they sustained themselves against the pressure of the current.

It is not easy to conceive an exploit where resolution and presence of mind, as well as muscular powers of body, are so essentially necessary to preservation; or an amusement more truly entitled to the epithet of mad fool-hardiness.

ON THE EFFECTS OF THE NITROUS OXIDE,

Which, when taken into the Lungs, produces Events the most singular and astonishing; "great Exhilaration, a rapid Flow of the most vivid Ideas, an irresistible Propensity to Laughter, and an unusual Fitness for muscular Exertion; which are in no Cases succeeded by Depression of Nervous Energy."

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici.—HOR.

It has been with great justice and truth remarked, by the sagacious and profound Locke, that particular matters of fact are the undoubted foundation on which all our civil and natural knowledge rests; and that "the benefit the understanding derives from them, is to draw conclusions, which may be as standing rules of practice." The singularly curious gaseous substance, upon which we are about to submit the following remarks, is, comparatively, of very recent discovery. Its chemical properties, and relations to other gases, have been very faithfully traced by Mr. Davy, in his "Researches concerning the nitrous Oxide," or gaseous oxide of azote; and a number of very remarkable effects produced by it on the living body, in different individuals of eminence, have been also stated by him towards the conclusion of the work: still, as it is a power in a degree novel, and worthy of all the attention that can be bestowed upon it, we shall confidently hope, that the following observations will not be found impertinent, without use, or destitute of entertainment. Its medical powers have, in a number of instances, been acknowledged, and we have heard it asserted by those who have inhaled it, in the midst of rapture, that "it was the best boon the gods had lent to man." Yet there are those, who, from ignorance or heedlessness of the choicest gifts of Providence, suppose that this luxury should also be enumerated with the poisoned robe of Nessus, sent as a token of affection, but found, on experiment, to eat up the flesh and burn the vitals of him that wore it. It is attention to these novel and superior powers upon the animal system, which together with their sound and various acquirements, gives that superiority to the present race of Physicians, who are hence possessed of several rules of practice, of great importance, utterly unknown to the ablest practi-

tioners in former ages, not excepting Hippocrates or Esculapius himself.

It is by all agreed who have inhaled this gaseous influence, that it has a peculiar and, at the same time, very agreeable ethereal or subvinous taste or flavour, and that this taste or flavour is even perceptible within the lungs or organs of respiration themselves, in a state of health, and that nothing can be more grateful than such perception to those who inhale the gas. Nay, farther, others have suspected, that its effects upon the human system may be coupled with a sympathetic affection of the nerves of the palate, and which may not (though we might so apprehend) be altogether impossible. They argue, that the influence of the organ of smell, when a substance which powerfully affects the olfactory nerve is applied, excites the whole nervous system, and produces in one instant a greater effect than the most potent cordials would do in a much longer time; and that the importance of exhibiting the volatile alkali in syncope, or faintings, rests upon this foundation.

Nor must the effect of this gas upon the frame of man be entirely attributable to chemical changes: for, in organic bodies, besides matter and affinities, there are vital laws, which are incessantly modifying the action of internal agents and that of affinity. We know, for instance, that air and water are essentially subservient to the nourishment of the living animal, by the decomposition which they undergo in its organs, at the same time that warmth vivifies and animates all their springs: but, after death, the same bodies become the first agents of its decomposition; because, in order to preserve it without alteration, it should be protected from their action. The root of a living vegetable fibre, when put into water, derives nourishment from it; but when dead, and put into water, it becomes speedily decomposed. The process of making spermaceti from animal matter after death, depends upon checking the putrid fermentation by exposure to running water.

Under the operation of inhaling the nitrous oxide, we appear to feel a more than momentary bliss; to be exhilarated, not by "ideal gales," but, "redolent of joy and youth, to breathe life's second spring." Nor does sensuality preside at these or-

gies, but joy. Fancy appears to present anew the most lively objects of imagination, and the remembrance alone of innocence and enjoyment. Rousseau would have been seated by the side of his Sophia on a bank of turf in a grove enriched by a cascade, and found perhaps, in the midst of silence, a language worthy of the dignified rapture of his heart. In others, it produces a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement; but generally, if we may be allowed an expression of the divine Homer, pleasure, laughter, and joy, with the smiling hours, seem to dance around us; while sorrow, care, disgust and every enemy of tranquillity and pleasure, are banished. The indescribable ecstasy we experience at length gives place, sooner or later (for the period in different individuals varies), to an inexpressible sensation of content, the natural consequence indeed of every object exciting ecstasy. Some adepts have assured us, that nothing can give a better idea of this kind of content and pleasure, than the difference there is between the impure and dusky light of a torch, and the clearness of that incorporeal light, in which, according to the opinion of the Oriental sages, spirits reside, as in their proper element. This internal satisfaction even shows itself outwardly, by the changes it produces in the mechanical part of our being. It rises with elasticity in our veins, it sparkles in our eyes, it spreads a smiling serenity over our countenance, it gives a vivacity to all our movements, unites and elevates every power of the soul, animates the sprightliness of the fancy and the understanding, and clothes our ideas with its own gloss and colouring.

A considerable and very grateful glow of warmth is perceptible over every part of the animal frame, after breathing the nitrous oxide. "*On conçoit aussi, d'après les mêmes principes, pourquoi les affections morales gaies entretiennent, dans leur principe, ce degré de chaleur naturelle qui contribue à la santé; tandis que les affections morales tristes semblent refroidir et comme transir tout l'individu.*"—VAN MONS.

In attempting to investigate the principles upon which the more energetic action of the nitrous oxide rests, some have, by considering it as a most universal stimulus, compared it, or rather confounded its effects, with those produced by the grosser

elevation of fermented liquors, and with opiates and other narcotics; but that such comparison is unlikely to lead us to truth, is most obvious, inasmuch as its effects are never attended with consequent debility or depression of nervous energy.

The effect of opium, indeed, when we are in health, is generally to produce sleep, if the mind be vacant, the stomach empty, and external impressions excluded. In this case its effect is to increase the sensibility, to give gayety and liveliness to the imagination, and to diffuse a general glow over the surface and extremities. "The actual heat," says the late celebrated Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, "is scarcely, if at all, increased; because the surface and extremities are brought to a general temperature, 97° or 98°, and a general perspiration is diffused over the skin. In this state we sink into those happy slumbers which are ill exchanged for the realities of life,"

"Not to be thought on but with tides of joy!"

Whereas *digitalis* appears in its action to be just the reverse of the nitrous acid; as, of all the narcotics, it is that which diminishes most powerfully the action of the system, so doing, without occasioning previous excitement. Even in the most moderate dose, it diminishes the force and frequency of the pulse; and in a large dose, reduces it to a great extent, as from 70 to 40, or 35, in a minute; occasioning, at the same time, vertigo, indistinct vision, violent and durable sickness: in a still larger quantity, it induces convulsions, coldness of the body, and insensible symptoms, which have terminated fatally. Besides its narcotic effects, indeed, it acts peculiarly on the absorbent system.

"Est quoddam prodire tenuis si non datur ultro."

S.

REVIEW.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SHEE'S RHYMES ON ART.

THE British lion has felt so long the stings of Caledonia's thistle, that he now begins to rouse himself and boldly assert his native claim to dignity and preeminence. It required no ordinary scourging and laceration to stir the old beast to exertion. Satisfied that when stimulated to activity, age had not impaired the vigour of his faculties, he availed himself of the rights and immunities of age, and slumbered soundly in his den, in despite of all the uproar and rebellion raging without. His majesty was nevertheless given to understand that matters had begun to wear a more formidable aspect; that unless some means were taken to vindicate his pretensions to royalty, all the beasts would renounce their allegiance and revert to a state of democracy. On the first reception of this intelligence, he stretched himself out lustily, for his majesty was always at heart a mortal foe to democrats, and now begins to display the magnitude of his talons and the dimension of his grinders in a most formidable manner. He roars so loudly and makes such awful preparations for battle, that his enemies already begin to cower their tails and manifest a wish to resume their protestations of fealty and allegiance. Like true politicians, men, who see deeply into causes and effects, we will not presume a prediction on the issue of the campaign now opening, until the campaign itself is over. After this has been done, we may venture with perfect confidence to prophecy, since nothing is easier, than to predict when the result of our predictions has actually happened. Reserve, therefore, in the present instance becomes us; but let no unfavourable impression remain on the minds of our readers on that account; for the public shall shortly have the most decisive evidence of our sagacity and foresight when the time comes when it will be impossible for us to mistake. To drop all metaphor and trifling at once, and to explain in one sentence what it has cost us so many words, and to so little purpose to illustrate, *the sarcasms of the Edinburgh Review have stimulated English genius to exertion.* This is certainly a magnani-

mous spectacle, and, perhaps, impresses us with noble ideas of what a bold and unconquerable spirit even in the gloomiest hour of adversity, is capable of achieving. At a time, beyond expression more awful than any which history records,—when the mighty continent of Europe, whose destinies an infernal demon manages, assails her in every vulnerable part, with nerves straining to bear the ponderous pressure of taxation, demanded by the urgency of the times, the heart of England is still whole, and her fortitude remains undismayed. She still casts an eye of favourable regard upon the arts, and her treasures are still open to remunerate the adventurous spirit of her children. We should expect that nothing was now to be heard or seen but preparations for battle, that the clang of arms and the thunder of artillery, would fill that little island with alarm; but, to our astonishment, at every hour, we hear the lyres of the Muses. These sounds at such an hour are doubly delightful and endearing. They prove, if any evidence is wanting, those inexhaustible resources of mind, that no concurrence of adverse fortune can impair. It has been supposed that arms were hostile to the arts, that the Muses could only attune their lyres beneath the shade of the olive, but experience has proved the fallacy of this principle, since they now abide in tents, and their echoes are heard in the camp. It may even be questioned whether such a pressure of adverse incident does not serve in the end to invigorate the masculine genius of England, and not only to tempt the warrior but the poet also to a flight more daring and adventurous. “Difficulty sharpens our skill and braces our nerves for the combat;” the features of his face, at first harsh and terrific, become familiar by habit, and excite all our energies to action. We become acquainted with powers that had before lain dormant and inactive, enveloped in darkness, and we find then such treasures as the hand of adversity only could bring into light and exercise. We can but indulge the hope and belief, that a nation so constituted, thus disciplined to adversity and environed by danger, thus serene and heroic, is destined by Divine Providence to become a splendid example to future ages of the dignity that attends a conflict with impiety and crime, when every thing but heaven seems to frown upon the struggle. No

opinion has been regarded more orthodoxal than this, that the arts and sciences flourish in the greatest perfection in the land where liberty resides. Whatever is prone to flatter our vanity is always sure of a hospitable reception. Probably it may be a justifiable artifice to deck, what we may venture to call the tutelary goddess of our country, in whatever alluring traits it is in the power not of fact only, but of fancy to bestow. This arrays on the side of liberty the powerful auxiliaries; but we question whether they were ever exclusively enlisted in her service. The arts, like Swiss, are mere mercenaries, and fight wherever they receive pay under whatever masters. Tyrants who wish to emblazon their memories beyond their crimes—to soften the fierce and sanguinary beams of their ambition, interpose the delicate medium of the arts. The rays are then softened to our liking, and we view the object of our former dread as a mild and cheerful luminary, dispensing a salubrious and invigorating light. Virgil while fed at the table of Augustus, beheld no longer the countenance of the cold blooded and cowardly assassin—the man whose smiles were murder and whose hospitality was death; but the beneficent and protecting deity of Rome, Liberty, was bleeding in all her arteries; but the Muse of Virgil denominated the victim Faction, and insulted her dying agonies. Horace while he participated in the smiles of the tyrant, and was allowed to enjoy his Bacchanalian revels, turned a deaf ear to the voice of his country, and could say without a blush on his cheek, “non bene relictæ parmula,” at the battle of Pharsalia. And yet, if Virgil was not a resolute panegyrist, we might inquire, with what propriety, in his visions of Elysium, Cæsar and Fabius, Augustus and Cincinnatus were joined together, with encomiums on the characters of each? What Scipio, what Fabius, what Cincinnatus, laboured to establish, both Cæsar and Augustus laboured to overthrow, and yet all of them received the homage of Virgil’s muse. In truth, the bard found himself in an awkward predicament; he dared not pass over the names of Scipio and Fabius and Cincinnatus without respectful notice, because their characters had been consecrated already, and could receive from his muse no additional lustre. So on the other hand, Cæsar and Augustus must have received the adora-

tion of his fancy, because his subsistence depended on the dead. He therefore divided his conscience, and gave one half to servile flattery, and reserved the other half for justice.

Without further preface, we will now proceed to submit to the reader's attention some remarks on a volume entitled *Rhymes on Art*, or the Remonstrance of a Painter, in two parts, with notes, and a preface, including strictures on the state of the arts, criticism, patronage and public taste, by Martin Archer Shee, Esq.

We have attempted to form some conception of the reader's surprize from the humble and unostentatious nature of the title. Imagining that there was no enjoyment in reserve, he would cast an eye of indolent curiosity over the page until he was lost in a labyrinth of poetic beauty. The author is not only a poet but a painter, and we think we can discover in this artifice, a specimen of his ability in the graphic art. It is certainly the law of contrast. The author, conscious of his own powers, apparently labours to shrink them up into a diminutive compass, until he suddenly extends them over the whole region of Parnassus. We will not venture to say that he has committed practical plagiarism on Milton's devils; but his artifices remind ed us of a similar one, which if the blind bard may be credited, his infernal spirits adopted.

"Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng'd numberless."

This poem is divided into two parts. The first commences with a most beautiful and animated invective on the opinion sometimes entertained, that the soil and climate of England are unpropitious to the growth of literature and the arts. We question whether it is in the power of genius to produce any thing superior to this—the author does not say that England has given birth to Milton—to Shakspeare—to Dryden—to Pope—to Newton and to Locke, and, of course is not averse to the sciences and the arts; but in an exquisitely beautiful apostrophe to those immortal men, he denominates such a declaration an *insult*. This, while it seems to be merely an explosion of honest and

patriotic indignation, refuses the charge, and we have all the compactness of argument and energy of the muse combined together. Exquisite as this is, we doubt whether the poet was sensible of it; he gazed with fervency on those illustrious models—kindled with indignation at the calumny, and brought those models and that calumny together:—so true is the observation of that profound anatomist of moral nature, Edmund Burke, that “our passions sometimes instruct our reason.” The author then proceeds to tell, in the same vein of impassioned poetry, how painting flourishes when cultivated by patronage—that patronage overcomes every obstacle that nature herself erects to the improvement of the arts. He then turns with indignation and disdain on those English critics who deem it the perfection of taste to slander English genius. True to his trade, he pauses in his glowing career, to pay the tribute of a tear to those eminent artists of his country, whose genius and whose glory his native land inherits. In a voice of awful admonition, he remonstrates to the tyros of the graphic art, not to be led astray by the casual liking they may feel, and to conclude from them that they are capable of arriving at eminence. He feelingly portrays the obstacles they will have to encounter—he warns them that neither the rewards of fortune, the sole recompense of avaricious minds, nor glory, the only reward of an ambition more noble, dignified and commanding, infallibly await them, although genius may bestow on them her richest gifts. He tells them, that unless they feel that enthusiasm in the study that is always the incentive, and too often the only reward of genius, and which is alone sufficient to encounter the rugged obstacles that intervene, to throw aside their pencils and not become candidates for public shame. He then apostrophises the era rendered so illustrious by the administration of Lorenzo De Medici, and gives a character of that man equally compendious, forcible and just. He laments that the death of public liberty should be the era of the resurrection of the arts. This leads him by a gentle and beautiful gradation to consider the state of his native country, and with a patriotic, disinterested spirit, he reprobates the thought that such an example should prove a precedent for her. Sooner would he renounce the art to which his soul is so

passionately devoted, than to behold the arts combining to decorate, by their various tributes, the tomb of his country's freedom. He looks for better things; and concludes with an ardent aspiration, that the favoured repository of liberty may remain to future ages the favoured repository of the arts. How tame and insipid does this narrative appear! How inadequate is the justice done to a poet, by attempting to comprehend his glowing and brilliant thoughts in prosaic language.

Notes are added by the author, in which he displays a knowledge, deep, extensive and accurate. We carefully avoid that general and indiscriminate remark, which is often an artifice adopted by ignorance to veil its own imbecility. He considers the arts in all their details, and marks with a scrutinizing eye their delicate and sometimes almost imperceptible diversities. We do not see that suffocating egotism, disgusting self confidence, and pomp of quotation manifested by the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, whose notes seem to smother his poem—on the contrary, whatever “he touches—he adorns.” Knowing himself to be an accomplished and elegant writer, he is content that his works should speak for him, and does not deem it necessary to tell his reader the fact in so many words. His notes are in the strictest sense illustrative and explanatory, and it has often excited a smile on our lips, to observe the precise delicacy with which he throws out his metaphors. The style of his prose is said to resemble Burke's. We are compelled to differ from this opinion—Burke's drapery is always gorgeous and dazzling, always rich and variegated, but it is thrown negligently on the limbs, with that impatience that designates a mind aspiring after something of more importance. The moments Burke devotes to illustration are taken from his main design, and while we pause to admire the brilliancy of a particular paragraph, he has already the start of us—has arrived on several stages before us, and, with a scowl of anxiety, pauses and awaits our coming up. There is in all the productions of Burke an impatience of any thing like restraint or delay. He takes the reader or the auditor by main force, and makes him partake of his celerity of movement, however sluggish and inert he is by nature. The reader is even sensible of pain in his intellectual

journey from the bustle, tumult and crowd of ideas by which he is surrounded. His mind is distracted in the same way that he would be in being ushered suddenly into a painting gallery, where every performance was executed by a consummate artist. Every object breaks upon him at once—his eye roams over each in a hurried and agitated manner, without leisure to examine one, and he returns filled with incongruous images, glittering cascades, dungeons, towers, rainbows, angels, men and devils, crowd and intersect, rise and fall in splendid and elaborate confusion. Shee, on the other hand, composes himself for the task; with all the painter's leisure, he touches and retouches his metaphor until it has acquired all the grace and delicacy he is capable of bestowing on it, and then with a smiling assurance presents it as not unworthy of regard. Surely, the man must be blind indeed to the grand characteristics of Burke that can discover his traces in the following passage. "Society is a grand machine, all the parts of which depend on each other in such delicate and intimate connection, and *are so nicely adjusted by the cautious hands of time and experience*, that it seems no easy matter for the most expert political mechanic to ascertain exactly what *pin or wheel can be pulled out or removed*, without danger to its most ingenious and essential movements. Interest, self-interest is the firm supporting pivot on which the whole enginery rests and turns; want, passion, ambition are the main springs of its operation; wealth, honour, pleasure, glory, luxury, the principal wheels which communicating motion to all the dependant arrangements of minuter mechanism, at length set forward *the golden hands of genius and taste*, to move on *the dial of existence and point to the brightest periods of time, and the most memorable epochs of man.*" Now the sense of this passage is admirable, and the metaphor highly finished; but the illustration has almost entirely dissipated the meaning. We look for society, and see nothing but a watch, and if we do not hear its tick also, it is not the fault of Mr. Shee.

Burke, if such a metaphor had escaped him, would have dashed his pen over it in a pet, and would have censured himself for writing, and the reader still more for being detained by such a passage.

The second part of the poem opens with a declaration, that the present times are peculiarly inhospitable to the cultivation of the arts. This fact is attributed to a variety of causes, the prevalence of modern philosophy—metaphysics, chemistry, agriculture—the rage of speculation—the state of the world at the present awful crisis: all these have engrossed, in the opinion of our author, so much of public attention as to have excluded the patronage of the arts. The author having now roused himself, gives vent to an honest indignation against the prevalent taste of his countrymen, to disparage the works of her own artists. The voracious appetite for antiques, has for some time past been carried to a ridiculous excess. The English artist has been neglected, while every paltry fragment dug from the ruins of Herculaneum has been preserved with idolatrous reverence. The poet inveighs against this, and the invective is a most beautiful touch of nature. Aspiring to the honours of the pencil himself; stung with indignation at the unmerited sarcasms and censures which his profession has received; feeling all the contempt of an honest mind at the incompetency of his critics; mortified that foreigners should receive that patronage to which English genius had the right of precedence; these several passions operating on a brilliant and vivid fancy, have produced an almost unparalleled invective. We can observe distinctly, the curl of contempt around his lips, while he sneers at the critic, who laments the poverty of English skill: so dangerous is it to tamper with genius. At a time when insolent opulence meditates a triumph out of her sphere, and at the expense of penurious merit, she is provoking that irritable opponent to recriminate with ten fold interest, and industriously collecting materials for posterity to laugh at. There is scarcely a combination of contempt and derision, that this painter has not grasped, at the expense of those pseudo critics who have dared to disparage English talent. The effect was as might have been expected. Here was a vice to be amended, and before we could hope for its amendment, its folly and its absurdity must be detected and exposed. We should almost be led to believe, that this happy combination of circumstances was designed to provoke the satire of Shee. Here was truth to give pungency

to the invention—here was an English artist, who belonged to the tribe of those who were the outlaws of public patronage—here was one, whom nature had endowed with a luxuriancy of poetic genius, and an occasion opened for its sarcastic indulgence. He profited by this opportunity; his thrusts were home and direct, and the result was a reformation of public taste. Shee has given evidence to his critics, and at their expense, that the satiric muse has not perished in the general wreck of English taste. With what heart a false virtuoso could draw aside the curtain, expose the precious fragment of antiquity, and lament the decline of English genius, after the perusal of the following lines, we must confess we are unable to imagine.

“Behold! how pleas’d the conscious critic sneers!
While circling boobies shake their ass’s ears;
Applaud his folly, and, to please his pride,
Bray forth abuse on all the world beside.
Hear him, ye gods! harangue of schools and styles
In pilfer’d scraps from Walpole and De Piles!
Direct the vain spectator’s vacant gaze;
Drill his dull sense, and teach him where to praise.
Of every toy some tale of wonder frame
How this from Heav’n or Ottoboni came.
How that long pendant on plebeian wall
Or lumber’d in some filthy broker’s stall,
Lay lost to fame till by his taste restor’d,
Behold the gem shrin’d, curtain’d, and ador’d.
Hear him, ye powers of ridicule deplore,
The arts extinguish’d and the muse no more.
With shrug superior, and insulting phrase
Commiserate the darkness of our days.
Nor less, in ev’ry liberal mind debas’d,
The servile tribe, the tad-pole train of taste,
Who crown each block, as Jove in jest decrees,
And skip and squat around such fops as these.
A motly group—a party colour’d pack,
Of knave and fool—of quidnunc and of quack—
Of critic sops, insipid, cold and vain,
Done in the drip of some poor painter’s brain;
Dabblers in science—dealers in virtue,
And sycophants of every form and hue.
Low, artists too, a busy, babbling fry,
That frisk and wriggle in a great man’s eye.”

Feed on his smiles, and simp'ring at his side
Catch the cold drops that flatt'ry thaws from pride;
A cunning kind of fetch-and-carry fools
The scum of taste, that bubbles up in schools;
Savealls of art that shed a glimmering ray
And burn the snuffs their betters cast away;
As abject, crouching, void and vile a train,
As wit can well deride, or worth disdain.

Our author having thus eased his stomach of the intolerable quantity of bilious matter that lay so heavy on it, proceeds to panegyryze those who have fostered British merit. He solicits patronage for his brothers of the pencil in the following noble lines:

"Gods! what a glory would invest his name,
What palms perennial spring around his fame,
Whose generous spirit should our age reprove
And to the living arts extend his love.
Who leaving to the selfish, pedant crew,
The barren bliss of impotent virtue,
Should to his cares the nobler task assign,
To draw the gems of genius from the mine;
Assist what little lustre life allows
And set them blazing on Britannia's brows."

After dwelling more at large on the true critic, our author concludes with enumerating what qualities are comprised in the character of a real painter. In a note superadded he discusses the question with unusual accuracy and elegance, which of the two arts, painting or poetry, is entitled to the preference. He insists that there is no quality appertaining to the poet that the painter is not bound to possess in an equal degree, and that he must have in addition, distinctness and perspicuity of conception beyond what the province of the poet demands. This question has already employed the simpering and drowsy pen of Haley, who decides the other way; but we charitably presume that whatever honour poetry may be entitled to, that gentleman did not mean to cite his own as evidence. As to the prose of our author, there is, perhaps, a redundancy of ornament; but there is so much chastity, neatness, perspicuity and precision pervading the whole, that this re-

dundancy amuses and delights. There is such a uniformity of glitter that he has laid himself under a metaphoric pledge never to sink into the style of common narrative. The reader takes up the book, and when he consults the notes, if he does not discover some curious antithesis, some novelty of thought or expression, some strange and unusual brilliancy, he experiences a sensible disappointment. This results from the uniform splendour of our author's page—it is a shackle that he has imposed on himself, and which compels him to write under a manifest disadvantage. Had he been less brilliant at the outset, we should have been presented with the same good sense, and its effects would have been more permanent. Compositions of this nature, however pure in themselves, lead in their consequences to the encouragement of a taste, false, frivolous and effeminate. We acquire such a tone of the ornamental, that manly sense, and strong argument, in plain, home-spun language, delights us no longer. How few, after having regaled their eyes with such brilliancy, could relish the simple shrewdness of Swift—his saturnine and impenetrable gravity, while his reader is in a roar of laughter. With all the impurities of that author's page, we know of no style that we should more ardently recommend to young writers than his, and which could be studied with more singular profit. His wit is always robed in such plain apparel, the heart of the reader is taken by surprise—the formal humourist draws his countenance down to an affected gravity, preserves the same unbending physiognomy, and is almost offended at the laugh he so irresistibly excites. For instance, in his voyage to the empire of Lilliput, not content with giving us a map of the country and designating its latitude and longitude with an iron gravity of countenance, he recommends to his majesty to send out one of his ships and to colonize the island. But it may be doubted whether Mr. Shee, had he attempted it, could have written in a style different from what he has done. His professional habits lead him to investigate whatever is beautiful in nature or art, and to transplant them upon canvass or upon paper. The connection supposed to exist between the different sciences is manifested in the person of Mr. Shee, in a manner well worthy of observation and notice.

How nearly are the painter and poet united in the following lines.

"As when long shut in shades the eye of day
Shoots from his lids of clouds a sudden ray,
Swift o'er the sombre scene effulgent flies
The golden gleam and skims along the skies.
Flames up the mountain, flashes on the main,
Till one broad glory bursts upon the plain;
Thus lowering life the lib'ral arts illumine,
Adorn its prospects, and dispel its gloom:
Chace passion's scowling tempest from the scene
And o'er the mind's horizon shine serene."

Although it may be doubted whether the cultivation of poetry assists the painter, yet, beyond question, the study of painting would be of eminent service to the poet. Those beautiful forms of nature which the painter groups together, and the visionary grace with which he surrounds them, may be denominated painting to the eye. Let the broad outlines of these be represented in melodious words, and the same group of objects become poetry to the ear. In fact, statuary painting and poetry so far as poetry is conversant with external nature seem but a combination of the same feelings excited by different attributes. The great diversity appears to consist principally in the different mediums or senses by which the same ideas are conveyed to the mind. Thus painting being addressed to the eye, the most accurate and intelligent of all the senses demands correspondent precision and perspicuity. Nature was the first painter, for whoever observes the reflection of a landscape in the water, sees something done by the hand of nature herself, which the perfection of art only aspires to copy after. The shadows of substances possess to the eye all the solidity and identity of their original, and it must be by the testimony of the other senses, that the deception is detected. The poet does not possess a vehicle to the mind so direct and so infallible. He deals only in words, which are in themselves mere arbitrary symbols of things, and when they express abstract ideas, are liable to much uncertainty and misconception, for want of sensible representatives. This vehicle, so unsafe and uncertain, cannot be managed with the same fidelity; and it is folly to attempt

the execution of a task, by nature rendered impracticable. A latitude is therefore not only allowed, but rendered necessary. It must be left to the imagination to perform the office of the pencil, and to give the finishing touches. This very latitude admits of that species of exaggeration, or heightening which the pencil dares not aspire after. When Milton says that the stature of Satan reached the sky, it strikes us with an awful sublimity; but let this be represented on canvass, and it sinks into burlesque. As painting cannot, for the cause abovementioned, take the latitude of poetry, so neither can poetry, from the same cause, adopt the precision of the pencil. Dr. Darwin always offends against this rule, and is nothing more than a painter in words. Every appearance is drawn out with such minutiae of detail, that nothing is left for the fancy of the reader to complete; and this, instead of exciting pleasure, creates disgust. For instance, when Cupid is represented by him as snatching the thunderbolt from Jove, we are told, he

"Grasp'd with illumin'd hands each flaming shaft
His tingling fingers shook, he stamp'd and laugh'd."

Here to represent the hand of Cupid illuminated by the thunderbolt, while in the attitude of breaking it, would be a delightful exercise for the pencil; but when we employ words, the figure is too precise to excite pleasure. In the volume before us, when Mr. Shee wishes to produce a reverence for the art of the painter, without condescending to particulars, he constantly avails himself of that generality of expression which poetry admits.

"Whether on Titian's golden pinions borne,
Bath'd in the bloom of Heav'n's immortal morn,
Thou sunward take thy sympathetic flight,
To sport amidst the progeny of light."

A reader of this passage would conclude, that Milton was the personage alluded to; but, we find him, on further reading, to be Sir Joshua Reynolds: that Titian was remarkable for the brilliancy of his colouring; that his exhibitions consisted of angelic subjects, and that Sir Joshua Reynolds followed his example. So, on the other hand, when poetry aims at distinctness of

impression, Shee calls the pencil in aid of the lyre. For instance, when Mr. Shee laments, as a poet, the death of Gainsborough, an excellent artist, he applies to one of his own pictures to excite our sensibility in his behalf.

“ Sad o’er his grave, regardless of the storm,
The weeping woodman bends his toil-worn form:
His dog half conscious hears his master’s mourn,
Looks in his furrowed face and whines forlorn.”

All this is painting in the outline in its plainest sense, and is precise as it can be without weakening the impression. Had he gone on to have told us the colour of the dog—his attitude, the drapery of the woodman, we should have rewarded his labours with a smile, different from that of approbation. We learn, that the woodman was, by his grief, rendered unconscious of the storm—that his dog participated in his master’s grief, and this is all the precision it is in the power of poetry to bestow. The poet refers us to a picture drawn by the hand of Gainsborough, gives us the outline of the figure, and leaves the disposition of the drapery and attitude to our fancy to fill up. As Mr. Shee has published another volume, we shall probably have, hereafter, occasion to notice it; and not to trespass on the reader’s patience, we conclude for the present.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—MY GARDEN, NO. I.

HEIGHO! methinks I hear some of your readers exclaim, what, more periodical works? The remark is certainly founded on experience. The multitude of similar publications, which have been protruded on the notice of the public, in the literary meridian of Europe, since the days of the Tattler and Spectator, has nearly precluded novelty. Scarce a single magazine appears, without being sufficiently filled with weak Monitors, or trifling Recorders; and that country has become almost saturated with their eternal sameness. In this western quarter of the world, they have much more the appearance of an innova-

tion. But I thought I could discern new scenes which had not yet flashed upon the imagination, novel subjects of disquisition which had never employed the pen of authors in the eastern hemisphere. It is also highly reasonable, that this country, a combination of extravasated portions from all the nations of Europe, contains very original and eccentric characters. Such then, are my reasons for writing. A youthful author is naturally diffident, on appearing before the criticising eye of the public; therefore, the brilliant, yet nervous luxuriance of Burke, the sublime, the solemn energy of Dr. Johnson, or the matchless elegance of Addison, is not to be expected. Nor does the author, though gifted with much of that ardent ambition, which distinguishes youth, ever expect to soar so high: if he can afford some variety to the sameness of a dull hour, his intention is fulfilled; whether his means are adequate to those ends, the world must determine.

The pleasure which a tasteful garden affords, every admirer of nature has experienced. The regular insipidity of a common garden, I would not here be supposed to advocate. No! the great irregular wildness or the sweet simplicity of nature is also my garden. Whether she present the proud sublimity of the "cloud capt" mountain, over savage rocks the hoarse dashing of the cataract, or the mazy wanderings of some sweet stream, now "lost in shade, now shining in the sun." These are scenes which ever delight me, which have ever pleased the world; for how long have we listened to the same rural themes though sung by different poets, with apparent ecstasy.

The analogy which a garden bears to the world, and to literature, is in some instances obvious. How often do we see flowers glittering in all the splendour of colour, whose real worth is trifling, when minutely examined. How often do we see pride dressed in the most gaudy magnificence; sustained by immense riches, and commanding the respect of the world; yet how little valuable would we find an analyzation. We discover plants, though possessing a very disgusting appearance, yet containing medical or alimentary qualities highly beneficial to mankind. Frequently persons whose outward forms are of the coarsest mould, and who are dressed in the

roughest habit, possess those great requisites of genius, ardency of fancy, and majesty of soul. Spots of land which possess the most desolate appearance, when they experience the care of the discerning gardener, are soon clothed with all the luxuriance of vegetation; so the darkest subjects when illuminated by the piercing soul of genius, dart on the mind with the greatest truth and lustre. Having thus traced some similarity between my title, and the world, I here enter on my new situation, as a gardener of literature.

My garden is my scene of reflection, and of rational amusement. If I wish to indulge myself in that pleasing melancholy, which is sometimes so grateful to the imagination, I repair to my garden; when the brilliant west glows in the setting sun, or more beautiful, when the purple tints of evening linger in the darkening vale. Here to view the rose, which in the morning bloomed with all the freshness of a virgin, now faded, all that beauty fled. Who has not observed persons in the bloom of youth, with talents that would render them worthy of any situation, involved in the giddy vortex of dissipation; there whirled from folly to vice, with such rapidity, that they are soon rendered callous to every sensation of virtue or honor, and end in torment a despicable life. Others, like the modest violet, depressed by the cold hand of poverty, or scorn of pride, fly with pleasure from an unhappy world; yes, doubly miserable to the exquisite feelings of neglected talents. Such thoughts as these always humble my pride, they teach me the vanity of human expectations, and learn me to consider as a fairy dream, the hope that real happiness is to be found in the present world.

It is not to be expected, that such a youthful cultivator of literature, should present a perfect garden; but if I should collect a chaplet, that will afford any pleasure to my readers, I shall expect the praises due. After the manner of the World No. 1, I hereby declare no person shall be called witty, who calls my garden a dull garden, a tasteless, a gloomy garden, a weedy garden, &c.

I am

TYRO.

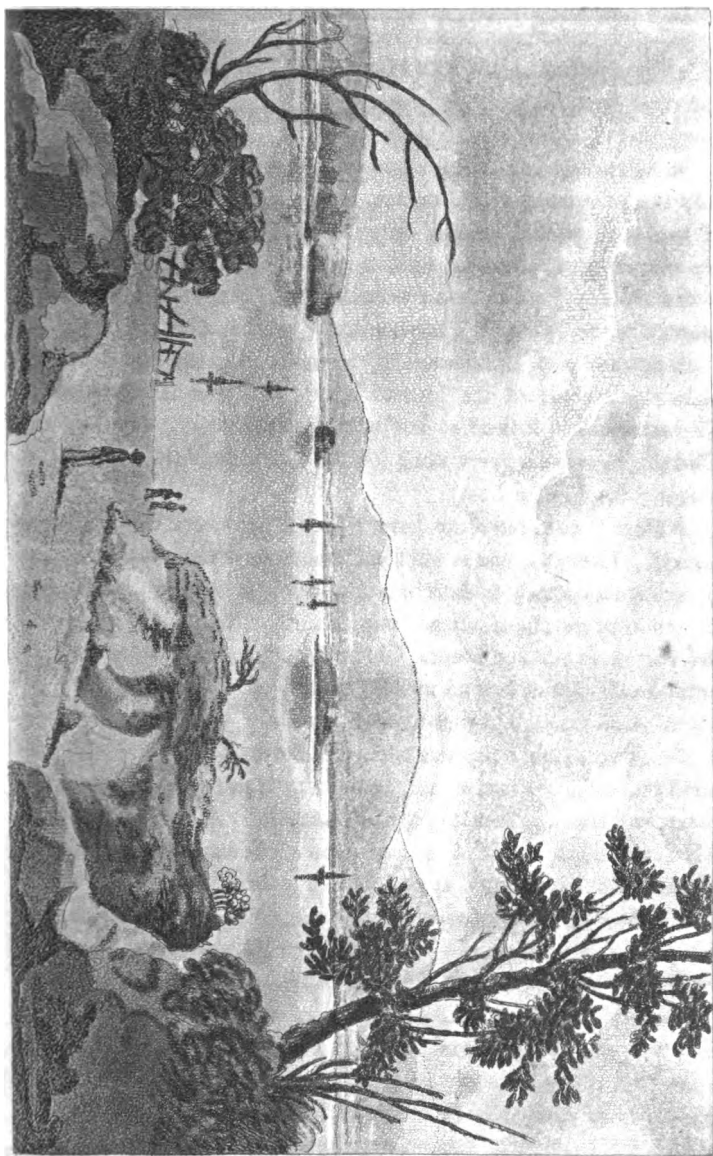
THE PLANETARY SYSTEM OF THE HEART.

BY AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

A STUDIOUS astronomer was taking great pains to instruct a lady in the system of Descartes, according to which, the groups of heavenly bodies consist only of vortices, and those bodies are mutually attracted by nothing but vortices. "My head turns round already," said the fair scholar. "Whether this system is adapted to the heavens, I have not the least desire to know, but I am pleased with it, because in the same manner you may explain the system of the human heart, and that is my world." The astronomer looked at her with astonishment. He had studied the heavens a great deal, but he knew nothing at all concerning the human heart.

"Hear," continued the lady, "how I represent the matter to myself. Every person is such a Cartesian vortex. We constantly require an æther to float in; this æther is *Vanity*, as the fundamental principle of all our motions; the *Heart*, the centre of the vortex, is the sun around which the *Passions* revolve as planets. Each planet has its moons; round *Love*, for instance, revolves *Jealousy*. They mutually illumine each other by reflexion; but all their light is borrowed from the heart, whose second planet, *Ambition*, is not so near to it as love, and therefore receives from it a less degree of warmth. Ambition has likewise its moons, many of which shine extremely bright; for instance, *Bravery*, *Magnanimity*; while others reflect but a dismal light, as *Haughtiness*, *Arrogance*, *Flattery*. The largest planet in this system, the Jupiter of the human heart, is *Self-interest*, which has numberless satellites. Reason has also a little corner; she is our Saturn, who steals away thirty years before we can perceive that she has made one revolution. The comets in my system are no other than, *Meditations*, *Reflections*; which, after many aberrations, get, in a short time, into the vortex of the passions. Experience has taught us, that they have neither a pernicious nor a beneficial influence; they excite in us a little fear, and that is all: the vortex continues its course as before."

FROM BURLINGTON BAY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN. S



The astronomer smiled with open mouth, like one who does not comprehend a thing, but out of politeness, raises no objections to it. "I proceed a little farther still," continued the lady. "That involuntary sentiment, denominated *Sympathy*, I compare to the power by which the magnet attracts iron. Both are inexplicable. The solar spots may probably be the effects of age, when the warmth of the heart gradually decreases; for who can answer for it that our sun will not be by degrees extinguished? Then will the universe be as dark and cold as the heart of an old man or a conqueror. The thought is enough to chill one. Farewell!"

The lady skipped away to forget, in the vortex of a sprightly dance, the whole system of Descartes. The astronomer looked after her, shaking his head, and compared her to a shooting star.

AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BURLINGTON BAY,

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THIS bay has its name from the town of Burlington, in Chittendon county, Vermont, where, in the year 1791, a university was established by the legislature of that state.

Among the numerous interesting views which this noble lake offers to the admirer of nature, few surpass the present, in picturesque effect, particularly on one of those days of rural serenity and repose, when the smooth expanse of waters, studded with islands, reflects the tranquil sublimity of the blue sky and surrounding mountains; while the white sails of the various vessels that float lazily on its bosom, give additional grandeur and novelty to the scene.

Lake Champlain is more than 200 miles in length, is of very irregular breadth, from one to seventeen miles; and is said to occupy an extent of five hundred thousand acres. It is abundantly stored with fish; and contains more than 60 islands of various dimensions.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REMONSTRANCE OF THE DOGS OF PHILADELPHIA.

To the Honourable the Corporation of the City of Philadelphia, the humble remonstrance of the Dogs of the said City, Sheweth—

That they have seen with surprise and distress a law for killing all such Dogs as are not provided with collars after the 10th instant, in order to prevent their biting the Citizens of Philadelphia, and thus bringing on a fatal disease. Your memorialists are sorry to complain of the injustice of this law, inasmuch as its objects are a part of one class of animals only, while a part of several more numerous classes of animals equally, or more disposed to *bite*, are wholly overlooked in the law, and still suffered to roam at large in the city with impunity. These are, 1st, a certain class of traders in goods of all kinds, and particularly in public stock, whose bites are often as destructive to the interests of the Citizens of Philadelphia, as our bites are to their lives.—

2. There are certain members of the learned professions, who live by *biting* all those persons who are dependant upon them. These are those ministers of the gospel, who bite their parishioners, with indifferent sermons; and who neglect to return in visits and private instructions, to their congregations a compensation for the salaries they receive from them; also those lawyers who *bite* their Clients out of large fees for trifling services, or for neglecting and postponing their suits; and lastly, those physicians who not only *bite* their patients with large bills, but who *bite* one another, not as we do upon the hands and legs openly, but slyly and secretly upon their backs. The diseases induced by all these different kinds of bites are often of a serious and destructive nature, and call for the interference of laws to prevent and punish them. Your memorialists, therefore, humbly pray that all the classes of persons before mentioned, may be killed, or obliged to wear collars, in order to defend them from the resentment of the public; and thus by an act of equal justice,

to place them upon a footing with your memorialists; and your memorialists, as in duty bound, shall ever bark. Signed, in behalf of all the Dogs in the city, by

CÆSAR,
TOWSER,
POMPEY,
WATCH, and
SPOT.

May 29, 1811.

HORACE IN LONDON.

OF all the *descriptive* passages in Horace, none has been perused with a more cordial approbation, especially by the rural enthusiast, than that far-famed Epode, which so enchantingly celebrates the joys of the sylvan life. In this beautiful poem, the poet, with his accustomed felicity, describes one Alphius, a scoundrel usurer, chaunting, at great length, the delights of rural retirement, resolving to repair to the groves of solitude: but finally, from the despotism of Avarice and of Habit, returning to his villainous speculations and his trade of money-lending. Horace in London, has very happily modernized this matchless performance; and if Mr. Pope could be raised from the tomb, he would not hesitate liberally to commend his fellow-labourer in this peculiar way of composition.

EPODE II. RURAL FELICITY.

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, &c.

“HAPPY the man who leaves off trade
(Thus to himself, Paul Poplin said,)

No care his mind engages;

Fix'd on a gently rising hill,

At Somers-town, or Pentonville,

He eyes the passing stages.

The city rout, the lord mayor's ball,

The bankrupt meeting at Guildhall,

He cautiously avoids;

Nor, when bold privateers invade
Our homeward bound West India trade
Pays cent per cent at Lloyd's.

His poplars, Lombardy's delight,
He ranges graceful to the sight,
Than mighty Magog taller;
And if one overtop his peers,
The overgrown intruder shears,
Or substitutes a smaller.

Pleas'd from his summer-house to spy,
The lowing herd to Smithfield hie,
To feed each London glutton;
His blushing elder wine he brews,
To treat his city friends, who chuse
To taste his Sunday's mutton.

When Autumn rears his sun-burnt head,
And plums his garden wall o'erspread,
What joy rewards his labours!
First, chusing for himself the best,
He civilly bestows the rest
Upon his next-door neighbours.

Where glides old Middleton's canal,
He sometimes joins the motley mall,
And feasts on ale and fritters;
And when he nods in soft repose,
Responsive to his vocal nose,
The merry blackbird twitters.

When drifted snow engulfs the house,
He hunts the weazle, rat or mouse,
Or, with a net of bobbin,
Entraps the sparrow's chirping brood,
And oft-times, in a valiant mood,
Ensnares the fierce red robin.

But if, to grace his rural life,
He takes unto himself a wife,
(No more a naughty ranger)
He marries one of honest kin,
Like Pamela, or void of sin,
Like her who chose the stranger.

What more can mortal man desire,
 An elbow chair, a blazing fire,
 Two spermaceti tapers;
 An appetite at five to dine,
 A dish of fish, a pint of wine,
 A leg of lamb and capers!

No turbot, eighteen pence a pound,
 Should on my humble board be found,
 No fricandeau or jelly;
 No moor game, dear and dainty breed,
 Should fly from Berwick upon Tweed,
 To roost within my belly.

I'd kill a pig—I'd drive a team—
 I'd keep a cow to yield me cream,
 More delicate than nectar;
 O pure and innocent delight,
 To snatch the pigeon from the kite,
 And—in a *pie*—protect her.

And when the Hampstead stage I spied,
 With six fat citizens inside,
 Their daily labour over:
 The *horned herd* I'd thus provoke—
 "Fag on, obedient to the yoke,
 Behold me safe in clover."

Paul Poplin, in a curious fuss,
 A future Cincinnatus thus
 His honest pate was puzzling;
 When lo! before his counter stands
 A pursy widow and demands
 Six yards of ell-wide muslin!

He starts—displays the Indian ware,
 His country box dissolves in air,
 Like mists of morning vapour;
 And, in the Poultry, Poplin still
 Sticks to his shop, and eyes the till
 A smirking linen-draper!

EVERY reader of the London gazettes and magazines will remember the circumstances of the arrest and imprisonment of sir

Francis Burdett, whom the court party at the time viewed in the light of a turbulent demagogue. Our facetious poet thus merrily alludes to some of the particulars of this transaction. The seventh stanza exhibits an antithesis of which, Seneca or Goldsmith, Babzac or Voiture might have been proud.

BOOK I. ODE 37.

Nunc est libendum, nunc pede libero.

The poet rejoiceth on the return of tranquillity, after the imprisonment of sir Francis Burdett in the tower.

“Now broach ye a pipe of the best malvoisie,
 ’Tis sold at the Marmion tavern,
 Come feast upon turtle; and sing a Scotch glee
 And dance round the table in grand jubilee,
 Like so many hags in a tavern.

’Tis wrong to draw corks in the midst of a row,
 Old port is the devil when shaken,
 The caption was novel, I needs must allow,
 An Englishman’s house was his castle, till now,
 But castles are now and then taken.

Dame Fortune had given sir Francis a dram,
 Your drunkards will never be quiet;
 He said, Mr. Serjeant, your warrant’s a sham
 Upheld by the rabble, I’ll stay where I am—
 So London was all in a riot.

But soon Mr. Sergeant surmounted the casement,
 Which only made John Bull the gladder;
 For back he was push’d, to his utter amazement,
 The baronet smil’d, when he saw from the casement,
 His enemies *mounting a ladder*.

At length, all the constables broke in below,
 Quoth JIBBS, it is legal depend on’t,
 Thus, riding in chace of a *doe*, or a *roe*,
 The flying bumbailiff cries “*yoix! tally-ho!*”
 And seizes the luckless defendant.

Sir Francis determined the question to try,
 Was quietly reading law latin;
 Not able and therefore not willing to fly,
 He saw all the parliament forces draw nigh
 As firm as the chair that he sat in.

His lady sat by, and she played on her lute,
 And sung "*Will you come to the bower,*"
 The Serjeant at arms, who was hitherto mute,
 Advanc'd and exclaim'd, like an ill-natured brute,
 Sir Knight "*will you come to the Tower?*"

He mounted the carriage, by numbers oppress'd
 But first, with no honest intention,
 Like queen Cleopatra, he secretly press'd
 Two serpents, in tender adieu, to his breast,
 Whose names I had rather not mention.

'Tis thus other Wimbledon heroes attain
 The summit of posthumous fame,
 They dodge their pursuers through alley and lane,
 But when they discover resistance is vain
 They kick up a dust, and dic game."

THE MORAL WORLD.

IN the intervals of a life of Ambition, Luxury, or Avarice, however prone, the majority of mortals may be, like the brutes, described by SALLUST, to grovel in a state of abject servitude, under the dominion of Appetite, still there are golden moments, when the voice of the fairest of the virtues is distinctly audible. My lord BOLINGBROKE, another name for eloquence itself, declares, with his accustomed elegance of expression, that the love of study and the desire of knowledge he had felt all his life, and that he was not quite a stranger to that industry and application as requires the whole vigour of mind to be exerted in the pursuit of truth. While, says this ardent nobleman, I ran the course of Pleasure, and of Business, there was always the warning voice of Monition, whispering in my ear; but my good

Genius, unlike the demon of Socrates, whispered so softly, that very often I heard him not, in the hurry of those passions by which I was transported. Some calmer hours there were, and in them I hearkend. Happy for the most indolent and the most dissipated of our readers, if they will not only peruse, but follow precepts so salutary as the ensuing, which are the dictates of wisdom, conveyed in the tones of rhetoric; *apples of Gold in pictures of Silver.* EDITOR.

If, like the sluggard, we were all discouraged by the thought of present difficulties, misery, and famine would soon be universal; and as there are obstacles in the way to temporal, so there are in the way to eternal happiness. For is it not difficult to resist the temptations of present gain or pleasure which the world is continually offering to our senses? Is it not difficult to cross our wayward inclinations, and to oppose the gratification of our importunate appetites? Yes, it must be allowed that this is difficult to flesh and blood; but consider the great recompense, the inestimable reward, which is promised to our success in this glorious undertaking. The ascent to heaven, which is formed by habits of goodness is steep; but one step up the mount will only make the next less difficult. If we will persist in performing one act after another, of temperance, justice, and humanity, in circumstances which powerfully incline us to the contrary, we shall find it more easy, in every succeeding attempt, to combat the temptations, which tend to divert us from the practice of those virtues which we are labouring to acquire. All that is wanting, under the favour of God, to render ourselves good and happy is constant unabating exertion. Hence we shall be good in this life and eternally happy in the next.

The way of the slothful man, says Solomon, is as an hedge of thorns. Industry, whether mental, moral, or corporeal promotes true pleasure, while sloth generates pain. For can we enjoy any real pleasure when we are conscious that we have neglected the performance of those things with which our good is intimately connected; which are essential to our temporal or moral welfare? But, after having, to the best of our abilities and opportunities, discharged every part of our duty, all the business imposed upon us by our situation in life, the various labours which our good, both temporal and eternal, demands; then may we enjoy that satisfaction which is mingled with no regret, that ease which will be followed by no remorse. Ease and recreation, ease without disquietude, and recreation without guilt are the fruits of labour; the necessary consequences of honest and vigorous exertion; and hence this constitution of things, while it animates our industry, ought to make industry itself, which is a source of so much delight, an object of our affection. With what serene complacency, what pure and unvitiated self approbation, do we

look on those works, whether of mental or corporeal strength, of moral or physical industry, which our persevering exertions of mind or body have enabled us to execute. As the preacher says, the sleep of a labouring man is sweet, and why? because it is a period of ease, a calm oblivion of his cares, which is purchased by his toils. If we have obtained any temporal goods by dishonest means, by fraud, injustice, or inhumanity, we cannot reflect with any thing like a pleasurable self approbation on the acquisition; but when we obtain the same goods by honest and virtuous endeavour, we rejoice in them; the possession is delightful to the heart, and an object of grateful reflection to the mind. Common experience manifests the truth of the observation, that we take most delight in those things, which are the fruits of our personal exertion; and God seems to have made virtue difficult, only to make us prize it more highly.

Industry is, in itself, highly satisfactory, as it exempts us from that languor and uneasiness which are the unvarying associates of Idleness. If we could thoroughly pry into the mind and heart of one, who, as the common saying is, knows not what to do with himself, whose faculties are fixed in a listless habitude, who experiences that dreary vacuity of attention, which is the concomitant of inaction, and could compare it with the state of mind and heart in another whose active powers are ever actively employed, who is perpetually intent on some object, and busy in pursuing it, we should see the inward sensations of the sluggard a barren waste, or occupied by nothing but a corrosive fretfulness and unavailing regret, while we should behold those of the industrious gently agitated by complacency, or thrilling with delight. When we employ our active powers, whether moral, mental, or corporeal, in a manner suited to our condition in life, and to the end for which they were bestowed, the reflection must be cheering to us, from the consciousness that we are doing well, what is useful and conducive to our own good or that of our neighbour. These are pleasurable sensations, which prevent the intrusion of painful ones. Industry is, indeed, a perennial source of pleasurable feeling; for, while we are actively employed, our attention is withdrawn from those objects which are disagreeable; and, as all virtuous industry tends to the acquisition of what is useful, it is fixed on those, which are agreeable. Hope is the foretaste of happiness, the anticipation of delight before it arrives; and what excites hope so much as industry; for can we labour without the hope of a reward? Hope is the concomitant of industry, when we are labouring for any temporal, and much more when we are employing our moral powers, in conformity to the will of God, in pursuit of that good, which is eternal. Then we rejoice in hope, looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen, are eternal.

Those who seek pleasure in idleness, seek what they never find; for, when we are idle, doing nothing, and seeking nothing to do, what uneasy

sensations press on the heart, what troublesome thoughts crowd into the mind, making us dissatisfied with ourselves, infusing a corrosive uneasiness into our breasts, which nothing but the employment of the mind or the body can remove! Besides, as reflection is continually inviting us to live, as it were, our past life over again, by recalling it to the memory, he who wastes his time, or lets his faculties rest and grow decrepid by inaction, is doubly miserable; for idleness itself is always misery, and the after recollection of time, wasted in idleness, will long be a source of aggravated misery. But on the contrary, to the industrious the time which is rightly employed, is not only pleasure in the present, but, in every subsequent period of life; the reflection on time well employed, is a neverfailing source of pleasure. For he who has employed his active powers to those ends for which they were designed, cannot but rejoice to think that he has made a right use of the talents entrusted to him; and that in a future life other and greater talents will be put in his possession. But what delight can that man find in the contemplation of the past, whose life has been consumed inactively, whose time has been only a blank surface of which no portion has been inscribed with the characters of industry?

Industry while it is elevated by the spirit, always tends to procure the means of independence. The industrious, scorning that subsistence which can be procured only by a base dependance on the bounty of others, or by the unworthy arts of servile adulation feel the most powerful impulse to the most strenuous exertions.

Industry is the best school and the surest safe-guard to every virtue. He, who is placed in those circumstances in life, in which his subsistence depends on his daily labour, if he do not strive to obtain his livelihood by honest industry, will naturally be led to attempt to do it by less worthy means. Thus rogues and cheats are usually idle. They prefer theft to work; and are not willing to purchase recreation by toil. But industry, while it procures a surer subsistence than any dishonest practices can do, at the same time cheers by the reflection that the subsistence which is thus earned by industry, is obtained in a way, which our own heart ratifies and which God approves. Idleness teaches much evil; this it does to the rich, as well as to the poor. For, are we rich? the right employment of our time is necessary to keep us virtuous. If we suffer our minds to be unoccupied, and our active faculties to grow feeble by disuse, how many vain thoughts, how many impure and criminal desires will steal into the soul! as time unemployed, or in which the attention is not occupied, will hang heavy on our hands, if we do not employ it on what is good we shall certainly, in order to get more speedily rid of it, or *to kill it*, as the phrase is, be tempted to employ it on what is evil. Thus vicious men will generally be found idle, and idle men vicious.

Idle people are generally loquacious and inquisitive; having nothing to do, or doing nothing themselves they cannot be at ease, without meddling with

the affairs of their neighbours. Thus St. Paul speaks of some persons among the Thessalonians, who were disorderly, working not at all, busy bodies. They were disorderly, or licentious in their manners and discourse, because they would not work, and not devoting their time to the occupations of industry, they became more inquisitive and talkative than they ought to have been about the affairs of others. Busy bodies, or pragmatistical meddlers with that in which they have no concern are very common in our time, but they abound most among the idle and the profligate. The truly industrious, those who are industrious not only in improving their circumstances, but their hearts and lives, think of other and better things. Idleness is the common parent of that gossiping loquacity which often violates all regard for truth and all respect for decency; as St. Paul says of certain *tattling females* in his day, who were idle, wandering about from house to house, and not only idlers, but tattlers and busy bodies. Indeed nothing tends so much as idleness to breed this mischievous disposition, to prattle about other people's affairs, while we are negligent of our own.

Whatever may be the state of life in which we are placed, industry or the right and diligent employment of our active faculties, whether of mind or body, is necessary not only to enable us to perform those duties which are annexed to our particular calling and situation, but to keep us virtuous. If we are placed in circumstances of affluence, the right employment of our time and active faculties, talents for the improvement of which the rich and poor are both accountable, is necessary to enable us to make a right use of our wealth to apply it to these ends to which God intended it to be subservient, to secure our hearts against the inroads of impure and criminal desires, to prevent us from being corrupted by pleasure, or sunk in a swinish sottishness by suffering the groveling appetites of the flesh to govern the noble faculties of the soul.

Has our lot fallen in the vale of poverty? then surely, industry, corporeal industry, is very needful to us, in order to enable us to better our condition, and to diminish the number of our privations. If industry will not always lift the poor above the level of poverty, it will always make the lowest poverty more tolerable; and it will certainly contribute not only to mitigate, but to remove that Impatience and Discontent, which Providence seems to have appointed to wait on Idleness, in order to instigate the idle, to get rid of them, by the labours of honest industry.

THE POETICAL WORLD.

A department for the encouragement and preservation of original poetry is almost invariably devoted to the Muses in every magazine. Of this division of our labours we are by no means unmindful, and, although unblest with Apollo's inspiration ourselves, we listen, with rapture, to the genuine inspiration of others who bask in all the favour of the Nine. But, although we cannot *invent immortal verse*, perhaps, our limited power can enable us to *select* such poems as may be worthy of at least a glance from the eye of Taste. Hence, under the denomination of the Poetical World, we are determined to publish, occasionally, from foreign presses, such metrical composition, as has challenged the admiration of foreign critics. The following soft and descriptive song is from the pen of Cunningham, the pastoral poet, and a more beautiful description cannot be found in the works of Theocritus or Virgil.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home:

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best,
Till, thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slyly stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes: she sweetly replied,
Ye virgins, her voice was divine,
I've rich ones neglected, and great ones denied
But take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if on the banks of yon stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range on the slow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And point out new themes for my Muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent,
 The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her **CONTENT**.

Horace in London still continues to enchant the witty and the fair. The following is by no means inferior to the original. Many of the concluding stanzas are in the very spirit of pleasantry. *Henry Hase*, it must be remembered by our American readers, is the successor to Abraham Newland, as cashier of the Bank of England.

HORACE IN LONDON.—BOOK V. ODE 15.

TO A COQUET.

Nox erat et coelo fulgebat Luna serena.

TWAS night, and modest Cynthia's flame
 Lighted down stairs her radiant brother,
 When, thee, dear Lucy, perjur'd dame,
 Swore never more to love another.

Then thus began my soul's delight,
 Sweet Janus with two pretty faces,
 Straining me in her arms as tight
 As Scotia's sons adhere to places.

"While folly is the food of wit,
 And politics dissension nourish,
 While Epsom races charm the cit,
 So long our mutual love shall flourish."

O falser, than the Goodwin sand!
 I'll be no longer pleased with ruin,
 I'll break the web thy cunning plann'd
 And sink the *Jerry* in the *Bruin*.

Henceforth my heart, like thine shall roam,
 Anger than slighted love is stronger;
 Night after night, and ne'er at home,
 By Heaven! I'll bear with it no longer.

No longer nibbling at thy hook,
 Shall liberated Flaccus dangle:
 Go, for another blockhead look,
 Go, for another gudgeon angle.

And thou, fond youth, who mock'st my wo,
 Of Cupid's forces joint paymaster,
 High as thy tide of wealth may flow
 Drain'd by her hand 'twill ebb much faster.

Thee too, whene'er thy *cash* is spent,
 Shall leave a slave in Love's dominions,
 And with her all thy lands in Kent
 Shall wing their flight on parchment pinions.

Then merry in my turn, shall I
 Laugh to behold thee make wry faces,
 And in thine ear triumphant cry
 Where now are all thy *Henry Hases*.

WE are apprehensive that the following *national* song, which we think has great merit, is copied from an imperfect, or surreptitious manuscript. Even if this be fact, the genius of the author shines gloriously through the cloud. We should be delighted, if Dr. Dwight, the reputed author, would establish the present reading, or indicate another.

EDITOR.

COLUMBIA! Columbia! to glory arise,
 Thou Queen of the World, and thou child of the skies;
 Thy Genius commands thee, with raptures behold;
 While ages on ages thy splendours unfold.

Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of Time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime:
Let the crimes of the east ne'er incrimson thy name,
Be Freedom and Science, and Virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And Triumph pursue them, and Glory attend:
A World is thy realm; for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thy Empire and just as thy cause
On Freedom's broad basis that Empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the East see thy Morn hide the beams of her star;
New Bards, and new Sages unrivalled shall soar,
By Fame still distinguish'd when time is no more;
To thee the last refuge of Virtue's designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of Spring.

Nor less shall thy Fair ones to Glory ascend,
And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall wake pure desire,
And the charms of the Soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And Virtue's bright image instamped on the mind.
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of wo.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the East and the South yield their spices and gold;
As the day spring unbounded, thy splendours shall flow,
And Earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;
While the ensigns of union, in triumphs unfurled
Hush Anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, mid the poplar's soft shade,
From the din of the city, I pensively strayed.
The gloom from the face of fair Heav'n retired,
The winds ceas'd to murmur, the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of Angels, enchantingly sung:
Columbia! Columbia! to Glory arise,
Thou Queen of the World, and thou child of the skies.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE DRAMA.

Mr. COOKE.

For more than twenty years, we have not negligently visited the theatre, nor have we been indifferent to the song and the dance, the grief and melancholy of the dramatic Muses. Supinely careless of German gibberish, of the mummery of pantomime, of the folly of farce, and the *nugae canorae* of the Italians, we have whispered to ourselves on each interesting eve of scenic exhibition:

“—To the well trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest *Shakespeare*, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild.

In the following elegant and eloquent analysis of the splendid powers of the matchless COOKE, a Shakspearean scholar of whom Garrick might be justly proud, the able author, and amiable friend, has, at our especial request, fulfilled a task, from which, broken and declining health compelled us, for a moment, to shrink. If country air, and the tranquillity of solitude, unpropaned by the meaner cares of life, should have their usual effect upon the system of an invalid, then, even the feeblest of the Muses' train may hope to dwell, with undissembled rapture, on the sublime and beautiful of the acting of Mr. COOKE, a GREAT AND GENUINE GENIUS, whom we ardently hope, might, by any prayers, be induced once more to forsake England for America, and suffer our wishes to have the potency of the witchcraft of VIRGIL's shepherd.

Ducite *aburbe* domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.

WHEN the people of America were told of the engagement of the celebrated Mr. Cooke, they were dubious whether to consider it a fraud practised upon their credulity or merely an idle report without substance and without a cause. They had been accustomed to hear of wonders acted in the old world; of captains speaking captains in such a degree of latitude, and to regard a rumour, whether dramatic or political, as a mere pageant, which might sometimes excite a hope or fear, but could not form or fix belief. During this oscillation of judgment, many reasons presented themselves which exhibited the story as something more than fabulous. Without searching for a cause in the pecuniary embarrassments, or political anxieties which are said to harass the public mind in Britain, Mr. Cooke might have found weighty inducements towards a transatlantic excur-

sion. Curiosity, the active tenant of a sprightly mind might strongly tempt him to contemplate the wonders of the western wilderness—the desire of gain, had it ever found its way to a liberal soul, might prompt a distinguished performer to try the temper of a new public—the love of fame, the strongest impulse to human action, would seduce an aspiring mind to follow his reputation with his presence, to receive the admiring plaudits of another world, and to greet an homage which anxiously awaited it. In addition to all this, the mere circumstance of a twelve-month's absence would of itself so enhance his value by producing a conviction of his necessity, that even supposing him to be idly loitering his hours and suffering his “disport to corrupt and stain his business”—still, the rejoicings at his resuscitation would more than compensate the pains of parting and the grievances of separation. But when instead of “sighing away sundays”, the sun beams of rich reward played before his fancy; it needed no contradiction from the Newyork manager to convince us, that Mr. Cooke's engagement was not the heedless error of an ebriated moment, but the sober, deliberate, and judicious determination of a mind widely awake to its interests, and sensible to the impressions of reason. Still however, doubts existed. News so excellent, a banquet to the dramatic epicure so rich and so abundant, seemed to promise such delight, that the public did but fearfully expect, what they so fervently desired. Strange as it may seem Mr. Cooke was actually in Newyork, and performing for some days, before the people of Boston and Philadelphia gave full credit to the story. One belief was, that some singer of the name had by his arrival created the report, and another, more current than the first, denied the existence of any foundation for it at all.

A new era was now commenced in our dramatic world. The actor who had for many years held the palm above every competitor, even in Great Britain—who had fascinated and delighted audiences the most scientific, whose reputation had pierced through the obscurity, with which an irregular life had surrounded it, and had shone above censure and almost above praise—he, who had cast a shade upon the well-earned laurels of the great Garrick himself, or rather had torn them from his

tomb, to wreath his own brow—this actor had arrived in America. The public taste, yet versatile and feeble, was to be fixed and formed. Ideas of dramatic excellence, which had soared into pomp, or grovelled in buffoonery, were to be chastened. Feeling, which had panted for a proper object, was to be directed to its legitimate end. Imagination, which had run wild after something above or below humanity, was now to behold “the mirror, held to nature.” Expectation, thus upon tiptoe, scarcely able to contain its eccentric thoughts, and perfectly incapable of delineating the phantoms which flitted before its view, must of necessity have sustained a fall. It is the nature of man to expect more than can be realized; and in proportion to his ignorance or inexperience will his anticipation be wild, inconsistent and extravagant. Let an unlettered and tasteless peasant, be told of a figure all perfection, let his fancy run riot in framing to itself an object of human symmetry and grace, and then conduct him to the marble animated by the chissel of Phidis or Praxiteles. The nice and intricate and harmonious juncture of the parts, the graceful combination of strength and beauty, the magic mystery of sculpture escape his eye, and he pronounces a judgment of dissatisfaction. So with the drama: and so it was with Mr. Cooke. It is scarcely questionable that every one who saw him for the first time was disappointed, but this very disappointment (paradoxical as it may appear) is the strongest evidence of his surpassing merit.

At the first view of this great actor, when the clamorous applause, and anxious delight of gaping crowds, had permitted reflection to visit the mind, we looked in vain for the majestic mien, the towering form, which inseparably connect themselves with the idea of greatness. But when he began to speak, a loud, harsh voice, unmelodious and inflexible, not altogether free from provincialism, and monotony, went like electricity to every nerve, and filled the house for a moment with disappointment and surprise—with surprise, for no one seemed to comprehend exactly what he saw and heard, and doubted the evidences of his eyes and ears: with disappointment, which rendered the first words uttered by duke Richard almost ominous, and produced indeed “the winter of our discontent.” Scarcely

half a dozen lines were spoken, however, when the mind beamed forth such resplendent rays as dazzled—charmed—delighted; and soon eclipsed the apparent defects which at first, had attracted notice. Line rose on line, and every succeeding scene opening new beauties to the eye, the play, almost ceased to be a play, and the last expiring look given, or rather darted upon Richmond, left nothing for imagination to crave or criticism to condemn; an analysis of Mr. Cooke's performances is not intended here: the object aimed at in this article is to greet the stranger with a hearty honest welcome, and to take a rapid view of his merits and (the sun has spots,) defects. We cannot, however, avoid the enquiry, why he plays Richard freed from his deformities. Supposing for a moment that history *had* represented the tyrant comely in his person, and not odious and disgusting as the world has been accustomed to consider him, it should be recollected, that it is the dramatic not the real Richard which should be exhibited—that the part which Shakspeare struck from his inventive brain, was created full of mental and corporeal imperfections, and, of consequence, that in delineating the character on the stage, the fable, and not the history should be pursued: else, many of the expressions are senseless; nay, the hinge on which the whole drama turns, becomes loose and inexplicable—the first soliloquy, stamps the character:

But I—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking glass;
 I—that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I—that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature, by dissembling Nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that, so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them, &c.

After this description of himself, which is continually repeated and referred to, throughout the piece, can a doubt exist of the *author's* intention? The conduct of lady Anne would not have appeared half so extraordinary had her lover's suit been backed by grace and beauty, but that she should abase her eyes

"on me, that halt and am misshapen thus"—was extraordinary indeed—wherefore the taunts of little York unless in derision of his uncle's mountain shoulder? But Shakspeare apart: history does not warrant the belief that Gloster was other than such as the poet paints him, and in this, as in almost every other part, his strict adherence to the fact is strikingly conspicuous. We have heard of apologists for Richard. His murders numberless: his perfidious friendship; cruel tyranny, and unrelenting thirst for human gore, flowing from hearts of innocence, even when allied to him by the ties of kindred and affection, have by a singular transubstantiation, been refined and sublimated into bold ambition, and aspiring love of fame. Whereas the fact appears to be, that of all the monsters who have been born to curse and scourge a guilty world, not one has been so heedless of the means he took to gain the crown, nor how deeply it was stained with human blood—to wield the sceptre was the never ceasing desire of his daring soul; all ponderous as it was with the accumulated load of guilt. And as hell had thus "made crooked the mind," heaven shaped the body no less detestably "to answer it." One or two quotations from the historians will perhaps put this question to rest.

"To be an apologist for Richard, is to show favour to vice; all agree that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes, which appeared necessary for his purposes; and it is certain, that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne. In regard to his person, he was of small stature, hump-backed, and had a harsh disagreeable countenance; so that his body was in every particular no less deformed than his mind."*

"The historians who favour Richard," says the elegant Hume, ("for even this tyrant has met with partisans among the late writers,) maintained that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but such as were necessary to procure him possession of

* Universal History.

the crown: but this is a poor apology, when it is confessed, that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes which appeared necessary for that purpose; and it is certain, that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne. This prince was of a small stature, hump-backed, and had a harsh disagreeable countenance; so that his body was in every particular no less deformed than his mind."

So much for Richard. If in this respect Mr. Cooke departed from historical and dramatic truth, it was his only error, for in the general design and execution of the character, particularly on the last night of its performance, we suspect the annals of the stage record no competitor.

A transient view of this wonderful performer off the stage, would impress an observer with the idea that he could not be an actor. A frame neither lofty nor graceful, neither strong nor symmetrical; a face not peculiarly flexible, although irradiated by an eye of piercing brightness; a manner rather inelegant, and so peculiar that it appears incapable of change or adaptation to variety of character, and the absolute destitution of voice, (for all his conversation is in a kind of whisper,) are circumstances which would seem incompatible with the versatility of dramatic exhibition. These all strike at first and excite disappointment; but when we can be made to forget these imperfections or rather to consider them as beauties, is it not a proof of merit beyond belief, since it is divested of imposing grace, and shines in its original greatness? We have therefore said that the very disappointment which is felt at first, is the strongest proof of his ability, as it is excited for the purpose of displaying with what facility he can subdue it, and thus render his triumph over our judgment, and our feelings the more complete. In putting on his stage dress, Mr. Cooke seems to put on his character and voice. From the first moment, he is embodied as it were into the part, and if he participates in the sensations of his audience, he exchanges his name, his passions, feelings, body and soul for those of the character he assumes. It is not necessary for

him, therefore, to inform us of the nature of his part—a look suffices; and we almost question, were he to play the lion in Pyramus and Thisbé, whether the audience would credit his assurances, were he to inform them, that he was no wild beast, but honest Nick Bottom the weaver. When Fielding illustrated the merit of Mr. Garrick by the anecdote of Partridge, who said that any man would have behaved just like him had he beheld a ghost, the allusion was deemed far-fetched and extravagant. But the justness of the illustration has been literally verified, in a variety of instances, since this modern Garrick has been in Philadelphia. Persons who never could have read or heard of Tom Jones in their lives, have pronounced Mr. Cooke's representations, not to be acting, but merely the repetitions of what any body, and every body has done and would do, under similar circumstances. And a proof of unequalled powers may be derived from the unwearied attendance of a very respectable mechanic, almost without the sense of hearing, whom we rightly observed watching the wonder-working countenance of our dramatic hero.

We had understood, before the arrival of Mr. Cooke in America, that he was restricted to a narrow range of character, and that although the infelicities of nature had calculated him for a few parts, yet his abilities were confined and peculiar. This is not the fact. The man who can descend from the pride of Glenalvon to the sycophancy of sir Pertinax, who can assume the gentlemanly part, with the unmanly conduct of Stukely, and abandon it for the imposing boldness of Pierre; who can display the violent transitions of Richard, or the unwilling gradations of Macbeth, must possess a range of talent as extensive as its power is eminent. The secret of his performance, is the delineation of nature *as it is*. And, as he is equally natural in every part, although some passions may be more congenial with his temper than others, he is, though not equally, yet highly interesting in all.

Looking at an actor thus constituted, when the outline is so bold and so perfect, we forget to notice the little drapery of the portrait, and disregard its want of minute completion. We become lovers, and submit to the blindness of love. When, therefore, Mr. Cooke's pronunciation, in some instances, violates the

standard rules, it seems to be of less consequence than a similar departure in any other person. Sibilation too, is the great defect of the English language; it is a harshness with which a delicate ear is always offended, and, therefore, should be most scrupulously guarded against; but

If to his share some *human* errors fall,
Look on his face, and you forget them all.

To say what part was most ably filled by this "shining star" would be difficult. If an entire and absolute imitation of legitimate nature and real life, such as we have all beheld a thousand times, to the perfection of the histrionic art, it was found in sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant. Not a look faltered, not a word fell from his lips which did not designate the cunning Scotchman. Whether *booving* to lord Lumbercourt, scolding Egerton, tempting Sydney, or triumphing in the dishonesty of the lawyers, he was uniformly exquisite; and we suspect that an audience never was so completely wrapt up in any performance, as was that of Philadelphia, when they witnessed the three successive exhibitions of the Man of the World. The part of Iago rose in his hands to an eminence and importance, of which they who had seen the play an hundred times, had formed no conception. Some of the last passages of sir Giles Overreach went to the soul of every auditor; and the unvarying flight of uniform excellence in the Duke of Gloster, which except in a small part of the tent scene, stooped not a moment on its rapid and adventurous wing, must remain impressed upon the recollection of all who witnessed it, as long as dramatic merit is cherished and admired, or the human heart beats responsive to the impulses of nature. But when he threw off the sarcasm which had of necessity pervaded several of his performances, and exhibited the conflicting doubt and fears of Macbeth, or thrilled the soul with the heart rending imprecations of King Lear, the still remaining feeble hesitations to acknowledge his supremacy, were at once extinguished, and the coldest admirers, with one voice, exclaimed like Churchill,

"Take the chair,
"Nor quit it till thou place an equal there."

Mr. Cooke is sure to avoid all danger of tediousness, by never dwelling upon unnecessary or unimportant words. He selects such as are most conspicuous; sends *them* forcibly to our ears, and leaves the minor expletions to their fate. In elucidating a passage that is obscure, he is eminently successful: for he will elicit sense out of sound, and give richness to a sentence which, to an ordinary eye, would seem flat and unprofitable. A single instance will exemplify our meaning. When Macbeth is informed that his queen is dead, he falls to ruminating thus:

She should have died hereafter:
 There would have been a time for such a word.—
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creep in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time, &c.

These lines have usually been spoken without any particular allusion; they have been explained by Johnson to mean, that if lady Macbeth had lived longer, "there would have been a time for the honours due to her as queen; and that respect which her husband owed for her fidelity and love." But Mr. Cooke reads them thus, that lady Macbeth now invested with the trappings of royalty, and surrounded with greatness, should live, but fearful of the change awaiting his and her condition, in consequence of the efforts of a besieging army, *the time will come when death would have been welcome to her*. He then seems to ask himself, *when?* and proceeds as if replying to that question, *to-morrow*. This word *to-morrow*, repeats again and again, and on that repetition falls into the train of sombre reflections, which terminates in an expression of contempt for life. We know not whether Mr. Cooke be original in this idea; he is so here, and it has shed a light upon a passage which, although always abundant in beauties, was, we think, no less abundant in obscurity.

The reception of this gentleman in our city, was such as to do honor to the heads and hearts of its inhabitants, and to excite, we are confident, his gratitude and esteem. The impression of his dramatic excellence grew more and more forcible every day, and although the applauses of the million are not always a just criterion of merit, yet the continued fulness of the house

and the nightly increasing thunders of approbation from every quarter, must have been flattering testimonials of admiration and regard. With all ranks and classes he was a decided favorite. The critic looked for faults almost in vain; the volatile fixed their attention here, and the deities of the gallery shouted with delight at his performances. Many paintings of Mr. Cooke, both in and out of character, taken while he was in Philadelphia, will serve as a lively addition to the various memorials we retain of the delight he has afforded us. Among them, a lasting monument will be possessed in the admirable picture of him by Sully, in the part of Richard III, which is intended for the academy of arts.

We take leave of Mr. Cooke with unfeigned regret, and he may rest assured, that a future visit to our city, should he make it, would be attended with a reception no less fervent than the last.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF DR. WILLIAM LINN.

BIOGRAPHICAL notices of men, rendered eminent for piety and learning, form a very interesting branch of American literature. Public characters become public property, and the right of that body to know the history of their lives, after their death, results from their having been engaged in its service when living. We are not sure that the community have not a deeper interest in the question, viz. the right of scrutinizing the characters of public men, and comparing their private characters with the principles they profess. Precepts derive force from example, and wherever they harmonize, the same should be made public for the benefit of others. So if example violates precept, or in plainer words, if the private life and public professions of a man, are at open and palpable variance with each other, the hypocrite should be detected and exposed. Absurd and despicable as the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is, still it bears a strong resemblance to charity and benevolence misplaced. There is a pretext for saying, that deli-

tacy towards surviving friends, prohibits us from speaking of the dead in any terms than those of applause. A neglect to notice those characters who were ornaments to the religion they taught; whose private lives and whose public professions, formed a beautiful consistency, is destitute of all apology whatever. If severe and inexorable Justice, in the exercise of her high functions, recognizes no partiality for the living or the dead, and compels us to drag foibles and crimes from the recesses of the grave, surely we are bound by a more imperious obligation, to rescue piety and learning from the dust of the sepulchre.

Dr. William Linn was born of British ancestors, who, in the early settlement of this country, emigrated and inhabited the western part of this state. His father, William Linn, was the parent of a large and respectable family of children, of whom, the subject of the present memoir was the eldest. He was born on the 27th day of February, 1752, in the county of Cumberland in the state of Pennsylvania. After having received the rudiments of an education at a public school, he was put to a grammar school under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Duffield. His education was afterwards superintended by the Rev. Mr. Smith. Amongst others of the scholars of that gentleman, he was strongly impressed with a sense of religious duty; here was laid the foundation of that piety which afterwards so eminently distinguished him as a minister of the gospel. Resolving to devote his existence to the service of his Redeemer, he entered Princeton College in the year 1770, where he applied himself rigidly to such studies as would qualify him for a task so sacred and important. When the usual term of his collegiate education had expired, he spent six or eight months at the house of his father, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Cooper. Being called upon to take the charge of a select academy in Philadelphia, he accepted of that appointment. At the conclusion of a year he resigned that office, returned and resumed his studies under his former teacher. In the year 1775 he was licensed by the Carlisle Presbytery and entered on the duties of his ministry, having previously formed a matrimonial connection with Rebecca Blair, daughter of the Rev. John Blair, a pious and learned minister

of the Gospel. By this marriage he became the father of twelve children, five of whom only are now living. In the year 1776, he was appointed chaplain to a regiment commanded by general Thompson, raised in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, on which occasion he was ordained by the same presbytery by which he was licensed. Shortly after the regiment was ordered to march for Canada; but Mr. Linn finding that the peculiar situation of his family rendered his presence indispensable, resigned his office and settled at Big Spring. Here, for the space of six years, he faithfully discharged the duties of his mission, and his popularity, every day increasing, required a more extended field for exertion. He was accordingly elected president of the Washington Academy, on the eastern shore of Maryland. At the expiration of a year the sickly state of his family compelled him to resign his charge, and he accepted of a call from the Presbyterian congregation of Elizabethtown in N. Jersey. He continued in the exercise of his pastoral duties until the year 1786, when he removed with his family to New York, and was settled in the reformed Dutch church of that city. His administration of the gospel was attended with the most signal success. His genius now seemed to respire in a congenial element. The theatre was broad enough to admit of the full expansion of his faculties, and he gained a reputation for eloquence, unrivalled in his native country. The poet, Cowper, without a knowledge of the original, has given us a faithful portraiture of his eloquence.

I would express him (the preacher) simple, grave, sincere,
 In doctrine incorrupt; in language plain,
 And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture; much impressed
 Himself as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he tends
 May feel it too; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 In thunders, and by him in tones as sweet
 As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.

This scene was the harvest of his fame; before sickness and

domestic affliction had conspired to depress the energies of his mind, he saw his labours crowned with success in the large increase of his flock. While the hardened sinner was alarmed into repentance, the desponding heart was cheered by the soothing tones of divine mercy. To a native ease and fluency of expression, he superadded whatever assistance ancient literature was capable of bestowing. His eloquence was not a sudden burst that expired while it dazzled; it was an ardour glowing more vehement as the subject rose into more importance, and arising out of the awful nature of the topics which he handled. His style was simple and pure; his language tender, affectionate, and sincere. As he approached the awful confines of his subject, some of his audience have been known to start unconsciously from their seats. Disdaining tawdry ornament, he lost himself in the themes he was enforcing on the minds of his hearers. At this time, as a testimonial of his merits, he was complimented with the degree of Dr. of divinity; but amidst the prosperity that attended his labours in the service of his master, he was suddenly called upon to perform the last sad offices to the remains of his beloved consort. Such was his piety and resignation that he murmured not, but submitted with resignation to this afflictive stroke of Divine Providence. His confidence in God supported him through a trial so severe, and time soothed and alleviated his sorrow. He afterwards espoused in wedlock the widow of Dr. Henry Moore, by whom he was blessed with two children, one of whom is now living. He was once more engaged in the high purposes of his calling, and was prosecuting his labours with his wonted success in his Saviour's vineyard, and solaced himself with the hope that the storm of affliction had expended its fury. How vain are our dreams of felicity! Again the venerable pastor is summoned to behold the bed of death, and to witness once more, the interment of conjugal happiness. Still he was humbled and resigned to the chastisements of Heaven: he adored the hand that afflicted. We will stop to notice a fact almost too clear for illustration, that such resignation is itself the most sovereign balm to all sorrow. While we acknowledge the justice and mercy, we feel with less poignan-

cy the severity of the dispensations of Divine Providence; such was the state of Dr. Linn. His resignation, while it prevented murmurs, enabled him more effectually to bear his loss, and again we behold the christian triumphant over the man. He afterwards espoused in marriage Helen Handson, widow of Richard Handson, by whom he had two children, one of whom is now living. But this calm was a treacherous one; the death of his eldest son, Dr. John Blair Linn, in the year 1804, gave so rude a shock to his paternal heart that he never recovered his health, spirits, or ambition afterwards. He doated on this son, with all the enthusiasm of a fond parent, nor need we wonder at this, when we consider the early and uncommon genius manifested by his son. At a very early age he had honourably signalized himself by his *Powers of Genius*, a work which, although it has been the prey of fastidious criticism on this side the Atlantic, has been honoured by a splendid republication on the other. Fascinating as the charms of literature were, christianity appeared to him, invested with brighter and more awful attractions. He dedicated the ardour of his youth, those hours among others so often squandered in dissipation, to the service of his Maker. Dr. Priestley, having in one of his publications run a parallel between the characters of Socrates and Christ, his youthful opponent addressed a letter to the philosopher, on the subject, in which he reprobated the comparison in strong and forcible terms. The doctor engaged in the controversy, and published a pamphlet in reply. This pamphlet was succeeded by another from Linn, when the death of Dr. Priestley put a period to the controversy. Linn, notwithstanding his early years, on account of the extraordinary zeal and ability that he manifested in his Master's cause, and unsolicited by him, was complimented with the degree of doctor of divinity, by the president and trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. These pamphlets have also been honored with a republication in England. His affections were ardent, ever ready to forgive injuries, and ever anxious to acknowledge whenever an undesigned offence, (for he was incapable of designing one) was imputed to him by others. Fearing that some of his expressions, in the controver-

sy above mentioned, might be regarded as too intemperate, he had prepared a letter of concessions; and what added greatly to his regret, was that the doctor died before the apology was received. It does not become us to pronounce an opinion on the merits of this controversy, but we may surely venture to express what Dr. Priestley himself did, who spoke in the most flattering terms of the talents of his youthful opponent. His constitution, which was always delicate, was supposed to have been materially injured by the ardour which he exercised in the acquisition of knowledge. This rendered him incompetent to the discharge of his pastoral duties, and compelled him to travel for the recovery of his health, from which he derived little or no benefit. On the 30th of August, 1804, he died by the breaking of a blood-vessel, and with his last words commended his soul into the hands of his Redeemer. The death of a son so promising, and in whom the soul of Dr. Linn was so "garnered up," was a shock too great for his paternal heart to endure. His constitution sunk under his afflictions; increasing weakness and debility rendered him unable to discharge his clerical duties. He accordingly resigned his charge in New York, and removed with his family to Albany. Desirous of appropriating what little of strength still remained, in the service of his Redeemer, he contracted to perform for the space of a year half the pastoral duties. He gave affecting evidence of the sincerity of his faith, when his congregation listened to the awful truths of the gospel, from a frame so exhausted and infirm. It was notwithstanding believed by many, that the summer then approaching would restore his languid frame, and renovate his spirits, by its invigorating warmth. Such hopes were all unfounded; while seated in the bosom of his family, he suddenly sunk upon the floor, to all appearance lifeless. Although, by medical assistance, he recovered from that state of insensibility, it was only to linger for a few days, and at last, in the full confidence of a better portion hereafter, he quietly surrendered his soul into the hands of his Maker. Having already noticed the character of his eloquence, it will not be necessary to enlarge on that point. To a superficial observer, a delicate,

and if the expression is not too strong, a dangerous sensibility seems to be peculiarly at war with resignation in sorrows. We are apt to imagine that those who feel too sensibly the weight, cannot bear the burden of their afflictions without murmur and complaint. It would be difficult to select a more splendid example of acute sensibility and resignation under afflictions, than the subject of the present memoirs. The former wasted away his life and brought him to his grave, while the latter enabled him to await his dissolution with patience, and to bow without a murmur to the stroke. He loved his children with all the ardour of a tender parent, and he resigned them to God as a christian. He could feel, extenuate, and pardon an injury; he inherited a meekness of spirit that no adulation could swell into pride; on the contrary, flattery seemed to render him more humble, and more sensible of his own defects. He published one volume of sermons, the style of which is simple, forcible, perspicuous, and modest. These sermons are all marked with candour and sincerity: the plain and pure, though affecting appeals to the heart, evince how much the writer is interested in our welfare. Notwithstanding the beautiful simplicity, and interesting sincerity that pervade all these sermons, they are said to give us a very incompetent conception of the character of Dr. Linn. The sentiments now are not breathed from living lips; they now lack those tones and gestures, and the impressive seriousness with which they were once enforced upon the heart of the sinner. His controversy with Dr. Moore, short as it is, may be regarded as a model of the manner in which ministers of the gospel should deal in subjects of theological controversy. He never forgets for a moment, what is due to the delicate nature of his subject, what is due to the character of his antagonist, and to his own. He states his argument luminously and powerfully, but without anger, and betrays that solicitude to convince, which could only result from the sincerity of his own conviction. The remark of Pope, that "Gay was in simplicity a child," was strongly illustrated in the character of Dr. Linn: So singularly simple and artless, was he in his manners, that he appeared totally ignorant, even of that necessary caution and

reserve, that a knowledge of mankind implants and matures. He made his own benevolent feelings, and not the cunning and artifice of others, the guides of his life. When made the victim of his simplicity and artless manners, he never abandoned them. Disdaining to harbour suspicion, he lacked what the world would denominate prudence; his confidence once misapplied was no barrier to the same misapplication of his confidence again. Benevolence was with him, not an ostentatious charity; a charity that delighted to load with a sense of obligation the man on whom a benefit is conferred; it was a benefit silent, concealed, and reserved. Reserving for the communion of his own heart, the pleasure inspired by such actions, a revelation of it to others would have marred the transaction, and he would have deemed himself an oppressor, in the shape of a benefactor. It was with him a breach of confidence to divulge his benevolence. He had often impoverished his family by such secret charities from the slender salary he received. That envy which superior talents excite in others, was an absolute stranger to him; far from wishing to degrade rival merit, he viewed it in no other light, than as an incentive to honourable competition. He considered it as something high, something worthy of aspiring after, and he was ever prone to magnify such merit, because it stimulated his ardour to excel. This merit, if degraded, furnished no object for a generous emulation to aspire for. A competitor, therefore, in the hands of Dr. Linn, was sure to receive more than his merits. He was a member of many charitable societies; not one of those inert and sluggish members, whose ambition is answered if their names are enrolled with those of illustrious characters; he became such to stimulate the tardy benevolence of others; he became such because when his own finances were incompetent, his example and his zeal might inflame those whose larger means afforded adequate relief. By thus associating with such bodies, he made them in a degree tributary to his own benevolence. The Cincinnati elected him an honorary member; he was also chaplain to Congress, during the whole of its setting in New York. His exertions were not bounded by the sphere of professional duty. He was the foremost in all associations for the promotion of letters. Here he

manifested the same zeal and perseverance, as he did in the service of charity, constantly adding to such bodies all the weight of his character, and all the popularity which he had so faithfully earned, to promote the general welfare, to teach mankind the solemn and imperious duties of christianity, to inforce and enlarge active benevolence, and to cultivate letters. Popularity he considered not in the light of personal aggrandizement, it was an engine only in his hands, for the accomplishment of great and solemn duties. Thus as his reputation enlarged, his services became more essential and effective. Popularity was only valued by him in proportion as it empowered him to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness. We have thus endeavoured, and we hope not entirely without effect, to collect some of the scattered rays that beamed from an orb, once brilliant and invigorating, until the shadows of death had gathered on its surface and extinguished its lustre forever.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO CLARA—THE MAID OF THE MISSOURI.

I PRAY thee check thy hasty pace,
 Nor be intent to shun the morning,
 And let me view thy roseate face
 Till I with love and rapture trace
 Those witching smiles that face adorning.

Oh stop and mark this rapid river,*
 Nor heed the breeze which makes thee shiver,
 For in its current truth doth live.
 Its rolling flood incessant winding
 And hastening to the ocean's wave,
 Impressive, constant, is reminding
 Of the life which nature gave.

* The Missouri.

Lo, Time keeps on his feathery pace,
While life's frail lamp continues burning;
He steals, relentless, many a grace,
But never thinks of once returning.

Then as we down his river glide,
And know so well his truant motion;
Let's snatch each pleasure e'er the tide,
Shall meet his current at the ocean.*
How dazzling is the frosted ground,
Glistening while Aurora's smiling;
And see the *Prarie* all around
Is white—while mounds of snow are piling.

Thus does cold *Indifference* shine,
When beauty decks the haughty fair,
Her charms with snow and frost combine,
To dim the eye and chill the air.

Dear Clara, keep thy bosom warm,
With bland affection for mankind;
Let Virtue shield thy beauteous form,
And Science oft expand thy mind.
And oh, if thou would'st deign to dwell
In yonder cottage near the hill;
There would I in soft raptures tell
The joys that oft my bosom fill.

Oh there we'll trim our social fire,
And gently press the stranger's stay;
Thy charms shall oft my heart inspire,
And love shall chace each care away.

Belle Fontaine, banks of the Missouri,
Dec. 16, 1810.

ALEXIS.

* Eternity.

DR. ABERCROMBIE'S

EDITION OF

JOHNSON'S WORKS.

PROPOSALS,

BY J. & A. Y. HUMPHREYS, PHILADELPHIA,

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

THE WORKS OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

CONTAINING

A more complete collection of his writings, than has ever yet been published; together with a selection of the most meritorious publications, illustrative of his domestick and literary character:

BY JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.

PROSPECTUS.

THE very high authority which the writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson possess in the Republick of Letters, has long rendered a *complete* collection of them, a desideratum in the library of every student,—of every man of literary taste, sound principles, or classical erudition. The moralist, the politician, the poet, the critick, and the sentimentalist, will

ever derive from the page of Johnson, instruction, entertainment, and delight. The acuteness and accuracy of his perception, the profundity of his thought, the solidity of his judgment, the fertility of his imagination, the capaciousness of his memory, and the vigour of his understanding, render the suggestions of his MIGHTY MIND inestimable: more especially, as they are conveyed in language comprehensive, as the range of his intellect; nervous, as the energy of his sentiments; pure, as the integrity of his principles; copious, as the resources of his learning; polished and sublime, as the splendour and elevation of his genius. Such, it may without temerity be asserted, was the activity of his mind, and such the versatility of his talents, that in the various characters of moralist, biographer, poet, bibliographer, essayist, philologist, novelist, commentator, politician, theologian, tourist, epistolary-writer, critic, and lexicographer, the productions of his pen have commanded the admiration and applause, and induced the imitation, of the best men, the best critics, and the best writers of the present age.

That *all* the works of this great and good man should never yet have been collected by any of his editors, is, indeed, not less a subject of wonder, than a cause of regret. Such, however, is the fact. Mr. Drake, whose literary life of Dr. Johnson has lately been published in London, concludes that admirable specimen of criticism and biography with the following declaration. "Of the *editions* of the works of Johnson, the two principal are by *Sir John Hawkins*, and *Mr. Murphy*. Sir John's appeared in 1787, in eleven volumes, octavo; and four volumes more were at different periods subsequently added. The collection was hasty and indigested, and several pieces were included decidedly not the productions of Johnson. The life too was bulky, inelegant, and full of irrelevant matter.

"In consequence of these defects, another edition was brought forward in 1792, under the superintendence of

Arthur Murphy, Esq. which occupies twelve volumes in octavo, with the Essay on the Genius and Writings of Dr. Johnson prefixed. It has passed through the press several times, a proof that the public is satisfied with the arrangement and execution; the former of which is chronological, and the latter correct and elegant.

“ We must, notwithstanding, declare, that no *complete* edition of the Works of Johnson has yet been published; not one in which his “Prayers and Meditations,” his “Letters,” and his “Sermons” are included. It is true that Mr. Murphy has given us a *few* of his Prayers, and a *few* of his Letters; but they ought, as best unfolding the heart of the man, to have been published entire: he has also omitted his “Fountains, a Fairy Tale.”

“ When these shall have been added, all that is necessary will probably have been done.”

The Rev'd JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D. the editor of the proposed edition, from his early and profound respect for the character, and his admiration of the writings of Dr. Johnson, has, for many years past, spared neither pains nor expense to obtain whatever has been published, either by or in relation to that distinguished author. Through the activity of several kind friends, and the indulgent attention of James Boswell, Esq. with whom Dr. A. corresponded for some years before his death, he is now enabled to give to the world that *complete* collection of Dr. Johnson's writings, so long and so justly desired. To this collection will be added two or three volumes of the most meritorious publications, illustrative of his domestick and literary character; many of which are mentioned by his different biographers: such as “Courtenay's Poetical Character of Dr. Johnson,” “Agutter's Funeral Sermon before the University of Oxford,” Professor Young's unrivalled imitation of his style in “A Criticism on Gray's Elegy,” &c. &c. The chronological arrangement of Mr. Murphy will be

adopted, as well with respect to the Tracts heretofore published, as to those which may now be added.

Besides the publications mentioned by Mr. Drake in the preceding extract, as *sufficient* to render the collection of his works complete, the present editor has been fortunate enough to obtain others of unquestionable authenticity, which had either not then been discovered, or had not fallen under Mr. Drake's observation. Dr. Johnson's admirable "Essay on the Corn Laws," for instance; found in his own hand writing among the papers of the late Right Honourable W. G. Hamilton, Esq.: which the Edinburgh Reviewers pronounce to be written "in the very best style of that great master of reason;" and which they express an earnest wish to see transferred, without delay, "to a more secure and conspicuous station."

The possession of these additional productions of Johnson's pen, and of the most interesting disquisitions relative to him and to his style of composition, renders the submission of them to general perusal, in the estimation of the editor, a duty which he owes to the patrons of genius, and to the friends of science and of literature.

To the admirers of Dr. Johnson's writings throughout the United States, it will, doubtless, afford no small degree of patriotick gratification to reflect, that what has been so long wished for by the Literati of Europe, and twice ineffectually attempted in England, by two of the familiar associates and intimate friends of our illustrious author, should finally be accomplished by an AMERICAN. It is, therefore, confidently hoped, that the patronage extended to the undertaking will be proportioned to the magnitude of the object, and the unrivalled celebrity of the writer, who has correctly been denominated the COLOSSUS OF LITERATURE.

Several engravings, executed by the first artists, will be introduced into the work: among them, a likeness of Johnson from Nollikin's celebrated bust, in possession of the

editor; and a *whole length* portrait of him, with his oak stick, as described in Boswell's Tour, from an engraving drawn and etched by Trotter;—his Monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, &c.

CONDITIONS.

The work will be comprised in about fourteen volumes octavo, embellished with new designs and plates, by the first artists.

A volume will be published every two months till the work is completed.

The price to Subscribers will be Two Dollars and Fifty Cents each volume, in boards, payable on delivery.

It will be put to press as soon as sufficient encouragement is given to warrant the undertaking.



General Knox

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

AUGUST, 1811.

No. 2.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY KNOX.

PERHAPS history records not, through all its countless pages, any characters, on whom we may more justly bestow the meed of patriotism, than those brave and heroic men, who, in the memorable period of 1775, dared to oppose the powerful arm of Britain, and conducted the United States of America to victory and independence. Nothing but a disinterested love of country and a noble zeal in the cause of freedom could have inspirited their opposition to that formidable and warlike nation. It could not have been a spirit of revenge, nor a desire of conquest, nor yet a lust of power, which stimulated their exertions. Educated in the bosom of freedom, they were most religiously attached to the rights and privileges bequeathed them by their virtuous progenitors; and to defend and perpetuate these was the great object of their magnanimous determinations. At the imperious call of their country, they unsheathed their reluctant swords; and when the just claims of liberty were established,

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P

they bade adieu to the pomp and pride of arms, and mingled, undistinguished, with their fellow citizens. Their brave and patriotic deeds, and the invaluable blessings, which their fidelity and courage have secured to us, should never be forgotten.

Among the first of these illustrious heroes, *Major-General Henry Knox* may be justly ranked. We shall not, however, attempt to heighten his fame, by refusing the tribute of merited applause to his magnanimous compatriots. We wish not to conceal the opinion, that others might be enumerated equally brave and meritorious. And no one was more ready to appreciate the talents, or acknowledge the merits of others.

Boston, the metropolis of Massachusetts, has the honour of being the birth-place of our hero; and we cannot but observe, that it would have been alike to its honour, to have erected some suitable monument to the memory of so great a man. He was born in 1750. His parents were of Scottish descent. His mother's family name was *Campbell*. Of the adventures or history of his early years, we have not been able to obtain any particular account. It is ascertained, however, that, in his education, he had the advantages of those excellent town schools, for which Boston has long been justly celebrated. Before our revolutionary war, which afforded an opportunity for the development of his patriotic feelings and military talents, he was engaged in a bookstore. By means of his early education and of this honourable employment, he acquired a taste for literary pursuits which he retained through life. But if no brilliant achievement marked the period of his youth, it was distinguished by a very honourable and estimable trait of character, an attentive and affectionate deportment to his widowed, aged mother. His filial solicitude ceased but with her life. In his greatest elevation, in his most pressing duties of a public nature, she was remembered and honoured.

Young Knox gave early proofs of his attachment to the cause of freedom and his country. It will be recollected, that, in various parts of the state, volunteer companies were formed in 1774, with a view to awaken the martial spirit of the people, and as a sort of preparation for the contest which was apprehended. Knox was an officer in a military corps of this deno-

mination; and was distinguished by his activity and discipline. There is evidence of his giving uncommon attention to military tactics at this period, especially to the branch of enginery and artillery, in which he afterwards so greatly excelled.

It is also to be recorded, in proof of his predominant love of country and its liberties, that he had, before this time, become connected with a very respectable family, which adhered to the measures of the British ministry; and had received great promises both of honour and profit, if he would follow the standard of his sovereign. Even at this time, his talents were too great to be overlooked; and it was wished, if possible, to prevent him from attaching himself to the cause of the *provincials*. He was one of those, whose departure from Boston was interdicted by governor Gage, soon after the disastrous affair of Lexington. The object of Gage was probably not so much to keep these eminent characters as hostages, as to deprive the Americans of their talents and services. In June, however, he found means to make his way through the British lines to the American army at Cambridge. He was here received with joyful enthusiasm: for his knowledge of the military art and his zeal for the liberties of the country were admitted by all. The provincial congress, then convened at Watertown, immediately sent for him, and entrusted solely to him the erection of such fortresses as might be necessary to prevent any sudden attack from the enemy in Boston.

Those who recollect any thing of the situation of the little army of militia collected in and about Cambridge in the spring of 1775, soon after the battle of Lexington, need not be told, that it was without order and discipline. All was insubordination and confusion. General Washington did not arrive to take command of the troops until after this period. In this state of things, Knox declined any *particular* commission; though he readily directed his attention and exertions to the objects which congress requested.

It was in the course of this season, and before he had formally undertaken the command of the artillery, that Knox volunteered his services to go to St. John's in the province of Canada, and to bring thence to Cambridge all the heavy ord-

nance and military stores. This hazardous enterprise he effected in a manner which astonished all who knew the difficulty of the service.

Soon after his return from this fortunate expedition, he took command of the whole corps of the artillery of our army, and retained it until the close of the contest in 1783. To him the country was chiefly indebted for the organization of the artillery and ordnance department. He gave it both form and efficiency. It was distinguished alike for its expertness of discipline and promptness of execution. The poetical line of colonel Humphreys has too much of truth to be considered merely as a compliment.

"E're Steuben brought the *Prussian* lore from far,
"Or *Knox* created all the stores of war."

At the battle of Monmouth, in New-Jersey, in June, 1778, general Knox exhibited new proofs of his bravery and skill. Under his personal and immediate direction, the artillery gave great effect to the successes of that memorable day. It will be remembered, that the British troops were much more numerous than ours; and that general Lee was charged with keeping back the battalion he commanded from the field of battle. The situation of our army was most critical. General Washington was personally engaged in rallying and directing the troops in the most dangerous positions. The affair terminated in favour of our gallant army; and generals Knox and Wayne received the particular commendations of the commander in chief, the following day, in the orders issued on the occasion. After mentioning the good conduct and bravery of general Wayne, and thanking the gallant officers and men, who distinguished themselves, general Washington says, "he can with pleasure inform general Knox and the officers of the artillery, that the enemy have done them the justice to acknowledge that no artillery could be better served than ours."

Lord Moira, who is, perhaps, the greatest general in England, at the present time, has, in a late publication, borne testimony to the military talents of general Knox. Nor, should the opinion of the marquis Chatteaux be omitted. "As for

general Knox," he says, "to praise his military talents only, would be to deprive him of half the eulogium he merits. A man of understanding, well-informed, gay, sincere and honest, it is impossible to know, without esteeming him, or to see, without loving him. Thus have the English, without intention, added to the ornament of the human species, by awakening talents where they least wished or expected."

We are aware, that general Knox never had the chief command in distant parts of the country, as had Gates, Sullivan, Green, and Lincoln. But having the particular inspection and command of the artillery, it was necessary he should continue with the main body of the troops where the commander in chief resided. However, another reason may be assigned for this, highly honourable to general Knox; and which goes to show, that it was not for want of the confidence of Washington. When general Green was offered the arduous command of the southern department, he replied to the commander in chief, "Knox is the man for this difficult undertaking; all obstacles vanish before him; his resources are infinite." "True," said Washington, "and therefore I cannot part with him."

No officer in the army, it is believed, more largely shared in the affection and confidence of the illustrious Washington. In every action where he appeared, Knox was with him: at every council of war, he bore a part. In truth, he possessed talents and qualities, which could not fail to recommend him to a man of the discriminating mind of Washington. He was intelligent, brave, patriotic, humane, honourable. Washington soon became sensible of his merits, and bestowed on him his esteem, his friendship and confidence.

The character of general Knox receives a lustre from his opposition to the spirit of mutiny which discovered itself in a part of the army, previously to their being disbanded in 1782, and which threatened to prostrate the liberties of the country. Availing themselves of the discontents existing among the troops, at that eventful period, on account of the inability of congress to pay them the wages due, some artful and ambitious individuals attempted to raise the standard of military rebellion, and to reward themselves, at the point of the bayonet,

by the plunder of their fellow citizens. General Knox was most decided and active in suppressing this alarming combination. He hastened to communicate to the commander in chief a knowledge of the intrigues and mutiny in operation. By the exertions of general Washington, Knox and others, and by their promises to procure of congress every possible relief for the army, the spirit of faction was subdued; and the soldiers returned in peace to the walks of private life, with the grateful eulogiums of their fellow citizens.

On the resignation of major-general Benjamin Lincoln, Knox was appointed secretary of the war department by congress during the period of the confederation. And when the federal government was organized in 1789, he was designated by president Washington for the same honourable and responsible office. In speaking of this appointment of general Knox, judge Marshall has been pleased thus to characterise the man: "Throughout the contest of the revolution, this officer had continued at the head of the American artillery; and from being the colonel of a regiment had been promoted to the rank of a major-general. In this important station, he had preserved a high military character, and on the resignation of general Lincoln, had been appointed secretary of war. To his past services and to unquestionable integrity, he was admitted to unite a sound understanding; and the public judgment as well as that of the chief magistrate pronounced him in all respects competent to the station he filled. The president was highly gratified in believing that his public duty comported with his private inclinations in nominating general Knox to the office which had been conferred on him under the former government."

This office he held for about five years; enjoying the confidence of the president, and esteemed by all his colleagues in the administration of the federal government. Of his talents, his integrity, and his devotion to the interests and prosperity of his country, no one had ever any reason to doubt. In 1794, he retired from office to a private station, followed by the esteem and love of all who had been honoured with his acquaintance.

At this time, he removed with his family to Thomaston, on St. George's river, in the District of Maine, two hundred

miles north east of Boston; and there resided the greater part of the time, until his death, in October, A. D. 1806. He was possessed of extensive landed property in that part of the country, which had formerly belonged to general Waldo, the maternal grandfather of Mrs. Knox. Near the head of the tide-waters of that river, on the site of an old fort, (built under the direction of general Waldo in 1752,) he erected a spacious mansion, evincive at once of the taste and liberality of the owner. His numerous guests were received with a smile of complacency, and attended by the genius of hospitality. He was furnished with a handsome collection of well chosen volumes in all the different branches of literature and science; with an exception, however, as it respects the ancient classics: and next to that of Mr. B. Vaughan of Hallowell, his was the largest and best private library in the District of Maine. His public spirit was displayed in numerous instances, by encouraging schools, locating and repairing roads, promoting the erection of a place of public religious worship, and by exciting an attention to agriculture among his neighbours.

At the request of his fellow citizens, though unsolicited on his part, he filled a seat at the council-board of Massachusetts, during several years of his residence at Thomaston. On all public political questions, his opinions had great influence with governor Strong, at that period the worthy chief magistrate of the commonwealth. Like him, he was disposed to conciliate his political opponents; and in his decisions, wholly free from the spirit of intolerance.

In 1798, when the repeated insults and the hostile menaces of the French directors made it necessary for our national rulers to manifest a resolution to defend our rights, general Knox was selected, with Washington, Pinckney, Hamilton, and others, as worthy again to protect the honour and liberties of the country. The talents of these distinguished patriots were not, indeed, put into actual requisition on this occasion, as the tyrants of France relaxed in their measures of hostility as soon as they perceived the spirit of our government. But the selection was proof of the high estimation in which these characters were held by the public.

Among the various instances to be adduced to shew, that general Knox was one of those eminent characters, whom a discerning people *delight to honour*, should also be mentioned, the degree of *Doctor of Laws* conferred on him by the president and trustees of Dartmouth College: and it may well be considered an evidence of their opinion, both of his eminent patriotic services and extensive information.

Of that noble disposition, always attendant on real greatness, which inclines one to do justice to the talents and merits of others, general Knox possessed an honourable portion. He could hear others praised, without emotions of envy; and he delighted to enumerate the good qualities of men in public life. He ever spoke of general Washington in terms of the highest respect, as a statesman and patriot, as well as a military commander. Next to him, in point of military talents, he was known to rank generals Green and Lincoln.* The mutual attachment, which subsisted between him and general Lincoln was equally honourable to both. And to both might justly be applied the eulogy bestowed by Homer on his favourite hero;

“The mildest manners marked the bravest mind.”

The amiable virtues of the citizen and the man were as conspicuous in the character of general Knox, as the more brilliant and commanding talents of the hero and statesman. The afflicted and destitute were sure to share of his compassion and charity. “His heart was made of tenderness.” And he often disregarded his own wishes and convenience, in kind endeavours to promote the interest and happiness of his friends.

The possession of extensive property and high office is too apt to engender pride and insolence. But general Knox was entirely exempt, both in disposition and manners, from this common frailty. Mildness ever beamed in his countenance; “on his tongue were the words of kindness,” and equity and generosity always marked his intercourse with his fellow-men.

* Major-general Benjamin Lincoln, late of Hingham, Massachusetts; one of the most respectable of our citizens, a most zealous patriot, and the bravest of soldiers.

The poor, he never oppressed: the more obscure citizen, we believe, could never complain of injustice at his hands. With all classes of people he dealt on the most fair and honourable principles; and would sooner submit to a sacrifice of property himself than injure or defraud another.

To some, it may appear not creditable to the character of general Knox, that he should have contracted debts, which he was afterwards unable to discharge. But an apology, perhaps, may be found for this apparent impropriety of conduct, in his opinion of the rising value of his landed estate; from the avails of which he calculated to satisfy all the just demands of his creditors. A great portion of his lands had been mortgaged at a low rate: it was his expectation to have redeemed these, and to have freed himself from all pecuniary embarrassments in a just and honourable manner.

His matrimonial connexion was founded wholly in sentiment and affection. And Mrs. Knox also gave a decided proof of her attachment, by abandoning former scenes of elegance and indulgence for the privations and hardships of a camp, which were endured for eight years.

In his person, general Knox was above the common stature; of noble and commanding form, of manners elegant, conciliating and dignified.

To the amiable qualities and moral excellencies of general Knox, which have already been enumerated, we may justly add his prevailing disposition to piety. With much of the manners of the gay world, and opposed, as he was, to all superstition and bigotry, he might not appear to those ignorant of his better feelings, to possess religious and devout affections. But to his friends it was abundantly evident, that he cherished exalted sentiments of devotion and piety to God. He was a firm believer in the natural and moral attributes of the Deity, and in his overruling and all pervading providence. His faith in christianity was never doubted by those who have heard him converse on the subject: yet in some respects he differed in his ideas on the doctrines of revelation, from those who are generally esteemed the most orthodox in theology. He had a strong belief of the immortality and *immateriality* of the soul: and

would contemplate with increasing satisfaction and delight the prospect of intellectual employments and glories in the future world. The following paragraph from his will, serves to give his opinion still more fully on this subject: "I think it proper to express my unshaken belief of the immortality of my mind; and to dedicate and devote the same to the Supreme head of the Universe—to that great and tremendous Being who created the universal frame of nature; worlds and systems in number infinite, and who has given intellectual existence to the rational beings of each globe, who are perpetually migrating and ascending in the scale of mind, according to certain principles founded on the great basis of morality and virtue."

In his political character, we should be unjust did we not give him the praise of candour and moderation. Though decided in his opinions and undisguised in his conduct, he could not be considered a zealot of party. Even his enemies (if enemies he had among those who knew not his worth) will not deny him the merit of impartiality and magnanimity. It is not, however, to be dissembled, that he was a warm advocate for the principles and measures of our beloved Washington. And with this conviction, it was impossible for a man of his sincerity and purity of mind to be guilty of any temporizing conduct, or of a change of opinions for the sake of popularity and promotion. On the elevation of Mr. Jefferson in 1801, he did not at first apprehend all the evils, nor did he speak with that severity of his political sentiments, in which some indulged themselves. Yet he ventured to predict, that so far as the new administration should differ from that of Washington, so far it would be found to be incorrect and injurious. "So long as the opinions and maxims of Washington have influence," he would often observe, "so long as his *real* political friends are permitted to direct the destinies of our country, so long shall we be independent, prosperous and free. But when his policy is exploded and his enemies bear rule, difficulties, dishonour and degradation will ensue."

CORRESPONDENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR,

Lexington, Kentucky, April 29, 1811.

LEXINGTON has lately been enriched by a large packet of your Port Folios, and no doubt, if you were suddenly translated to this place, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles in the interior of our union, you would feel at home whilst you saw your rouge-covered offspring decorating our booksellers windows and adopted in our most respectable families.

In perusing some of these, your latest miscellanies which have appeared among us, I discover two letters, written by Mr. Wilson, while on his *western expedition*, which have, no doubt, caught the attention of your eastern and untravelled readers. I beg leave to express my humble approbation of Mr. Wilson's ornithological researches, and hope he may have elsewhere received that encouragement to his labours, which I trust he did in the western country. Every department of American zoology awaits the inquiry of genius and industry, and the taste of Mr. Wilson is pleasingly manifested in the choice he has made. As for his skill in portraying the "plumy people" of the air, *Parasius* himself possessed not more.*

Since the time when this country, and this place particularly, was so scandalously falsified by *Ashe*, that modern *Mandeville*, we have been the more vigilant of every thing that is said of it. Thirty years ago we had no right to expect that literature and science would so soon appear among us. We hardly dreamed, by this time, to have been exempted from the necessity of exciting our youth to savage warfare, by making an enemy's scalp the diploma of their merit. Yet by a series of fortunate events, by a rapid increase of inhabitants and consequent improvement of territory, Kentucky and many parts of the state of Ohio, present a spectacle, the most unequalled in the world, or in its history, of towns and villages literally rising out of the wilderness, and of enlightened yeomanry who have made, in this tramontane world, a new creation.

You will not then be surprised if I protest against the language of one of your correspondents, who speaks of these states,

* See Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 35. cap. 10.

as "sequestered wilds;" and smile at your own anxious solicitude concerning Mr. Wilson, whom you conceive "wandering through desolation," and "employed in an *enterprize* of much hardship and considerable danger."*

Mr. Wilson's description of his passage down the Ohio, and the lateral scenery of that most beautiful of rivers has indeed the simplicity of truth to recommend it, is picturesque and entertaining. I only wish he had suffered a few decent people to dwell on the margin of this stream, and allowed a little better order of buildings, than *log cabins*, in some places, to adorn its banks.†

Let us however attend him in Lexington, where the homely task devolves upon me of cleansing the clothes of my countrymen, and defending our market-house from the nauseous charge of having nothing on its stalls but "greasy saddlebags, chewing tobacco, cat-mint, turnip tops, &c."

Those who write travels *à la mode*, (we learn from the facetious Salmagundi,) should describe general, from individual

* The expression, at that time, we humbly conceive, might with no great impropriety, be applied to the route Mr. W. had sketched out for himself, a solitary individual. This route was as follows,

	miles
By land from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, - - -	320
Down the Ohio in a small boat, alone, - - -	720
By land to Lexington, - - - - -	75
By land to Nashville, - - - - -	200
Through the Wilderness to Natchez, - - -	470
To Neworleans along the Mississippi, - - -	252 *
total to Neworleans	<u>2037</u>

All of which he successfully performed, making besides frequent and extensive excursions, as offsets in search of new subjects for his Ornithology. In passing through the Chickasaw, and Chactaw nations, he encamped thirteen nights in the woods alone; ransacked, in the sultry month of June, the woods and swamps round the city of Neworleans; visited, on his return, several islands off the peninsula of Florida; and after a voyage home of 40 days, arrived in good health at Newyork, having made many interesting additions to his stock of natural history.

† Our Correspondent is referred to Mr. Wilson's account of the towns of Gallipolis, Cincinnati and Louisville.

Ed.

characters. Thus the corpulency of one Newjersey inn-keeper is sufficient authority to say, that all Newjersey inn-keepers are fat and burly. Because Mr. Wilson saw some people here in rather a filthy guise, it is a rational conclusion that "soap is a scarce article" in our country.

I have too great a respect for Mr. Wilson, as your friend, not to believe he had in mind some other market-house, than that of Lexington, when he speaks of it, as "unpaved and unfinished!" But the people of Lexington would be gratified to learn what your ornithologist means, by "skinned squirrels cut up into quarters," which curious anatomical preparations he enumerates among the articles he saw in the Lexington market. Does Mr. Wilson mean to joke upon us? If this is wit we must confess that, however abundant our country may be in good substantial matter of fact salt, the attic tart is unknown among us.

Of our court house, though not quite so gloomy a cloister as is described, I do not boast. In its erection, we have only

————— "Loaded earth
with a
"Heavy labour'd monument of shame."

Though it is but just to observe, (if it can interest you) that a considerable change for the better has been made since Mr. Wilson was here. I hope however soon to see this gentleman's American Ornithology. Its elegance of execution and descriptive propriety may assuage the little pique we have taken from the author.

Yours,

INCOLA.

[The foregoing paper we transmitted to Mr. Wilson, previous to sending it to press, who returned it with the following note.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORT FOLIO.

Bartram's Gardens, July 16th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

No man can have a more respectful opinion of the people of Kentucky, particularly those of Lexington, than myself; because, I have traversed nearly the whole extent of their

country, and witnessed the effects of their bravery, their active industry and daring spirit for enterprize. But they would be gods, and not men, were they *faultless*.

I am sorry that truth will not permit me to retract, as mere *jokes*, the few disagreeable things alluded to. I certainly had no other market place in view, than that of Lexington in the passage above mentioned. As to the circumstance of "skinned squirrels cut up into *quarters*," which seems to have excited so much sensibility, I candidly acknowledge myself to have been incorrect in that statement, and I owe an apology for the same. On referring to my notes taken at the time, I find the word *halves*, not *quarters*; that is, those "curious anatomical preparations," (skinned squirrels) were brought to market in the form of a saddle of venison; not in that of a leg or shoulder of mutton.

With this correction, I beg leave to assure your very sensible correspondent, that the thing itself was no *joke*, nor meant for one; but like all the rest of the particulars of that sketch, "good substantial matter of fact."

If these explanations, or the perusal of my American Ornithology, should assuage the "little pique," in the minds of the good people of Lexington, it will be no less honourable to their own good sense, than agreeable to,

Dear Sir,

Your and their very humble servant,

ALEX. WILSON.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—POLITY OF THE CHINESE.

ESSAY II. PART II.

PHILOSOPHY, from an expansive view of human nature, a profound investigation of human institutions, and a rational refinement upon salutary experience, would conclude, from combined active benevolence, and a just appreciation of humanity, that Government and Laws, should sympathize with the peculiar nature and disposition of those for whom they are institu-

ted; and should correspond in their spirit and tendency, with the propensities of those from whom they emanate; for whose happiness, they are, by reciprocal compact, intended to ensure, and whose vices they are destined to control. But Philosophy in this, as in many instances, only explains what unsophisticated nature would readily perceive; she fabricates or discovers nothing new, only dissipating with her mighty wand, the mist which ignorance, and sometimes education and habit congregate; she draws the curtain from Nature, and restores a truth, hidden by prejudice and custom.

That the political institutions of a nation, must originally, either receive their character from the people themselves, and are by consequence, the antitype of their genius; or that the fixed character of a nation, is derived from the complexion and nature of their institutions, is very manifest; for no other conjecture can sufficiently account for the fact, that the civil institutions of a country, have the closest analogy to the customs and minds of the inhabitants.—That the actual cast of their character, however, could alone be determined by the polity they adopted, does not seem probable; and it is more reasonable to conclude, that the genius of the people should suggest the form of polity, agreeable to their nature, and conducive to their happiness. Though the original of government may be fortuitous and gradual,* yet when it is settled into permanency, a palpable resemblance to the character of the people is visible. The ultimatum of government being general happiness, adequate motives must operate to produce a preference of one kind, to another; and these motives, are the desire of having that which, by being congenial to their nature, would not too forcibly affect their propensities; and that inherent bias of the mind, to choose the means by which it is controlled.—Hence as actions are consequent to motives, the disposition and genius of a people is the archetype of their polity. This it is apprehended will be allowed by every one; but it may be alledged, that notwithstanding the genius of a nation is pictured in its government, yet that the government may in time, by alteration and modification, depress

* See Hume, Essay 5—on the origin of Government.

the genius of the people, by departing from its primitive spirit. The truth of this remark must be admitted; but the fact must be demonstrated before the principle is applied. Who could with reason infer, for example, that the Athenians derived their love of freedom, their extreme vivacity, and perspicacity of penetration, from the democratic nature of their government, instead of concluding that the complexion of their political institutions, was an effect of those qualities: that the continuance of this form of government might have favoured, instead of diminishing that spirit, is very probable. If Englishmen are jealous of their freedom and privileges, and are tenacious of their honour, it is a consequence of the mixed nature of their polity; for antecedent to the period, that the commons forced themselves one of the component parts of the system, liberty was as vigilantly guarded, and honour as sacredly held, as at the present juncture; when her paramount generosity to the sinking greatness of an ancient foe, and her invincible valour successfully opposed to the encroachments of despotism, stamp her the first of nations in the cause of freedom.

Having thus endeavoured to shew, that the genius of a nation may be discerned in their polity, we shall now apply the principle to the penal code and political institutions of China, in which will be perceived the character of this people, portrayed in their native colours, colours more distinct to the eye, and more intelligible to the mind, than those of any other part of their disposition; as they are necessarily the immediate offspring of intellect, begat for the conservation of order, the repression of license, and the correction of every evil, by the regulations of wisdom and prudence, and the wholesome application of efficient punishment.

The political system of China is, perhaps, the only one now subsisting, which exhibits a pure arbitrary government, unrestricted by fear of the commonalty, nor biased in its actions by the power of the nobles: there being no check or control, at least none which are efficient, on the actions of supreme magistracy. Their edicts and laws are enacted in the spirit of unbounded rule; and though always attended with an excess of rigour in the application, yet are quietly endured with the utmost patience

by the delinquent; never exciting the turbulence of rebellion or the reproach of oppression. Many circumstances there are which combined, beget in the legislative this arbitrary inflexibility, and in the people such abject submission to base chastisement. I have represented the government as purely arbitrary, uncircumscribed in its range of power, and such in reality it is; but as those who rule, as well as those who are ruled, are only men, as a democrat is a slave in the confidence of his own choice, and his too great freedom prevents its reasonable exercise, so in China the people imagining they hold the power in their own hands, by having a nominal check upon the actions of their august emperor; thus are they beguiled by a phantom of liberty, into the fetters of bondsmen; for power is never exercised in oppression without some appearance of restraint, and the apparent sanction of reason.

This nominal and negative power to control the actions of the emperor, is invested in the sacred persons of two censors of state, as they are denominated, who are likewise the historians of the empire; they possess the power, to represent to the emperor, the perniciousness of unjust actions, and of remonstrating against them in behalf of the people; hence their station is somewhat similar, though their efficiency is very inferior to that of the tribunes of the people, among the Romans. But as they are wholly dependant on the sovereign, and their lives even hang on his favour, their authority is nugatory, and never exerted; or if exercised, to serve appearances with the commonalty, never so far regarded as to stay or prevent the actions of imperial authority.* It may therefore be considered as one of those tricks of policy, which even the greatest tyrants, both of ancient and modern times, have condescended to use, for the furtherance of their ambitious projects.

To ascertain by what state or modifications of the passions and affections of the mind, so great authority can be sustained in the government, and unbounded submission preserved in the commonalty, cannot but be gratifying, and instructive. If their polity, as they affirm, be primarily grounded on the Patriarchal system, as is rendered indubitable from the undoubt-

* Barrow, p. 243.—Staunton, 2 v. p. 38.

ed fact of the Chinese being of Tartaric origin, among whom no other kind of government prevailed, as no other was compatible with the wandering lives of unquiet barbarians, dispersed in distinct hordes over a wide extended country, it is certainly now carried too far beyond the measure of paternal authority, to admit of such a venerable appellation; nor can it have more claim to the character, than any other nation of Asia or Europe. All governments are evidently grounded on, or progressively grew out of that primitive order and subordination, which is as necessary in domestic life, as in public society,* and there consequently, is not one more trait of patriarchy in China, than in other nations, excepting some barbarous usages and customs still observed through foolish veneration for antiquity, and perhaps, as necessary to the existence of despotic government.

Referring then, to parental authority, as the source of their power, and right of coercion, every Mandarin, or officer of the empire, holds the power to chastise any one to whom he is paramount, for a real or imaginary offence, as order may justify, or caprice or passion dictate; and in further support of his conduct, it is represented as a proof of the fatherly kindness, and benevolent care of the emperor; of the same complexion is the base submission of the grandees of state, or Mandarins, to the degrading infliction of the bamboo, or pantse,† for which on their knees they give thanks, as a kind manifestation of paternal regard. But it is apparent, that the Chinese have carried their system of government, far beyond that of patriarchy. Indeed a nation rigidly adhering to this model exactly, if at all compatible with the comprehensive range of national politics, would be little above, nay not the least superior to those barbarous institutions common to savage nations; and it argues nothing favourable to the Chinese, that they still endeavour to impress veneration for a crude system, which they do not possess, and which is only consequential to a state of primeval society, or uncivilized life.

Notwithstanding the belief that the authority of the emperor is similar to that which a father holds over his family, is so uni-

* Burlamaqui, vol. 2. p. 8. Hume, Essay 5. Blackstone, vol. 1. p. 47.

† Barrow, p. 256.

versally inculcated in education throughout the country, without a fact to substantiate such opinion, yet its effects are extended from the peasant to the throne; and it would be as repugnant to the reason, as violating to the feelings of the superstitious Chinese, to reject the only evidence which he can comprehend, that of custom, and education, for a system of polity, which he could not otherwise conceive, grounded in reason, and expedient for universal benefit.

Cooperating with the foregoing principle, which operates so forcibly on their affections and credulity, to produce unruffled permanency in the government, is the policy of the emperor to remain in sacred seclusion from the vulgar gaze; a policy which would require little penetration or learning to discern, to be well calculated to effect superstitious veneration, and fearful awe, for the object concealed. In ages of gross ignorance and intellectual inanity, when the causes of great effects are hid from the mind, conjecture in its excursive range, will magnify the power and attributes of the agent, and misconceive the purpose of the phenomenon; it is this ignorance which aggravates the terror striking effect of thunder and lightning on the timid Chinese: similar causes operate to beget adoration for imperial potency. Imbibing in education all the notions which are so easily fabricated by superstition, and so vastly magnified by fear, and which fancied superiority in wisdom, delights to rehearse to admiring infancy; the plenitude of the emperor's power, his transcendental attributes, and his immaculate virtue, form the theme, which impressed on ductile minds, by venerable age, prepare the Chinese at man's estate to add and adorn the already erroneous notion of the nature of his sovereign, by all that fancy suggests most favourable to a prince, whom he had been taught to adore as the first of earthly beings; as the noblest king of the fairest nation in the system of the universe. Nor can this illusion ever vanish, while the same customs are followed, and the same laws obeyed.

But as that which is never present to the senses, will at length sink into forgetfulness, the emperor fearful that perpetual seclusion from the public eye, might tend to diminish the awful respect of the people, in policy, chooses some notable day, to

shew his presence;* environed, however, with such splendid pomp, and obsequious adoration, that the vulgar at awful distance, not seeing, can only imagine the aspect of imperial greatness, none being suffered to approach his person but the Mandarins and officers. Novelty and admiration at so extraordinary a spectacle, and blaze of pomp, impress a notion of stupendous power, adequate to such expedients of policy; and ignorance, awe, and admiration, operating upon imbecile minds, approximate the nature of the emperor in conjectural fancy, to the Omnipotent; and the sacred title, and pious adoration, due only to the Deity, is profanely offered to less than human attributes!†

The executive department of the government is chiefly vested in the Mandarins, a species of temporary nobility, whose title and degree of rank, corresponds to their literary merit, and official qualifications; and whose power, though not exceeded by that of an European viceroy, is, when abused, not only lost, but he who had it, undergoes the most severe degrading chastisement; the privation of imperial favour, or an offence to a superior Mandarin, incurs a similar punishment. Of these grandees there are nine orders, or gradations of rank: under the first may be ranged the colaos, or ministers of state, the presidents of the supreme court, and the chief commanders of the army; from this order the censors of the empire are likewise chosen; and though their number is by custom limited to six, the authority of the emperor can even violate this inveterate bar, by the creation of others.‡ In the allotment of employments and officers to the other eight orders of Mandarins, strict regularity, and proper discrimination seems to be observed, by disposing of places of trust and importance, on competent abilities and superior discretion.

All the judicial tribunals are attached to the palace of the emperor at Peking, as well from the unwillingness to delegate power, which might be abused to the detriment of the prince, as from the facility of access to the imperial ear, without whose judgment, or sanction, no act of weight can be passed.§ The

* See Staunton and Barrow. ‡ Du Halde, 2 v. p. 33.

† Staunton, 2 v. p. 25.

§ Du Halde, 2 v. p. 33—Staunton, 2 v. p. 37.

Mandarin who compose the supreme tribunal of Nui-yuen, or the inward court, are selected from the three paramount orders: first, the colaos, or ministers of state: second, the ta-hio-se, or the learned: and third, the ichong-chu-co, or the school of Mandarins. The prescribed duty of the first, is the examination of all petitions addressed to the throne, whether regarding civil or political affairs;* the solicitations of oppressed humanity, craving relief or melioration of suffering, or the humble representations of the viceroys of provinces, for the correction of evil in their several districts. In perfect consistence, therefore, with the debased spirit of the nation, is the practice of clothing in the supplicating language of prayer, all statements of the public relations of distant provinces, or transactions necessarily springing from unforeseen contingencies. If when the tenor of a petition is known, no obstacle of private malignity, or public expediency intervene, it is referred to the throne, accompanied with the advice of the counsellors,† which oftener directs judgment, than awakens distrust and scrutiny. No distinct province of duty, occupies the attention of the second, being merely assistants to the first order, a *corps de reserve* of wisdom, to sustain or extricate the advanced phalanx. The third are the secretaries of the emperor, whose talents are devoted to engrossing such acts, as have undergone the wise deliberation, and received the just approbation of this august tribunal.‡

Besides this, there may be convened an extraordinary council consisting of the princes of the blood, to advise and assist the emperor in the administration of government; but this, as its appellation implies, is not a permanent department of the legislature, being resorted to only on emergent junctures, and very seldom congregated, because rarely required.

There are, independent of this, six paramount tribunals or courts, each of which has a distinct and separate cognizance of peculiar matters; yet all referable and subordinate to the supreme court of Nui-yuen, which gives the final decision to every measure. The whole system of Chinese judicature consists in these courts; the superior being established at Peking, and these,

* Du Halde, 2 v. p. 33. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid, p. 34.

in every degree of gradation throughout the empire, having correspondence with, and being under the immediate control of those of the capitol,* gives apparently the entire power to these courts; yet notwithstanding that the Mandarins and viceroys of provinces are dependant on, and amenable to these tribunals, they possess a degree of authority in general, which being essential to the fulfilment of their duty, is unrestricted, though within the control of higher power,† and revocable at pleasure.

Possessing all the pernicious qualities of a tyranny, or absolute government, without the perfection of its secret policy; and though versed in the jealous vigilance, and suspicious over care, which impels conscious oppression, to resort to petty precaution for temporary security, and to seem lenient when most inexorable, the Chinese government is, notwithstanding, in dread of adverse cabals, which perhaps only exist in the imagination of fear.‡ The spies of the emperor are dispersed in every province under the legal appellation of inspectors, and for the alleged purpose of guarding from oppression the industrious people; but, in reality, to prevent the dereliction of allegiance, by restraining the intemperate use of the viceroy's power, which would otherwise drive the people to rebellion and give a plausible pretext to the open revolt of latent dissatisfaction.§ Of the fidelity of these inspectors, however, and the moderate exercise of power in provincial governors, we shall relate more hereafter; and having the countenance of facts, shall induce the just conclusion, that the polity of the Chinese, though possessing all the pernicious ingredients of a tyranny, and many of its beneficial principles, is yet devoid totally of perfection, either in its good or evil tendency.

The taxes in China, though they appear not exorbitant to an European, or citizen of America, are notwithstanding greatly oppressive, considered in relation to the resources of the country, the fruit of the soil, and the indolence of the people. The revenue derived from thence, is, consequently, proportionably vast, when estimated by the political relations of the empire, the

* Barrow, 244.—Du Halde, 2 v. passim.

† Ibid, 2 v. p. 45.

‡ Barrow, p. 266.

§ Ibid, 262.

general prevalence of internal concord, and the entire absence of foreign expeditions of hostility, which lessen and circumscribe the national expenditure, to the mere support of regal magnificence and splendour, and the settled regulation of the government in its various ramifications, which cannot from its nature, require exorbitant taxes for its sustentation.* Though unrivalled in fertility, the soil of China is not so efficiently productive, as one less luxuriant, but more industriously cultivated might be, and want is frequently experienced. This is ascribable to a variety of circumstances, in which indolence and neglect have not a small share, in the people; and avarice, or want of prescience in the government. A Chinese peasant will only cultivate a portion of ground, and raise a sufficiency of produce, to subsist his family till the ensuing harvest, pay his taxes, and to dispose of in the public market. Beyond this, no want and desire impel him to labour; for were there even a foreign vent for his superfluous corn, he would not exhaust labour to the benefit of others, as the custom and law of the country, prevents the accumulation of private property, by its seizure and confiscation to the public use.† Thus, by sudden inundation, or intense drought, a whole harvest is destroyed; and famine prevails to the extent of the calamity. The efforts of the government partially relieve, but never wholly remove, such direful necessity.‡ That this neglect is to be imputed to avarice or misconduct, is manifest from the ability of the emperor to provide granaries for such probable occurrences of scarcity.§ The application of the people's money, to the purchase of corn, at a time of scarcity, can never remedy, with effect, the evil, though it may give temporary subsistence to perishing indigence; it will rather tend to augment the price, and increase the difficulty to purchase in the middle classes; such a remedy, therefore, be-

* Barrow, p. 272. Tables of Salaries.
the conclusion.

† See this part of Essay towards
‡ Barrow, 269.

§ Though the government do not wholly neglect to provide against the evils of famine, the small relief it can afford from its granaries, is never efficient, and insurrection and rebellion ensue; and those who may escape the devouring scourge of it, in all probability fall by the sword. Barrow, p. 397. Staunton gives a still more shocking and disgusting account of its effects. Vol. 2. p. 159.

ing productive of partial beneficial effects only, can never be efficient, and should, in policy, as well as humanity, be superseded by a more effectual method of hindering the recurrence of so prodigious an evil. This might with facility be done, without great sacrifice, by the reservation of half, or a third of the annual tithe of the produce, paid into the royal treasury; and the political relations of the country rendering a surplusage in the exchequer of little general utility, such a regulation would operate as a salutary reform, by curbing the licentious prodigality of courtiers, and favourite ministers, at the same time that it would prove an infallible preventive against the visitation of famine. The annals of Greece, Assyria, and Rome, record the practice of like expedients; and none of those nations professed affection for the people, founded on paternal love; but granted from a dictate of policy, what perhaps could not have been wrung from them on any other score. Such would prove the only remedy in the power of the government; the last and only other remains in the people; who, by cultivating their lands to the degree they are susceptible, might augment the harvest of one year, to a sufficiency for two years consumption. The evic-tion of the practicability of this method, by Mr. Barrow, from a nice investigation into the actual state of the country and population, and an induction sanctioned by experience, has proved, that the famines prevalent in China, do not proceed from a redundancy of populousness, disproportionate to the ability of the soil to subsist them, and has put all argument to flight, on this heretofore contentious subject.* The peasant must therefore, either become more industrious, and provide his own granary, or the government grow more careful of the lives and happiness of the subject, by an appropriation of their own labour, to their own preservation. It would itself be a convincing argument of the pressure of the taxes on the people, to adduce their extreme misery, and cannot be dubitable, when the immense overplus of the revenue, annually remitted to Peking, is taken into the account,† destined exclusively for the establishment of the empe-

* See Barrow, p. 396, &c.

† The annual surplusage of the revenue, after the deduction of the whole civil and military establishments, amounts to the enormous sum of 14,043,734l. sterling, or 62,416,595. $\frac{55}{100}$ dollars. See Barrow, p. 273.

ror; to the support of the royal palaces, and the immediate attendants on the throne.

We have already stated the land tax to be a tithe of the produce, in kind. On other commodities it is not ascertained, how great the excise is; but salt, and all foreign manufactured articles, are subject to duty. It is highly probable that these sources of revenue are small in proportion to the first.

It appears, from sir George Staunton,* that the prevalence of abuse, and corruption, in the assessment of the taxes, is not only detrimental to the government, but highly oppressive to the people. This oppression will necessarily subsist, in a partial degree, in every nation,† as a lesser or greater degree of power is vested in the tax-gatherer; in China it is aggravated by the peculiar genius of their political institutions, which delegates to the agent a power equally absolute to that of the prince.‡ It may be reasonably imagined, that where the abuse of such power is attended with great accumulation of opulence, and the probability of impunity in the dishonest agent, there will be few omissions of perverting it, in a people such as the Chinese, whose avidity for money, in whatever shape; is sharpened by the same means which circumscribe its gratification. In this state, then, they are alledged to be: the tax-gatherer extorting bribes by denouncing immediate compulsion; and the oppressed farmer eventually pays almost two tithes, in the hope of escaping, or the certainty of delaying the payment of one. Such malversation, though, often punished, is notwithstanding, by the concurrence of numerous defects in their institutions, on the whole concealed from the bleared eye of the law, by the dependant interests of its ministers.

From this circumstance, in combination with the pernicious effect of the land tax,§ it is apparent, that a great portion of the peasant's labour must be absorbed in the impost exacted by the government, and that by consequence, the condition of the Chinese, in respect to national burdens, is not superior to that of the British, or any European nation. In promulging this opinion in opposition to very respectable, we may say, high au-

* Barrow, 2 v. p. 234.

† See Smith's Wealth of Nations, v. 3. B. 5.

Part 2. ‡ Du Halde, vol. 1.

§ See Smith's Wealth of Nations, vol. 3. B. 5.

thority, that of Sir George Staunton, we shall merely explain the manner of our judgment. That author, by a computation which will be perceived correct, gives to every individual in China, by apportioning the aggregate amount of taxes among the entire population, five shillings, and allows to the people of Ireland, eight shillings, to those of France, under the legal monarchy, sixteen, and to those of England, thirty-four. He thence induces that the Chinese feel less the pressure of taxes than any of the latter people.*

This reasoning, we apprehend, to be erroneous, from too vague an application of general principles, without sufficiently weighing the peculiar nature, and local singularity of China. In the first place, the industry of the people in that country is depressed, by the certainty of being despoiled of their property, if they exert themselves for its accumulation; and even this power of attaining affluence is confined to the manufacturer, the farmer barely gaining a subsistence by his labour, from the pressure of the taxes. Hence industry, instead of being stimulated, is obstructed in general, and in particular among the agriculturists, numbers of whom, from indigence, oppression, and disquiet, quit their farms, a prey to legal exaction, and gain an easy subsistence by fishing.† For every individual, thus driven from productive to unproductive labour, the state loses in proportion to his skill and industry;‡ and this itself has great effect upon the national affluence. But the chief cause operating to beget indigence, and prevent opulence in the nation, is the vast disproportion between the revenue of the state, and the ability of the people to support it, by the utmost efforts of persevering labour, with the common reservation for the comfort of life. The government being prodigal, and the people destitute, the great spring of national wealth is destroyed; parsimony in the subject, and moderation and justice in the governor. By the former alone, can the labour of a people be augmented, and by the latter only, can it be secured

* Staunton, v. 2. p. 235.

† Sir George Staunton from a correct knowledge of facts, alleges the number of persons, in this occupation, on the branch of one river, to be 100,000. vol. 1. p. 290.

‡ See Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

from lawless rapacity. If the industry of a nation, only equal its wants, and it raise or manufacture no more than it consumes, there can be no superfluity of labour, and, consequently, no opulence. This in a great measure seems to be the situation of China. What the peasant, by his labour produces, after the deduction of the tax, barely suffices for the subsistence of a family, till the ensuing harvest; and if that be unpropitious, famine is the inevitable result. But a small portion, however, of the population of China, are manufacturers or mechanics; and their exportations to foreign countries, are composed of teas, and the produce of the soil, in the ratio of at least ten to one. This may at first appear to make no difference, as one commodity is equally as productive as the other; but upon a further consideration, it will be found to produce some difference in the actual opulence of the country, and, by consequence, in the operation and effect of taxes. The soil which is employed in raising a superfluity of teas, necessarily excludes the culture of corn, and makes it scarcer in that proportion, consequently dearer; and as dearer tends to augment proportionally the price or value of labour, and of every manufactured commodity. Now the augmentation in the price of manufactured articles, though it partially falls on the foreign nation which buys them, yet it is obvious that this small advantage, cannot compensate for the general effect at home, where the greater portion is consumed; and the greater part of this extraordinary price therefore falls on the Chinese. It may perhaps be said, that this is no evil; that the value of the manufactured commodity is correspondent, and equal to that of corn, and that it only requires an increase in the former, to purchase the usual quantity of the latter. This is true; but an increase in the quantity of the manufactured article, necessarily multiplies labour. If the labour of three days, be sufficient to buy, at common prices, all things necessary for a manufacturer and his family, he accumulates the labour of three days; and it is the aggregate of this superfluous labour of each individual in a state,* which constitutes the wealth of a nation. But when the price of corn becomes high, and five or six days' labour is requisite to subsist himself and his family, there is no gain to

* See Hume, Essay 1. of Commerce.

himself or his country. The effect is the same to the husbandman, he acquires no gain by the excessive price of corn, for he is obliged to pay the manufacturer a proportionate price for the implements of trade, and necessary cloths, or whatever else his comfort or pleasure may require. Hence, it will obviously appear, that scarcity of corn is not only calamitous to the people, but highly adverse to the affluence of the country. The stock of labour, therefore, being diminished, or rather prevented, the taxes must fall with double weight; a weight which cannot attend them in any nation of Europe, where famine seldom or never prevails. Indeed there is no European nation can be placed in circumstances similar to those of China; for if any of them cultivate articles of manufacture, to the exclusion of corn, they can prevent the evil, which otherwise would result, by importing from their neighbours a sufficient quantity, and probably at a cost less than it could be raised for at home. This expedient is not within the reach of the Chinese. From these peculiar circumstances, the inference, that the Chinese have less ability, and are more oppressed, to pay the taxes imposed on them, than either England, or France, under the legal government, will not be denied to be correct, when that influence is so emphatically corroborated, by the real condition of the people.

As a feature in the government of China, not the least expressive of its spirit and genius, the absolute power over the property of the subject, may be worthy of consideration, as tending to illustrate the policy, and exhibit the consequences of their political opinions. Sumptuary laws, in the earlier periods of English history, when the power of the crown was less circumscribed than now, were enacted; but since have either been abrogated, or become obsolete.* In France they do not, and I believe, never did subsist. Whether their tendency be detrimental, or beneficial to a nation, is with some problematical; we conceive them to be the pernicious effects of an autocracy, either in spirit or in form, disposed to wrest the property from the subject; but yet willing to give the colour of justice to naked rapacity. Of such a nature, are those of China, which authorize the seizure of wealth, and its confiscation to the state; no individual can there

* See Blackstone, vol. 4. p. 170..

slumber in the lap of soothing luxury, without privately stealing his enjoyment, or feeling enormously the officers of government; unless he be himself an officer, and even then it is difficult to avoid the vigilance of the law.* The natural consequences of such a system are, first, the total extinction of emulation in industry, and enterprize; a universal distrust of the government by the people, and a watchful suspicion in its agents: Second, it conduces to a most important political effect, to an absolute power, the annihilation of a middle class in the community, which, in every country, holds so extensive an influence, and so considerable a rank in the government. Thus society is there reduced to two orders, the nobility, and the common people; the rank of the former, and with it their fortunes, are the gift of the sovereign, but always revocable, and never hereditary, its acquisition depending on the merit of the object, and its preservation upon his servile allegiance: the latter are ignorant, superstitious, and abased, and are as unable to conceive a state of society paramount to their own, as they are destitute of every political weight, to effectuate what at present they cannot imagine.† In this par-

* Barrow, p. 261.

† Mr. Hume, in the true spirit of visionary philosophy, changes the government of China from an absolute to a pure monarchy, and merely to support a theory, which would stand as well without the aid of so brittle a material. Speaking of the rise of arts and sciences: "In China," says Mr. Hume, "there seems to be a pretty considerable stock of politeness and science, which in the course of so many centuries, might naturally be expected to ripen into something more perfect and finished, than what has yet arisen from them. But China is one vast empire, speaking one language, governed by one law, and sympathising in the same manners. The authority of any teacher, such as Confucius, was propagated easily from one corner of the empire to the other. None had courage to resist the torrent of popular opinion. And posterity was not bold enough to dispute what had been universally received by their ancestors. This seems to be one natural reason, why the sciences have made so slow a progress in that mighty empire." In this passage there is nothing which we could wish suppressed, nothing to which an objection can be made, all is clear, reasonable, and conclusive. But in a note to this, with a propensity habitual to him, he endeavours to subtilize their absolute to a pure monarchy. He is arguing on the principle, that, to expect that the arts and sciences should take their first rise in a monarchy, is to expect a contradiction. Proceeding in this argument he thus continues: "If it be asked

ticular, the government of China possesses a principle of long duration, which it may not be unreasonable to affirm, can never be destroyed, but by the universal dissemination of the christian religion, through that vast empire.

Where titles are bestowed on merit, with discrimination, and wholly confined to the object, without descending to his issue, the highest talents and genius will consequently be clothed in the first titles, and recompensed with the most distinguished honour; this expectation, at least, is natural to the vanity of the human mind, and when gratified is the strongest incentive to sedulity in exertion, and attention in labour. That fatuity, likewise, which magnifies in self the value of its own acquisitions, conduces to impress on the meanest mind, the probability of his advancing to preferment, in a state where plebeian birth, does not produce exclusion to titled honour. Instances of sudden elevation from the lowest to the highest situation of life, have given

how we can reconcile to the foregoing principles, the happiness, riches, and good policy of the Chinese, who have always been governed by a monarch, and can scarcely form an idea of a free government; I would answer, that though the Chinese government be a pure monarchy, it is not properly speaking, absolute. This proceeds from a peculiarity in the situation of that country: they have no neighbours, except the Tartars, from whom they were, in some measure secured, at least seemed to be secured, by their famous wall, and the great superiority of their numbers. By this means, military discipline has always been much neglected amongst them; and their standing forces are mere militia of the worst kind, and unfit to suppress any general insurrection in countries so extremely populous. The sword, therefore, may properly be said to be always in the hands of the people; which is a sufficient restraint upon the monarch, and obliges him to lay his mandarins, or governors of provinces, under the restraint of general laws, in order to prevent those rebellions, which we learn from history, to have been so frequent and dangerous in that government." This was the general opinion entertained of the Chinese so long ago as 1742, when much error was mingled with facts, stated by the missionaries, and much conjecture mingled with error. Mr. Hume's argument, however, is mostly of so general a nature, that any difference in the state of China, as known at that period and the present, can but slightly affect it. The reason alleged, why the government is not absolute, is weak and inefficient; this reason is, that from their imagined security from foreign attack, the Chinese have not attained perfection in the military arts; that they are mere militia, even the imperial troops. That the Chinese soldiers, are neither

the sanction of fact and experience, to notions which even the credulity of the Chinese might deride as chimerical without such proof; and have tended to fix their belief in ideas, which by flattering individual consequence, totally, reconciles them to a system, which habit has not only made sufferable, but which fear, superstition, and pride, has rendered sacred and necessary.

All absolute governments, from the ancient Persians, to the modern French, either from necessity or fear, have been sustained by the arm of coercive power, and an absolute and military government, have grown to be synonymous appellations, in the political vocabulary. So far then, as a military establishment constitutes an absolute government, that of China, must be, allowed to partake abundantly of its nature; and that it is not deficient in civil power, has already been shewn. The military establishment of China, is formed on that immense scale, which fills the mind with admiration when contemplating so prodigious an engine

far advanced in discipline, nor overburdened with valour, is true; but the characteristic of the whole people is timidity and fear; and we must at least allow the military to be equal in courage, and superior in discipline to the common people. There are degrees of difference, in valour, and in discipline, in different nations; but it does not follow, that because the Turks are not so excellent in military tactics as the French, that they cannot quell a rebellion in their own dominions. In contention with the French this difference would be shewn, by their defeat; but in opposing their own peasants and slaves, their comparative superiority, would surely give them triumph! Thus Mr. Hume knows when to make, and when to omit necessary distinctions. The Chinese proficiency in the military art, by comparison with the Prussians under Frederick, sinks into contemptible weakness; but the soldiers of China and Tartary, when compared with the mechanics and peasants of those countries, are as far superior as are the French to the Turks. But in China the whole power of the empire resides in the military; and the people, from indigence on their part, and policy on that of the government, are destitute of arms, either to resist oppression, or to excite turbulence. From these general principles, we with deference, conclude Mr. Hume's argument a mere sophism, and shall in another part of this essay prove him erroneous in point of fact. It may be here superadded, that even in the most absolute governments, "the sword may properly be said to be always in the hands of the people," if we mean by that expression, a power in the people to control the functions of it; but the exercise of which, is prevented by a first principle of government, that of opinion, as so ingeniously explained in Mr. Hume's essay "on the first principles of government." See Essay 4th, vol. 1.

of destruction; yet its absolute physical force, or the ability displayed in its application, is very inconsiderable, by a comparison with European prowess and talents: the efficiency of it, however, for the purpose of internal quiet and subordination, cannot be dubitable, when the manner of its distribution, and the course of its employment, shall be fully known. In time of peace, the standing army is computed at eighteen hundred thousand men, comprising infantry and cavalry; the former amounting to one million, the latter to eight hundred thousand: what augmentation is deemed necessary in war, cannot be rightly conjectured, though in probability very little is made, as at the time of the Tartar conquest, the whole forces of the empire did not exceed eighty thousand.* The purposes for which so vast an army is destined, when no war subsists, are, first, the preservation of peace and order in the Tartar provinces, that turbulent people being more disposed to tumult, and apt to rebel, than the phlegmatic Chinese; to effect which, the Tartar cavalry, being the most hardy, and best disciplined of the troops, are stationed on the borders of China. A portion of infantry, have assigned them, the guard of the imperial cities; and the residue of this immense army, are appropriated throughout the country, to the collection of the taxes, the security of the property, and the execution of the laws of the empire; thus blending the authority of the civil power, with the efficacy of military coercion, and giving the specious aspect of justice, to the harsh exactions of tyranny, the emperor ensures obedience to his commands, in every vicarious jurisdiction, and bespeaks the veneration and awe of the people, by his apparent equity, and secret influence. That the military are devoid of rigid discipline, great valour, or warlike appearance, is consonant to the state of the country, and what might in reason be expected, from a slavish people, and an absolute prince: yet are they calculated for every event, which the most jealous and suspicious policy can fancy, or the most unbounded ambition could desire, not wandering to distant shores, or provoking formidable opposition, by unjust and unnecessary aggression.†

Watchful to guard against subversion, and sagacious in de-

* Barrow p. 274. † Id. p. 276. Note. See an extract from Mr. Hume in a preceding part of this essay.

vising the means to perpetuate their reign, the Tartar dynasty, since its accession, has devoted its chief attention to the regulation of the army, the steps by which it ascended to, and the prop by which it must sustain its power. Policy, therefore, suggesting the exclusion of the Chinese, also prompts the adoption of the Tartars, and in this spirit, every male of Tartar birth, is early enrolled, and at the age of puberty compelled to serve as a soldier of his country;* thus ingrafting in the Chinese polity, a branch of absolute rule, more vigorous and inveterate, than any other; and which superadded to the original principles of their constitution, stamps it beyond controversy, an absolute empire.

That no very great ingenuity of device, or fertility of invention, is requisite for the able management of the finance of China, must be already obvious, from the peculiar disposition of the government, the contracted sphere of its action, and the un-deviating method observed in its transactions. The revenue is not of complicate detail; the taxes are not attended with difficulty in the collection, though not wholly free from trouble. Where the mighty neglect the interest, and have no regard to the happiness of the weak, control is made easy; and where the weak are deterred from remonstrance or prayer, by the dread of a greater evil, the less calamity will necessarily excite comparative resignation;—where power is unlimited, humility learns to bow her head in contented acquiescence, and thinks a small portion left untouched, a merciful instance of equity and justice.

The amount of the revenue annually in China is stated to be - - - - - £.66,000,000 sterling.

The amount of the civil establishment comprising every expense, except that of the emperor,

£.1,973,333

The military establishment,

49,982,933

51,956,266

Leaving a yearly surplusage of £.14,043,734, for the imperial establishment; a sum greater than is expended by any other prince of civilized Asia, and far exceeding that of any European potentate. If we compare the amount of the revenues

* See Barrow, p. 277.

of either ancient India, or Greece, or Rome, or modern France, we shall discover nothing, even in making every deduction for local situation, the relative value of money, and the disposition of the government, which has any feature of resemblance to that of China. Herodotus computed the annual amount of the Persian revenue, at the time of Daries, at a value equal to two millions pounds sterling, at that period thought an immense sum; but in this computation are not included, the contributions of corn, forage, cattle, &c. furnished by the people, and more particularly by the conquered provinces, which might probably amount to an equal value. This was the most opulent and voluptuous nation at that time, in the world; and embraced an extent of territory almost equal to that of China; and south of mount Taurus, not less fertile. The enormous expenditure of the latter, therefore, cannot but excite astonishment, and in some may reasonably create doubt, respecting its authenticity, which, however, seems too well attested to admit of denial. Of the application of this vast treasure, to the improvement of the country, much has been said; but when we consider the inadequate source from whence it is exacted, and the immense proportion of it, allotted to the disbursement of the military, it can hardly be inferred that the hundredth part, expended on canals, bridges, and roads, can be a solid and beneficial equivalent, for the privation of which it is the consequence, among the more numerous, and only inferior class of the community.

Viewing government, as an institution springing from the wants, fears, and weaknesses of humanity; and its sole end, the security, felicity, and strength of the people; on the whole, its degree of excellence, must be considered more or less, as it conduces to better the condition, by advancing the dignity, and promoting the moral conduct of human nature, and securing the quiet possession of the comforts of life. If by this criterion, we form a judgment of the Chinese polity, from an accurate investigation, and an impartial appropriation of facts to the peculiar condition of the people; if causes are traced to their effects, immediate and remote, and their operation attended to in their progress, there will be perceived palpable marks of their influence in the general state of the country, and the peculiar aspect of the sciences and arts. We shall see the prevalence of customs,

absurd and trivial, giving the brightest sanction, though repugnant to reason, to the most important and serious actions of life; the utmost degree of tyranny, in its basest form, exercised in oppression, under the deceptive mask of paternal affection and authority; the property of the subject extorted without reason, and dissipated upon objects neither necessary to the welfare, nor tending to the benefit of the state; a system composed of ingredients, pernicious, cruel, and base, and operating to produce a temperament, rather not wretched than happy, not diseased than wholesome. In fine, the government of China, is a government of men, and not of laws; property is by consequence, insecure and fluctuating, and bestows no power on the possessor. The rights of the people, is the will of the sovereign, and the constitution is his power.

The obvious conclusion, from the foregoing review of the Polity of China, must be this: That it is the continuance of an original system of government, coeval with barbarous society, and detached hordes or clans; extended in its application to the sovereignty of an empire, as experience and necessity suggested, in the gradual increase and expansion of the people: that it was formed into a congruous system, from originally distinct and separate parts, rather from the progressive occurrences incidental to a rude state of society, daily gaining accession of experimental knowledge, than from a comprehensive survey of human actions, and a connected series of just reasoning, grounded on antecedent facts, and resulting in general truth; and from an acquaintance with the operations and motives of the human mind, inferring probable conduct from known principles, in certain situations and circumstances: but may be considered as a rude system of despotism, tending exclusively to the aggrandizement of the politically powerful, and the depression of the lowly and industrious: and lastly shewing them totally devoid of that classification of arrangement, and combination of principle, which pervading every department of science and art, ultimately extends its influence to government, and evinces its perfection, by securing the privileges of the subject or citizen, encouraging the advancement of art and science by rewarding excelling merit, and promoting the harmony, prosperity, and felicity of the whole.

PROCLUS.

Baltimore, 20th April, 1811.

SCIENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

“ Or with fine films, suspended o’er the deep,
Of oil effusive, lull the waves to sleep.”

THE succeeding subject occupied the attention of Dr. Franklin, and other philosophers, some years ago; their theories did not prove satisfactorily to themselves; and therefore, were actuated to abandon the subject, without deriving much information from their philosophic industry. Since great men have been unsuccessful, it is not necessary the subject should be disregarded; for what may have resulted unsuccessfully in one person’s hands, may prove happily in another’s.

It is a well known fact among many persons, that *oil* produces a calmness of the waves at sea, when poured upon them during their commotion. How the *oil* acts in producing this phenomenon is the purport of this theme.

The wind is generally the efficient cause of the waves: therefore, it is evident, that whatever removes this cause, must act by preserving its uniform attraction of cohesion, and glide off the wind by its lubricity.

“ Oil and water reciprocally repel each other:” therefore they will not combine; the oleaceous particles wonderfully attract each other, and firmly preserve their cohesion. This has been ocularly demonstrated to many scientific and illiterate persons at sea. When oil is poured into the sea, it expands in a very surprising manner, covers a greater space than any known fluid of the same quantity.

It may better be explained by comparing the oil, when expanded, to a sheet of paper placed upon the surface of the water, to intercept the wind, provided the paper do not imbibe water, for if this be the case, the paper will probably sink—however, the composition of the paper admits the passage of water, whereas that of the oil does not, it being specifically lighter than water, and many other fluids, always remains on the superficies of the water: the wind acting on this paper cannot incommode the water, consequently, when the wind is intercepted by the paper, the waves will subside and cease to rise as long as the wind is

removed: such is the manner oil calms the waves at sea, by its lubricity and firm preservation of its attraction of cohesion.

To evince this fact in a clearer manner, let some oil be poured into a body of water, during a windy day, and the spectators may be satisfied as to the cause of the subsidence of the waves. Oil cannot prevent any other moving power from acting upon it, than that of very subtle fluids.

The sea being covered for a considerable space with oil, the particles of which preserving their attractive quality, and continuing firmly cohered together, will be the rampart upon which the wind will have no influence; for the waves being subsided can no longer rise, since their cause is prevented.

To conclude, it is requisite to call the attention of the ingenious reader, to peruse with care and eagerness, for the acquirement of truth, the before discussion, and no doubt but he will not swerve much in opinion from the writer.

CORRESPONDENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ERUPTION OF THE NEW VOLCANO NEAR ST. MICHAELS.

SIR,

OBSERVING a few days since, in one of our daily papers, an account related by our minister at St. Michaels of the eruption of a new volcano, which lately appeared near that place, attended with a circumstance somewhat extraordinary in its nature, for which no probable reason was assigned; I have been induced to transmit to you the ensuing explanation, which seems to myself, satisfactorily to account for the circumstance above alluded to; namely: the passage of flame through the body of water, and issuing above the surface.

As some of your readers may, perhaps, not have seen the account of the fact, I shall here transcribe it for you. It is contained in a letter from Thos. Hickling, vice-consul of the U. S. for the island of St. Michaels, to John B. Dabney, consul of the U. S. for the Azores.

St. Michael, February 28th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

On the 29th, 30th, and 31st ult. we were much alarmed by frequent shocks of earthquakes, perhaps upwards of twenty; and on the first instant, information was received here, that 'a volcano had broken out *in the sea*, five leagues west of this port, and half a league from the land, in fifty or sixty, and some fishermen say, in seventy to eighty fathoms of water. I repaired immediately to that part of the island, and, to my utter astonishment, saw a vast column of black smoke issuing out of the ocean. The wind was a gale from the southward and blew the smoke over the land. The sea was excessively agitated, and the surf on the shore was frightful. I was assured by the peasants, that on the preceding night fire had been emitted; and being curious to ascertain that fact, I returned to the city and desired my son and son-in-law to go and remain opposite the volcano all night. They did so, and saw at various times during the night, fire issue forth like a number of rockets discharged together. Large masses of stone or lava were continually thrown above the surface of the sea. Wonderful indeed how fire could pierce such a vast body of water; yet such was actually the case. In eight days it entirely subsided, leaving a shoal on which the sea breaks. What a happy deliverance for us; for had this formidable volcano opened on the land, it would probably have gone near to ruin this island.

I am, &c. &c.

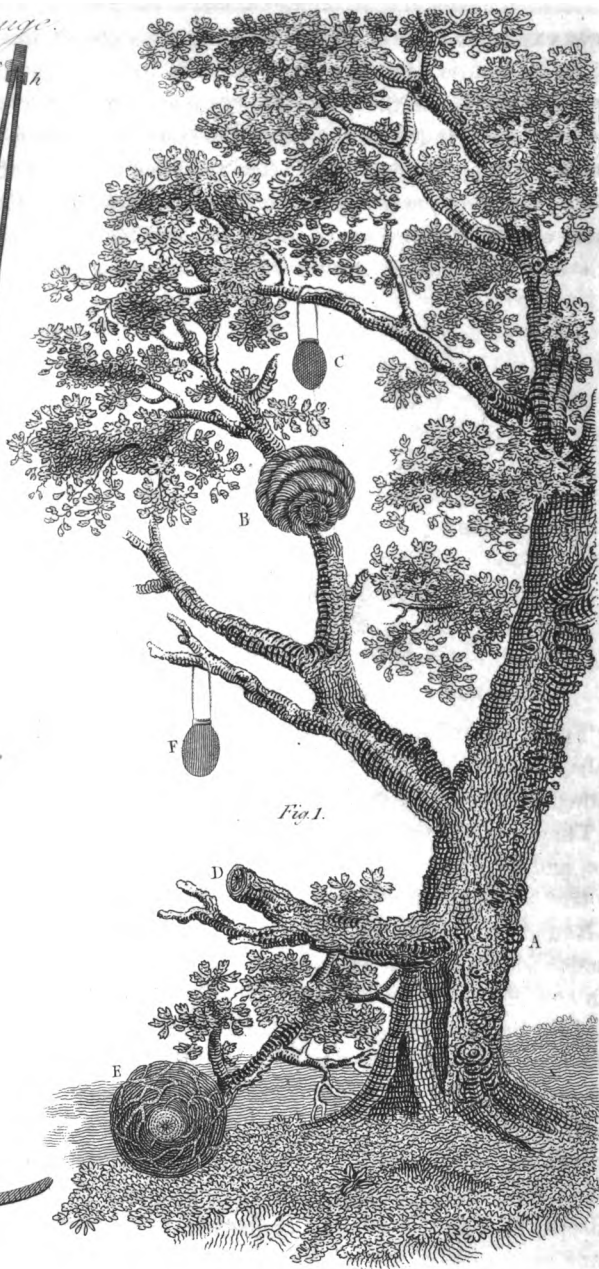
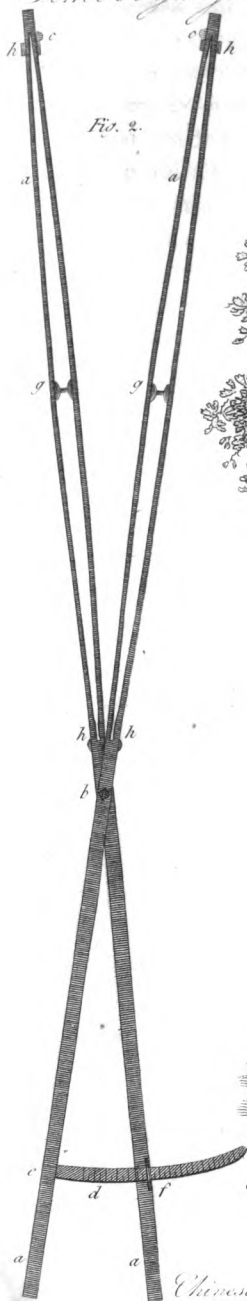
T. H.

It is a consequence always attending eruptions of this kind, that immense quantities of hydrogen gas are produced, which of all substances in nature is the most inflammable.

Now suppose the ground to have been about fifty or sixty fathoms (which, however, is not of much importance) below the surface of the water; also that an immense body of hydrogen has risen from the crater. Imagine this volume of gas having become very much condensed by the surrounding water, and also excessively heated from the fire below; and ascending to the surface of the sea in consequence of its inferior specific gravity; as soon as it comes in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it will explode, and impel the water around violently, at the same time flame will issue above.

This effect may be accounted for in another way. We might suppose a large quantity of hydrogen to be formed within the crater of the volcano; and also a portion of its auxiliary principle, oxygen; which being combined, as they are specifically rising, and fired by the intense heat below, will explode. Now we

*W. P. Broad's
Timber Gauge.*



Chinese Method of propagating Fruit Trees by Incision.

might expect the water would naturally extinguish the flame, which, in fact, is done, in a great degree; but as the body of air is rising swiftly, and the explosion not quite instantaneous, it is perfectly easy to imagine, that by the time the volume of gas (which we suppose very large) has ascended to the surface of the sea, the whole may not have been exploded, and a portion of it may escape, flaming above in the atmosphere, accompanied at the same time with great quantities of stone and lava.

I am, sir, with respect, &c.

J. S.

June 25th, 1811.

FROM NICHOLSON'S JOURNAL.

*An Account of the Chinese Method of propagating Fruit Trees
by Abscission.*

THE Chinese, in place of raising fruit trees from seeds or from grafts, as is the custom in Europe, have adopted the following method of increasing them.

They select a tree of that species which they wish to propagate, and fix upon such a branch as will least hurt or disfigure the tree by its removal.

Round this branch, and as near as they can conveniently to its junction with the trunk, they wind a rope; made of straw besmeared with cow dung, until a ball is formed, five or six times the diameter of the branch. This is intended as a bed into which the young roots may shoot. Having performed this part of the operation, they immediately under the ball divide the bark down to the wood, for nearly two thirds of the circumference of the branch. A cocoa-nut shell or small pot is then hung over the ball, with a hole in its bottom, so small that water put therein will only fall in drops; by this the rope is constantly kept moist, a circumstance necessary to the easy admission of the young roots, and

to the supply of nourishment to the branch from this new channel.

During three succeeding weeks, nothing farther is required, except supplying the vessels with water. At the expiration of that period one third of the remaining bark is cut, and the former incision is carried considerably deeper into the wood, as by this time it is expected that some roots have struck into the rope, and are giving their assistance in support of the branch.

After a similar period the same operation is repeated, and in about two months from the commencement of the process, the roots may generally be seen intersecting each other on the surface of the ball, which is a sign, that they are sufficiently advanced to admit of the separation of the branch from the tree. This is best done by sawing it off at the incision, care being taken that the rope, which by this time is nearly rotten, is not shaken off by the motion. The branch is then planted as a young tree.

It appears probable, that, to succeed with this operation in Europe, a longer period would be necessary, vegetation being much slower in Europe than in India, the chief field of my experiments. I am, however, of opinion, from some trials which I have lately made on cherry trees, that an additional month would be adequate to make up for the deficiency of climate.

The advantages to be derived from this method are, that a further growth of three or four years is sufficient, when the branches are of any considerable size, to bring them to their full bearing state; whereas, even in India, eight or ten years are necessary with most kinds of fruit trees, if raised from the seed.

When at Prince of Wales's Island, I had an opportunity of seeing this proved by experiment. Some orange trees had been raised by a gentleman, from seeds sown in 1786, which had not borne fruit in 1795, while branches taken off by the Chinese mode in 1791, had produced two plentiful crops.

Whether forest trees might be propagated in Europe in the same manner, I have not had experience sufficient to form a judgment: if it should be found practicable, the advantages from it would be great, as the infancy of trees would, by this means, be done away, a period which, from the slowness of their growth,

and the accidents to which they are liable, is the most discouraging to planters.

The adoption of this method will, at all events, be of great use in multiplying such plants as are natives of warmer climates, the seeds of which do not arrive here at sufficient maturity to render them prolific.

I have frequently remarked, that such branches of fruit trees, as were under the operation of abscission during the time of bearing, were more laden with fruit than any other part of the tree. It appeared to me probable, that this arose from a plethora, or fullness, occasioned by the communication between the trunk and branches through the descending vessels being cut off by the division of the bark, while that by the ligneous circles or ascending vessels, being deeper seated, remains.* The same reasoning accounts for fruit trees producing a greater crop than usual, on being stripped of their leaves, most of the ascending juices being thrown off by them in perspiration, or expended in their nourishment, for we find that bleeding trees cease to give out their juices after they have put forth their leaves.†

I have observed, that the roots from a branch under the operation of abscission were uniformly much longer in shooting into the rope when the tree was in leaf, than the contrary; hence the spring season appears most proper for performing this operation.

It will seem singular, that the Chinese entertain the same opinion that Linnæus did, respecting the pith of trees being essential to the formation of the seed. By cutting into the trunk of the guava tree before it has produced, and making a division in the pith, they have obtained fruit without seed.

* The circumstances attending the Chinese method of propagating fruit trees appear a strong confirmation of Mr. Bonnet's opinion, that plants, as well as animals, have a regular circulation of their fluids.

† Marsden, in his history of Sumatra, page 119, says, "The natives, when they would force a tree that is backward to produce fruit, strip it of its leaves, by which means the nutritive juices are reserved for that important use, and the blossoms soon show themselves in abundance."

Reference to the Engraving of the Chinese Method of propagating Fruit Trees by Abcission.

A. The tree on which the operation is performed.

B. The straw rope wound in a ball round a branch of the tree.

C. The cocoa-nut shell, or vessel, containing the water, which gradually drops thence on the ball below it.

D. Another branch of the same tree, from which the part E, rooted in the straw rope or ball, and now ready for planting out, has been separated.

F. The vessel suspended from a branch above, and from which the ball has been supplied with water.

Description of a Guage or Measure for standing Timber.

THE instrument I send herewith is for finding the girth of standing timber, and will, I flatter myself, be found exceedingly useful to all gentlemen, and others having timber to dispose of, and likewise to such purchasers as wish to pay for the true quantity. At present a gentleman having timber to dispose of is liable to be imposed on to a very large amount; for though some surveyors may be found whose eye is pretty accurate, yet this is far from being generally the case. When an estate is sold on which the timber is to be valued, I believe, there is no other way in general use of finding the girth of a tree (which, being squared and multiplied by its length, gives the contents) than by actually getting up to the middle, where the girth is usually taken, with a ladder or otherwise: a method which is very troublesome and expensive where the quantity is large. The seller has, therefore, no way, but at an enormous expense, of finding the real contents of what he has to offer, and as the buyer, if a dealer, from his knowledge is able to form a more accurate judgment, it often happens, that the seller sustains much loss. *I have known it exceed 50 per cent.* Having some time ago a large quantity to survey, I thought it possible to invent an instrument, which would

obviate this inconvenience, and which might be sold at a low price, be correct in its work, quick in execution, and such as any capacity might use. I likewise thought it might be so contrived, as to make such an allowance for bark, as should be agreed on. The instrument I send you possesses all these qualifications, and is susceptible of several improvements, of which I was not aware when I made it, which I will point out at the end of my letter.

It is well known, that the diameter and circumference of circles are in a certain proportion to each other, and that double the diameter gives double the circumference. The allowance for bark is usually one inch in thirteen, that is, if the greater circumference of a tree with the bark on is found to be thirteen inches, it is supposed it would be only 12 inches if the bark was taken off.

The instrument is composed of two straight pieces of well seasoned deal, about thirteen feet long, joined together by a pin going through them, on which they are movable; but neither the length nor thickness is of any particular consequence, as, by following the directions hereafter given, they may be made of any size. A little way from the larger end is a brass limb, I call the index, on which are engraven figures denoting the quarter-girth in feet and inches. To use this instrument, it is only necessary to take hold of the large end, and apply the other to that part of the tree where you wish to know the girth, opening it so wide as just to touch at the same time both sides of it, without straining it, keeping the graduated side of the index uppermost, on which the girth will be shown, after allowing for the bark, by the inner edge of the brass on the right hand leg. An operation so easy and simple, that a person of the meanest capacity might measure a great number of trees in a day.

For taking the height of a tree, I would recommend deal rods of seven feet long, made so as to fit into ferrils at the end of each other, tapering all the way in the same manner as a fishing rod. A set of five of them, with feet marked on them, would enable a man quickly to measure a tree of more than forty feet high, as he would be able to reach himself about seven feet.

The improvements it is capable of are, making a joint in the arch or scale, to enable it to shut up (when the legs are closed) towards the centre, which would make it easier to carry. Secondly, as it sometimes happens, that standing timber is sold without any allowance for bark, and at other times with a less allowance than one inch in thirteen, two other scales on the index might be added in such cases, one without any allowance, and the other to allow as might be agreed on. I would have added these, but thought the society would rather see it in the state in which it has been tried on a large survey, as any artist can with great ease add whatever scale he pleases. The present scale allows one inch in thirteen for bark, and is calculated on the following data. The diameter of a circle the quarter circumference of which is 26 inches, is $33\frac{90}{100}$ inches. The diameter of a circle, the quarter girth of which is $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is $8\frac{27}{100}$ inches. To graduate the scale, the instrument is opened so as to take in at the small end between the touching points $8\frac{27}{100}$ inches, and a mark is made on the arch to denote 6 inches quarter girth: it is then opened so as to take in $33\frac{90}{100}$ inches, and another mark is then made on the arch, to denote two feet quarter girth; (these marks are made close to the inner edge of the brass on the right hand limb): the space between them is then divided into eighteen parts, which represent inches, and are again divided into halves, for half inches; if any notice is to be taken of quarter inches, the eye will easily make a farther decision.

Reference to the Engraving of a Machine for measuring standing Timber.

Fig. 2. aaaa Two long pieces of well-seasoned wood, joined near the middle by a pin *b* going through them, forming an axis on which they move. *cc* Two pieces of brass screwed near their upper ends, on the sides opposite to each other, and projecting over to form the measuring points. *d* The index fastened to one of the pieces of wood at *e*, and moving freely under a small bar at *f*. *gg* Screws with nuts, placed in the middle of the long slits of the two arms, to wedge them open, whereby the vibration is destroyed, and the arms, though light, are rendered stiff. *hhhh* Screws and nuts to prevent the arms from splitting.

Nicholson's Journal.

SCIENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

You will find enclosed, a solution to the first question proposed in the April number of the Port Folio. The second is to me, perfectly unintelligible, and in this I am not singular. Several of my friends have been unable to comprehend it. Philo Mathematicus should have remembered that precision and lucidity, in the proposing of problems, are always essentially necessary, and that if we are willing to avoid the charge of inability, we must, in mathematical investigations, steer clear of every kind of obscurity. After pondering over the first question for nearly fifteen minutes, and having viewed and examined it on every side, where I thought there existed a possibility of my arriving at its meaning, I concluded that he had, through inattention, omitted the words "right angled" before "triangle," in the first line of the question: on this supposition, I solved it, and the result shall be forwarded as soon as Philo Mathematicus thinks proper to explain the true nature of his problem, until which time I shall remain,

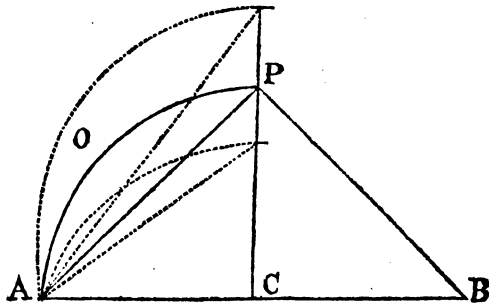
Your most obedient humble servant,

Z. Z.

Baltimore, May 14th, 1811.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM I

Let AB represent the garret floor of a house, the walls of which are perpendicular and the floors parallel to the horizon. Bisect AB in C and, perpen-



dicular to AB , draw PC of an indefinite length; then, with C as a centre, and a radius equal to AC , describe the arch AOP ; through A , P draw AP and the angle PAC is the one required.

For, by Simpson's Fluxions, sect. 12. prop. 2. Corr. the time in which a ball will roll from P to A is equal to that in which a ball let fall from P would describe a space equal to the diameter of the circle A O P ($= 2 PC$), so that we have only to find the *smallest* circle that can be described, having its centre in the line P C, and its circumference passing through the point A, which has evidently been done, for A C is the shortest line that can be drawn from A to P C and A C is the semidiameter of the circle.

SCIENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

I noticed, in the Port Folio, of April last, No. 4, vol. 5, page 319, two handsome mathematical questions, to the first of which, you may return the following answer, if you think it worthy of notice. I frequently amuse myself, in this way, when the kind sisters will grant me a momentary respite from my laborious avocations; and I most devoutly wish, that such amusements could be rendered more gustful to the generality of your readers. We should not then, Mr. Editor, see the best talents, and the most promising genius of our country, prostituted to the disgraceful worship of those corrupting divinities, Bassareus, Cytherea and Morpheus.

Question. What angle of inclination must I give to the roof of a house, the distance, between the walls of which, is known, so that the time of descent, of a ball rolled from the top thereof to the eaves, may be a minimum.

Answer. Let the triangle A B C represent the roof, A B the distance between the walls, D C the perpendicular height of the roof, and A C its declivity. Put $A B = 2a$, then $A D = a$. Put $D C = x$, and by 47th Prop. 1st B. Eu. $A C = \sqrt{a^2 + x^2}$. Put t = the time, of the descent of a ball, down the perpendicular height of the roof D C;

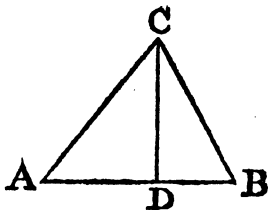


Fig 1.

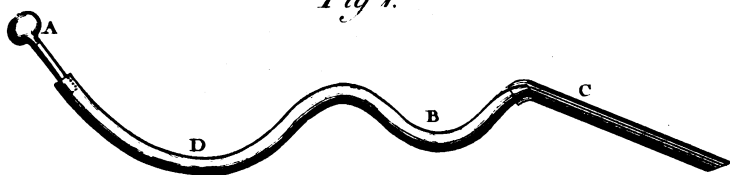


Fig 2.

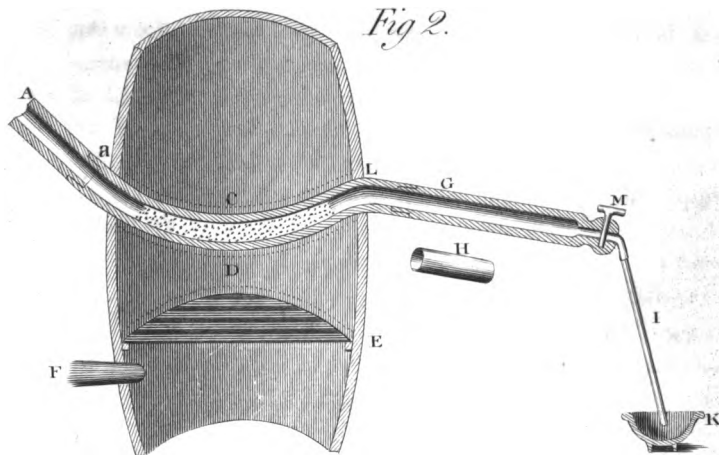
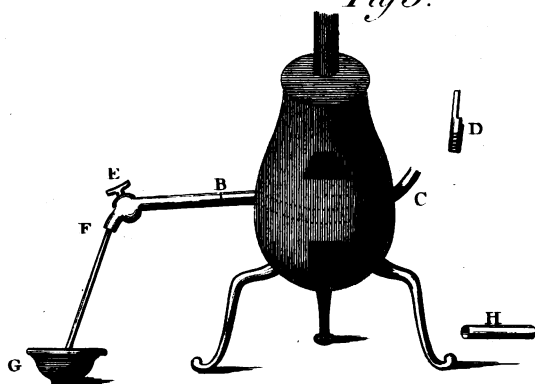


Fig 3.



and T = the time, of the descent of the same ball, down the roof AC , which is an inclined plane. Then by mechanics, $t =$

$$\sqrt{\frac{x}{16\frac{1}{13}}}, \text{ and } T : t :: AC : DC; \text{ or } T : \sqrt{\frac{x}{16\frac{1}{13}}} :: \sqrt{a^2 + x^2} : x;$$

$$\text{and consequently, } T^2 = \frac{12 a^2 x + 12 x^3}{193 x^2} = \text{minimum; } \therefore$$

$$\frac{193 x^2 \times 12 x + 36 x^2 x - 386 x x \times 12 x a^2 + 12 x^3}{37249 x^4} = 0;$$

hence $x = a$; and consequently, that the ball may roll, from the top of the roof to the eaves, in a minimum of time, the perpendicular height of the roof must, always, be equal to one half of the distance between the walls. This makes the angle, of the inclination of the roof, $= 45^\circ$; because, when $DC = AD$, the rectangular triangle ADC is equicrural, and each of the angles DAC and ACD is half a right angle. Q. E. I.

Newbern, N. C. May 27th, 1811.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW METAL, POTASSIUM.

MR. EDITOR,

Having just received from my father in law, Judge Cooper, of Northumberland (unanimously chosen a short time ago, Chemical Professor at the College of Carlisle) an account of the first successful attempt at making the new metal POTASSIUM in this country, I send it to you; believing many of your readers will feel interested in the detail of an experiment so beautiful, as well as so important to the theory of Chemistry,

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. MANNERS.

Extract of a letter from Judge Cooper of Northumberland to Dr. Manners of this city.

Northumberland, June 28, 1811:

DEAR SIR,

About a fortnight ago, Mr. Reuben Haines of Philadelphia, brought me a few small pieces of POTASSIUM, which Mr. W. Hembell was so kind as to send me: he procured them from

Mr. Johns, who had repeatedly made it, as I understand, at Mr. Davy's laboratory at the Royal Institute in London, from whence he brought some to Philadelphia. Mr. Johns, in company with Dr. Coxe, attempted to make it at Dr. Coxe's laboratory, but owing to some accident, the experiment did not succeed: probably Dr. Coxe has succeeded ere this; as a failure in the first repetition of a chemical experiment, is too common to furnish any ground of discouragement. The phenomenæ afforded by this substance, were so pleasing and so extraordinary, that I was tempted to take a few days from my translation of JUSTINIAN, and devote them to the making of POTASSIUM. On perusing the account given of the method of making potassium at the Royal Institute, in 25 Nich. Jour.' 191, and Mr. Johns's variation of the Apparatus in 35 Tillock's Phil. Mag. 321, I preferred the latter. See the plate. Having picked out a gun barrel from Dr. Priestley's laboratory, I gave it to an ingenious workman here (Jas. Macklay) to cut and bend. The barrel was not thick, and he tried to give the required curve by filling it with melted lead, but that did not succeed. It was bent by gradual heating and hammering. In bending, it cracked.

I took another, which was also bent according to the drawing I send you. The piece cut off was accurately filed and ground with emery and pumice, to fit the sloping end of the curved piece which projected beyond the furnace. Not being able in this little town to find any clean iron filings or turnings, I made the man patiently chip some soft iron in small pieces sufficient to fill the curvature of the gun barrel. The straight piece (or alonge) with the brass cock and tube was adjusted, the joint luted, the curvature raised to a white heat, and the breeching end of the gun barrel, which also projected out of the furnace about five inches, was made red hot with coals surrounding it, supported by a piece of sheet iron. About an ounce of the causticum commune fortius, very carefully prepared by myself for the purpose, was inserted at the larger end of the barrel, the screw of the breeching was then put in and luted, and the end of the glass tube inserted in a basin of oil. The heat was kept up for about half an hour. The apparatus left to cool; when opened, the alkali was found distilled over *unchanged*, and not the slightest

appearance of potassium. On examining the gun barrel, three small holes were found, either burnt by the fire, or occasioned by some imperfection in the gun barrel itself.

I took another gun barrel and treated it the same way, but on examining after the curvature was made, it was found also to have some flaws.

I procured the gun smith to pick me out a thick heavy barrel not yet bored for a rifle. It was bent, cut, and treated like the others. The curved part within the furnace, was filled with iron cuttings and turnings. The strait piece or alongé, was ground to fit the end of the curved piece: but during the operation it was found not to be quite tight: yet as it was well luted, the experiment was allowed to proceed. The same process was begun and continued as before: the apparatus cooled; taken to pieces; examined; the alkali was distilled over, but no potassium! In all the cases much hydrogen gas escaped at the end of the tube immersed in the oil, but at no period of the operation was there any absorption; which convinced me, the apparatus was not tight enough in its separate parts.

I had the alonge again ground more accurately, and though Mr. Johns says this is enough if air-tight, which mine always was, I had it when well adjusted by means of grinding, still firmer fixed by three small screws, which I take to be a necessary precaution. The curved part was filled (instead of iron cuttings) with a fag-got of small clean iron wire as thick as we could introduce; the apparatus was refitted; I made with great care a fresh portion of caustic alkali, and the process recommenced. On cooling and examining the apparatus, the alkali had distilled over, and on the external surface of it, slight but unequivocal signs of potassium appeared.

I again repeated the experiment next day (June 24), substituting iron wire, clipped into pieces of about the eighth of an inch long, of which about half a pound was necessary to fill the curve of the barrel within the furnace. The white heat was carefully given to the barrel within the furnace, which was again filled up with charcoal. The breeching end on the outside was made red hot; the alkali, very dry, was inserted at twice, and two or three minutes of interval allowed for the hydrogen gas, arising

from the decomposed moisture, to burn away. The whole being put in, the screw of the breeching was luted with fat lute (lime and boiled oil); so was the joint where the alonge was screwed into the end of the curved barrel, and the joint where the brass cock was inserted into the alonge, and the place where the glass tube was inserted into the brass cock. The heat was kept up strongly for a full half hour. On cooling the apparatus, potassium, in its most perfect state, was found within and without side the small internal tube, and in the end of the gun barrel next the wire.

I obtained about as much as filled at least one fourth of an ounce vial. Some of it took fire in the air, and some I used before I had collected the whole.

It was of the colour and lustre of pure silver on the outside: on being cut it was equally metallic, but rather more blue and mercurial internally. It was soft and could be cut and spread very easily.

It decomposed water with a very vivid pink-coloured flame, moving on the surface with a rapid irregular gyratory motion.

I had not sufficient of naptha, to cover the one half of it: therefore I put it first into olive oil: in this it sank with some difficulty: streams of air issued from it, and occasioned a strong frothing in the oil; wherein it was gradually decomposed.

It sank in spirits of turpentine. A stream of gas issued from each piece; the liquid was turned of a brown colour and became opaque; the metal in about three hours was decomposed, leaving the same kind of thin metallic grains which are seen when it is decomposed in water, and which, for the present, I agree with Mr. Haines in supposing to be the particles of iron combined with the metalline potassium. The spirits of turpentine are partially converted into a soap, forming an opaque milky mixture with common water. I put the larger portion in the vial sent me by Mr. Hembell, which contained a small quantity of naptha, whether enough to preserve the metal tolerably pure till he receives it in the city, I know not.

Mr. Reuben Haines was so good as to assist me throughout these experiments. I have been thus minute in detailing my want of success, because such a detail may serve to put others on their guard, and save time and expense. For the same rea-

son, I shall state the precautions I took in making the caustic alkali, which I had to prepare three times for this operation. Perfectly pure alkali I find sells in London for eight times the price of the common caustic, but whether it be made by repeated chrysalizations of the carbonat by Lowitz's, or by solution in alcohol after Buthollet's method, I know not. The latter is certainly not pure alkali, as it has been ascertained that it will not saturate an equal quantity of acid, with good caustic alkali well prepared in the common way.

I took one and a half or two pounds of lime burnt in the common way; I burnt it over again in a black lead crucible in a strong red heat for four hours: I weighed equal weights of this lime while hot, and clean white pearl ash bruised tolerably fine. I mixed them together and poured about one and a half gallon of boiling water on two pounds of the mixture. I stirred it well, covered it, and let it stand for two hours. I then tried the liquor, which shewed no signs of effervescence, with an acid. The supernatant solution being poured off, as much more boiling water was added. The solution filtered and evaporated in a brass basin (which I had previously silvered, though I do not know it was absolutely necessary) was still further gradually evaporated in a clean brazed sheet iron crucible, and then heated to a low red heat, when the alkali became fused without any signs of ebullition. In this state it was poured out broken into small pieces quickly and bottled while hot. During evaporation it attracts carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and becomes very slightly effervescent. It should be evaporated if possible in a sand bath over a close fire. I was obliged to evaporate it over a small furnace with charcoal. In this case it is absolutely necessary, the apparatus should be set in such a place that the fumes of the charcoal may be carried off. I spoilt one preparation by not sufficiently attending to this circumstance, and was compelled to treat the solution with a fresh portion of lime. I enter into this detail, because we have no London or Paris in America. I doubt whether the common alkaline caustic kept in the shops is sufficiently good and pure, and an experimenter here must depend much upon his own resources. The alkali thus fused in a low red heat still contains, as I think, near 20 per cent. of water; for

the great quantity of hydrogen gas extricated after putting in the alkali can only proceed from the decomposition of the moisture in the caustic potash, by means of iron.

This metal was first procured by professor Davy, in the progress of his most interesting experiments with the Galvanic battery. The method of procuring it by means of iron we owe, I believe, to Thenard and Gay Lussac. Our Dr. Woodhouse, before his death, certainly decomposed caustic potash by fusing it in a close crucible with lamp black, and procured a substance that took fire in the air. Curadau in 66 *Ann. de Chimie* 97, (36 *Phil. Mag.* 283) proposes the same kind of process without once noticing the experiment of Dr. Woodhouse.

The following are the different kinds of apparatus yet contrived for distilling pure potash over iron.

Fig. 1. The apparatus used at the Royal Institute. 23 *Nich. Jour.* 191.

A common gun barrel, very clean inside, has an iron receptacle A ground into one end of it and furnished with a ground stopper, capable of holding 2 or 3 ounces of fused potash. Clean iron turnings are placed in the curve at D, and brought to a white heat. The potassium distils over at B, which is kept cool. Common air is excluded by a glass tube C, which supports a column of mercury. The tube is cut to get at the potassium.

Fig. 2. Mr. Johns's apparatus, by which the tube is saved, and the experiment may be repeated without destroying any part of the apparatus. 35 *Phil. Mag.* 321.

An iron gun barrel is cut in three pieces: the first, A a; the second forms the curve a L; the other is the strait piece or alonge G. This is fitted to L, by accurately grinding the one end to fit into the projection of the curved barrel. M is a stop cock, I a glass tube, K a small basin containing olive oil. H is a tube of sheet iron, about six inches long, one half of which is inserted in the curved part L, and the other in the strait part of the barrel G, before they are fitted to each other. The potassium distils into this, and is more easily collected than if the barrels alone were used. The furnace is an eight inch black lead crucible, urged with a bellows. Of which the nozzle is shewn at F. B is the stopper to A, which is the receptacle of the pure potash. A is kept cool till D is at

a white heat. G is kept cool during the whole operation, to condense the potassium. As soon as absorption appears in the end of the glass tube immersed in oil, turn the cock at M.

Fig. 3. The apparatus which I used, as fixed in a portable air furnace, nine and a quarter inches internal diameter in the widest part.

A, the furnace, with a hole in the upper part to feed the fire, and a hole below for the ash hole and draught. It consists of two parts, one placed on top of the other where the gun barrel appears outside. It stands on an iron tripod.

B, the place where the strait tube is joined to the curved tube, by accurate grinding the one with the other, then fastening them with three small screws, and luting with fat lute to exclude all chance of moisture.

C, the thick or breeching end of the gun barrel, in which the caustic alkali is put, at twice.

D, the common screw of the breeching of the gun barrel; when all the alkali is in and begins to flow, fix the screw in a hand vice, and put it in its place.

E, the small brass cock, inserted in the strait iron tube by means of a cork, and, then luted with fat lute on a strip of linen and tied.

F, the place where the glass tube is inserted into the nose of the brass cock by means of a cork, perforated by a hot iron the size of the tube. Smear it before insertion with a little fat lute, and fix it tight with some tow.

G, a small basin, containing about half a pint or more of olive oil.

H, a brazed sheet iron tube inserted at B, half in one barrel and half in the other; 6 inches long. The strait tube may be kept cool by a damp cloth repeatedly employed between E and B. It may be supported by a piece of board underneath resting on the ground. Take care no water runs down to the cock or into the basin.

When the absorption begins in the glass tube, after all the hydrogen is expelled, turn the cock and prevent the oil from rising more than half way up the tube.

Upon the whole John's is the cheapest apparatus. The labour of bending and grinding and fitting the gun barrel, and the gun barrel itself, is lost each time in Mr. Davy's method, which in this country cannot be an expense each time of much less than one and a half dollar.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—AN ESSAY ON SCIENCE.

If the limited empire of man be capable of procuring happiness; if his contracted views of the surrounding greatness and splendid glory of Nature's fabric, be a sufficient source of real, uncontaminated felicity; and if it be possible that the assiduous exercise of his collected faculties shall open to his enjoyment the delectable fields of pleasure, he must enlist under the banners of Science, tread the smooth and the rough paths where Genius may direct him. No longer shall his mind yield to the pressure of the iron yoke of the errors of the day. Reason, from her temple invites him as a guest to Nature's feast, and the cordial hand of Science embraces him as her advocate.

See him emanating from the dark abodes of Ignorance, his contracted genius expanding with his emancipation; and behold it in the flights of Eccentricity, soaring aloft to Heaven. No barrier, but Creation's confines stops it; no unexplored field remains neglected: the mountain's treasures, and the valley's rich contents, all yield submissive to his scrutinizing eye. O sacred Science! thou, whose pleasing anticipations kindle in the bosom of thy votaries the noblest sentiments. Thou, whose various walks, decorated with the laurels of Victory, conduct us to the hidden beauties of Creation, we venerate thy foot-steps, we admire thee as the great fountain of unmixed felicity! With thee for our guide, no scene fails to be a source of pleasure. The most minute objects are investigated with the keenest discernment, and in these, rather than in the stupendous works of Nature, we behold the beaming lustre of creative Wisdom. Thus a single atom glows with splendour while mountains dwindle into insignificance.

The faculties of man enlightened by Science, like the strength of vision increased by the microscope, enable him to look with pleasure on objects which before disgusted or failed to delight. He can view Matter, as at first, an undivided whole; he can trace it through its variegated forms and its transmigrating round; can anticipate its future revolution and its eternal existence, and reflect with pleasure on the harmony of Nature, by which not an atom is lost, nor a particle added to the primitive capitol of Creation. He beholds the relation subsisting between himself and all surrounding objects, and recognizes the same matter in all.

Hence drew the moral sage, th' enlighten'd plan,
That man should ever be the friend of man;
Should eye with tenderness all living forms,
His brother emmets, and his sister worms.

Science is useful to man, not only because it dignifies the mind and fills it with exalted sentiments, but on account of its importance in all the affairs of life, whether we employ it for the good of others, or for our own benefit. Its effects on the mind gratify us by reflection and enamour us with felicitated prospects of the sublimest nature. We recall the past hours, when the mind grovelled in ignorance and rambled in error. We feel the liveliest sensations of Pleasure, and the sweetest emotions of Enjoyment on reviewing our progress, however imperfect it may appear. But here the imagination stops not; admitted as it were to the door sill of Nature's temple, we are ready to suppose we have learned nothing; but stimulated by the pleasures arising from present attainments, we press forward, boldly advancing to the magnificent apartments of Creation, in which our fancy may rove, our ambition feast, and all our faculties flourish in the green pastures of Science. Where, where will you fix the bounds of man's imagination, when the torch of Reason illuminates his paths, when the polar star of Truth twinkles before him. Like the eagle in its flight, it traverses the Heavens, and like the Earth in its revolutions round the Sun, it soars and roves without control. Like a bird of prey, it seizes every object within its extended grasp, and furnishes the mind with a fund of felicity inexhaustible. How

sweet, how enticing are the smiles of Science, how decoying her allurements; how happy the man who is entangled in her net! He beholds all things with a microscopic eye, and peruses with delight the fair, unsullied page of Nature. Her opened book is placed before him; from every leaf a world of wonders rises to excite his admiration and to gratify his ambition. His happiness enlarges with his advancement, and distant objects invite him to the consummation of his felicity. He smiles on Futurity, and anticipates all its prospects, confiding in the order of the operations of Nature. He beholds all events as certain and independent of Chance, since the same eternal laws that have regulated the Universe, still govern and control it.

"Through nature, he looks up to Nature's God." He seems, as it were, placed nearest on the list of effects to the Great Cause that has produced them. How different his situation, how widely different his enjoyments from those which result from Ignorance and Error! Are there, indeed, pleasures resulting from Ignorance? If there be any, their duration must be fleeting; their impressions as feeble. Educated in the vulgar opinions of the day, fettered with the trammels of heathenish superstition, man is little superior in the faculties of his mind to the beast that ranges the forest. He beholds all the objects around him, yet literally sees nothing. He is necessarily concerned in the affairs of Nature; yet to all her operations he is a stranger, and they, to him, are but names of existence. Instead of forcing his way into the mysterious caverns of Creation, he stands neglectful and careless, and suffers mysteries to press upon him without the smallest anxiety or desire of investigating them.

Comets may blaze unseen, and worlds decay,
While Error leads, and man pursues its way.

But, to return to the pleasures of Science:—As the traveller who seeks repose beneath the umbrageous verdure of the oak, and whose heart gladdens on beholding a rivulet in which he may quench his thirst, so the enlightened man, fatigued with the common pursuits of life, retreats in silence to his favourite study, and drinks of the cheering waters of the overflowing streams of Science. If his engagements be not accompanied

with pleasure, then, indeed, he may seek in vain for felicity in all the works of creation. But different is the result of his labours. All is felicity, the sweets of uncontaminated enjoyment, that flows from investigations of a scientific nature. These are thy trophies, sacred Science—these the laurels with which thy votaries are crowned.

PHILO SCIENTIÆ.

June 2d, 1811.

THE MORAL WORLD.

The glorious examples of Joseph Addison and Samuel Johnson, are sufficiently powerful to excite us, the humblest of their disciples, to devote some portion of the periodical page to those solemn themes, which it highly imports us to meditate at the sacred season. Let it be remembered, even by the giddiest loungeur, that when we select a moral speculation for the reformation of the reprobate, or the contemplation of the pious, we are studious that genius, eloquence, and religion should be blended.

There is no one habit, or quality, which exerts such a powerful influence on all the affairs of life, as the strenuous exercise of those active powers, which God has implanted in the nature of man. On what but the exertion of these powers, can we depend for the cultivation of the soil, the invention of manufactures, and, in short, for the production of every thing which constitutes the good and the ornament of human life.

It may seem strange, but it is not more strange than true, that if men wish for any thing like pleasurable ease, the only way to obtain it is, by patient and persevering industry. For what tends so much to disturb our quiet, to harass our minds, and corrode our hearts, as those vexations and inconveniences, which the want of exertion is sure to bring upon us. By neglecting the exercise of our active powers, we do not exonerate ourselves from difficulties, or put ourselves out of the reach of sorrow. We have all some interests to take care of, some business to manage, some duties to perform. Now, to neglect these interests, this business, and these duties, is only to run up an account with Time, which will accumulate to a sum, that we shall find it painful, if not impossible, to discharge.

Nothing gives occasion to so much labour, as idleness, and to labour the most afflicting, because accompanied with poignant regret, for our past ne-

glect. In all the affairs of life, industry, continual and persevering, saves that labour which idleness only, accumulates. In our common household concerns, does not the neglect or intermission of vigilance and exertion make our subsequent labour to retrieve the past, greater than it would otherwise have been? Does it not force us to do much in a little time? or, if our idleness be not merely an occasional, but a lasting intermission of exertion, does it not inevitably produce an irretrievable disorder, and ruin in our affairs? Enter the houses of the slothful, and you will behold almost every thing out of place; dirt accumulating for want of cleanliness; the family ragged, and every appearance of squalled poverty in the dwelling. By much slothfulness, says Solomon, the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands, the house droppeth through. In the habitations of the industrious, no repairs are any sooner wanted than they are performed; thus, the building is kept compact and weather-proof; but, in the dwellings of the slothful, one little rent in the walls, one broken pane in the casement, or one opening in the roof is left neglected after another, till the whole building is pervious to the wind, or leaks like a sieve. The remark may be applied to many similar cases, in which sloth is suffered, by a gradual accumulation of evil, to produce the most serious mischief, to the temporal, as well as the moral interests of men, which a little exertion, in the first instance, would easily have prevented. It is idleness, or the unwillingness to exercise our active faculties, which causes our bad habits to become powerful, and our good habits to fall into decay.

Besides, if we regard only present pleasure, industry has greatly the advantage over sloth. Industry, by employing the attention, calls it off from those various uneasinesses and anxieties, which will otherwise intrude into our hearts, and depress our spirits, while it prevents that languor, that dreary void in our breasts, which is the consequence of inaction. Sloth, is in itself painful; it causeth the mind and the heart, which are not actively employed, to prey upon themselves, and to become their own tormentors, and executors. There is no pleasure in doing nothing, or having nothing to do. For that vacancy of thought, that deadness of the attention, which are the concomitants of idleness, are more depressing than the most continual toil.

What are the fruits of sloth? By sloth do we acquire any gain, or pleasure? do we enlarge our fortune, or reputation? do we increase the number of our friends, or diminish the number of our foes? no: it tends to impoverish our circumstances, to multiply our pains, to increase the aversion of our enemies, and to chill the good will of our friends; and, in short, in those various embarrassments and sorrows, into which it is sure in the end to plunge us, to leave us without resource in our want, or consolation in our wo.

But, by constant and unremitting industry, by attention to our business, to our family, to our friends, to our various domestic or social ties, we increase our reputation, our property, our self approbation: we provide resources against the hour of difficulty, agreeable recollections against the season

of sorrow, friends to cheer us in the depression of uneasiness, and to help in time of adversity. Thus industry tends greatly to make us lead a happy life, and to protect ourselves against its various contingencies and diseases, as well as human sagacity, and virtue can protect us.

Industry is the only possible road to the acquisition of good habits; and there is no good habit necessary to salvation which industry may not acquire. When we first commence the formation of a good habit, which seems contrary to our present forward inclinations or secular interests, the work may seem difficult; but patient industry, the persevering exertion of our active powers, will soon render what is difficult easy, and what is unpleasant agreeable. Every successive exertion, when we are doing any thing contrary to the bent of our natural inclination, makes the next endeavour more easy; takes off from the aversion; and adds so much to the willingness to perform it. Thus, our nature is, by degrees, accommodated to habits, once the most adverse to the principles of our minds, or the wishes of our hearts. Thus, hardy habits of virtue are acquired. To court ease, is to involve ourselves in difficulty; but to combat difficulty, is to obtain ease. For every difficulty, when overcome, proves a source of pleasure; while, on the other hand, a loose and idle longing after pleasure, often proves a source of trouble. There are no difficulties whatever in the way of our progress in goodness, and, consequently, in our road to heaven, which industrious exertion may not overcome; and as when they are overcome, they always more than repay the primary pain, which is transient, by the subsequent pleasure, which is lasting, we have every reason not to be discouraged; but, instead of letting sloth govern us, are incited strenuously; and in good earnest, to set about the performance of those things, which make for our present and eternal good.

Industry contributes to success in every enterprize; the industrious who are determined to exert themselves, feel confident of succeeding by exertion. It is an old saying, but in most cases, will be found a very true one, that men can effect, what they think they can effect; because, what they think they can effect, they have usually the courage to undertake, and the patience to persist in executing. It has often been said, that he who has begun any work, has advanced half way towards its completion. Now the sluggard has not the courage to shake off his indolence, and begin: he is damped by the sight of difficulties, which his imagination magnifies; and all his powers of action are cramped by the love of ease. But the industrious, who has tried the strength of his active powers in many a hardy trial, is not to be disheartened by the many difficulties and vexations, which may set themselves in array against him, at the threshold of any undertaking; for he is conscious that habitual activity, assisted by the favour of God, will every day diminish those difficulties and vexations in number and quantity.

The industrious is not dismayed by the obstructions at the beginning, so much as he is animated by the reward, at the end. He knows that God has

made the most precious gifts, and particularly virtuous habits, the most difficult to attain; but then he has, in order to stimulate our endeavours, annexed the greatest reward to their attainment. It is the hope of reward, which sweetens toil: we forget the present by anticipating the future. When the husbandman is ploughing, tilling, sowing, or manuring the land, amid the dreary rains of autumn, or the hoary frosts of winter, he is doing what may at the moment be disagreeable to his feelings, or adverse to his inclination; but is he not cheered by the prospect of future good, by the means of subsistence which he is providing, and by the sight of the waving harvest, which will crown his toils? For the rains of autumn and the frosts of winter, all contribute, under the superintending care of him, who rules the seasons, to the fertility of the earth and the benefit of man.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OGILVIE.

THE public have for a long time witnessed the exertions of Mr. Ogilvie in a pursuit peculiarly and exclusively his own. Concerning this subject, various opinions, of course, have been formed, as the novelty of the thing attracts, or repels. All ideas either favourable or unfavourable, derived from such sources, ought, in common justice, now to be abandoned. Novelty either delights, or disgusts for a moment; and we seldom attempt to analyze unless that novelty assumes a more settled and permanent form. Whatever is dependent on that quality alone for success, or miscarriage, is not worth the pains of an analysis: every repetition impairs its vital principle, until it sinks at last the martyr of its own imbecility. All parties will agree in this point, that a pursuit to which the life of a fellow being is hereafter to be devoted, would be, from that circumstance alone, entitled to a fair and impartial analysis; more especially when, as in the present case, its success or miscarriage depends on the character it receives. The whole empire of eloquence has usually consisted of three grand provinces only; the pulpit, the bar, and the stage. These divisions in the moral world, like the boundaries of states and empires in the natural one, are arbitrary in themselves. Besides, from the pulpit to the bar there seems some violence of descent. Morality and literature are subjects large and extensive enough to demand a distinct and inde-

pendent species of eloquence. The apprehension that this would ultimately tend to sever, what God has joined together, religion and morality, is believed to be unfounded. Subjects so large, are from their very nature unsusceptible of light and airy ornament. Whatever is awful, impressive and sublime, demands a correspondent solemnity of description. The mountain, whose top, penetrating the clouds, is lifted into perpetual sunshine and seems the connecting link of heaven and earth; derives no assistance from the wild rose that blossoms on its borders. So, just so indispensable are these impressions that even architecture has conformed to them; for even in the construction of temples they are made to inspire solemnity and gloom. We cannot cast our eyes on surrounding nature, we cannot even contemplate our own bodies, but what they all serve to remind us of the overwhelming importance of the doctrines promulgated from the temple. A bare recapitulation of the leading points—life—death—resurrection and eternity—will enforce these great and comprehensive ideas in language more affecting and impressive than all the embellishments of rhetoric. This gives to the desk a peculiar and an appropriate cast of eloquence. But if, analogy is pursued, and what is not only innocent, but commendable also, in one department of knowledge, does not change its nature, and become criminal in another, it may safely be affirmed that a system of eloquence may be devised from which morality may borrow graces and fascination, and with which religion is from the sublimity of its nature incompatible. There are writers who manage religious subjects with correspondent dignity, who scorn the embellishments of fancy, as beneath their regard, and who rest their hopes of success on revelation alone. But because religion forbids such ornament, does morality decline the acceptance? No. Writers who have descanted on this topic, have explored every mine of fancy for materials; they have had recourse to fables, to tales, to the ancient, and to the Rosicrucian system of theology to captivate the minds of ardent youth. All these parties, although they war with different instruments, and vary their nodes of attack, are allies in one common cause. As youth is the season when novelty attracts, novelty is enlisted in the

service. And would it not be in them a shameful dereliction of duty, to suffer so powerful a weapon as novelty to be wielded only by the hand of an antagonist? Must Vice derive from its exercise all her power, and Virtue refuse to combat her with her own weapons? The orator who avails himself of this license so long conceded, is therefore only novel in his manner of handling his subject: he gives to a principle, long recognized and sanctioned, the superadded graces of just enunciation and delivery, and in so doing widens the sphere of its practical use. Painting and Statuary have both lent their support to Morality, and no good reason can be given why the proffered services of Oratory should be declined. The necessity of such an avocation results from those passions so predominant in the minds of youth, viz. novelty and a propensity for ornament. An orator who should thus appropriate his talents, instead of making a bold and unwarrantable infraction on long established habits, would be only following a precedent. The Spectator, the Guardian, the Rambler, and many other compositions of the same sort, may all be cited in justification of this principle. Mankind, until the days of Addison, imagined that there was a natural and indissoluble alliance between infidelity and wit; and their long and intimate connexion gave a countenance to this hypothesis. Addison, notwithstanding, had the address to win over this formidable ally to the service of her enemy, and his success was unparalleled in that species of writing. Lectures delivered on this principle, may be deemed an improvement, a more effectual enforcement of the same ideas than if they were found in the dead pages of a volume. From the preceding observations, we trust it is made evident, that oratory of this class occupies a station in dignity below the pulpit, and above the bar or the stage. We have hitherto considered this avocation as it regards the morals of mankind, but it aspires also to a more extended utility. It has always been found difficult to discipline the literary taste of young men. Their appetites are so greedy and rapacious after novelty, that any uncouth combination of images, however bombastic, seldom fails to fascinate and attract. A mind that is thus suffered to run wild in the field of cultivation, is constantly in jeopardy. Young men cannot

stop to notice these nice and delicate analogies which may be called the links that bind the natural and moral universe together. They delight in a fancy that runs mad after monsters, and in the end irrecoverably lose those fine perceptions that trace out the invisible links of beautiful analogy. We will illustrate this by an instance which Mr. Gerrald, in his defence before the Scottish court, pilfered from Gibbon: "*Men may perish, (said the orator), but truth is eternal. The rude winds of tyranny may blow from every quarter; but freedom is that hardy plant that will survive the tempest and strike an everlasting root into the most unfavourable soil.*" This is acknowledged on all hands to be resplendently beautiful; but the admiration of a young and undisciplined mind would extend no farther than the uncouth combination of a plant flourishing on a mountain of ice. The concealed and exquisite beauty of the passage is this—it is a plant of such extraordinary nature that it requires no external assistance; craves no aid from the sun, or showers, or from the soil in which it is planted; nay, the rude blasts of heaven may dishevel its leaves, but the root possesses in itself an independent principle of vitality, which at the very moment strikes deep and everlasting. Nothing is more destructive to the acquisition of this habit than forced and unnatural combinations, and it is an evil to which youth are peculiarly prone. Multiplicity of reading only serves to enlarge it, as it furnishes more materials for such strange combination. Recitations of striking and beautiful passages from authors of standard merit, which are component parts of Mr. Ogilvie's pursuit, recall and reclaim the erring fancies of youth. They are astonished to find passages repeated with such energy and pathos, which they have read a thousand times before without profit. They find in them none of that dazzling nonsense by which they had formerly been deluded, and are at an utter loss to account for the strength of their own sensations. This disparity between their sensations when they have read and hear the same passages, puts them on the track of still further research. While they are thus exploring the magnet, they find it to lie in those very parts which they had been heretofore unaccustomed to admire. A change now operates as by enchant-

ment. We will here indulge ourselves in a remark, that congruity and propriety of taste, do much to inspire congruity and propriety of conduct. The harmony which we so much admire when the painter distributes his lights and shadows, is a component part of that moral sense of propriety that influences human actions. Hence it happens that true critics, notwithstanding they may be oftentimes the slaves, and sometimes the martyrs of their passions, censure more severely than others, the same follies and vices. We are often astonished at the contradiction manifested between their words and their actions. So strong is this inconsistency, that we are almost led to imagine the perpetrators hypocrites; but the charge is unfounded. Their minds are chastened and severely correct; they examine an action with the same critical sagacity that they would a painting or poetical performance. Nevertheless, when the hour of temptation arrives, they fall the victims. We may then form some conception of the pains and penalties they suffer, when they offend against a moral sense, which when exercised, we know to be so luminous and so chaste. If any one is disposed to cavil, and to ask what benefit can arise from all this if it does not produce an exemption from the influence of temptation, it is scarcely worthy of an answer? The benefit is this; such habits are strong and powerful, though by no means infallible guards against temptation; whatever vice may be committed is sure to be followed by deep and pungent repentance. This must be the case, for they cannot renounce those delicate perceptions that constitute taste, or in other words, a moral sense, without becoming candidates for Bedlam. On the other hand, if those whose minds are so well attuned, fall victims to temptation at last, what shall be said of those who have the same passions to contend with, without the same delicate sense of their criminality, or danger from their indulgence? What hopes can be cherished of reformation when there is no conviction of offence? This constitutes the union between morality and taste. Dr. Johnson exercised the same severity of discipline on his own actions that he did on the writings of other men. We have been thus diffuse on this subject, because it is part of that system in which Mr. Ogilvie is engaged, to fix in the minds

of youth the rudiments of taste. The importance of this subject is consequently enhanced, when we find that taste is so intimately connected with morality. Many English writers, and especially those of the dramatic class, have been censured with equal severity and justice, because they have exhibited portraits of vice so warm and alluring, and of virtue so cold and repulsive. The consequences are dangerous, and it is impossible to calculate the extent of such mischief. When a drunkard is told that he may perpetrate his darling vice, and preserve his character and station in life unimpaired, what alternative remains but to persevere? Society loses the security it would otherwise derive for the reformation of the criminal, from his apprehension of incurring scorn and contempt. This is further made evident, from the extraordinary solicitude such characters exhibit to enrol on their list the names of men whose gigantic talents seem in a measure to consecrate their vices. How many debauchees have been confirmed by the example of Charles Fox? Despairing of imitating the high intellectual endowments of that gentleman, they become the humble slaves of his vices, and console themselves in the belief that they also participate with him in the admiration of the public. They have even made ideal characters of vice, such as our novels and plays abound with, their models. Hence results the necessity of giving to morality a more splendid dress, and to strip vice of those ornaments which are the birth right of virtue. When we see consequences so pernicious, resulting from those subsidiary ornaments that fancy has conferred upon vice, we can but believe that this auxiliary in the service of virtue is entitled to public patronage and support. We have dwelt longer on this point to dissipate those surmises and suspicions which some have entertained with regard to the nature and tendency of Mr. Ogilvie's pursuits. That this will be his object, we have all the security that the nature of the case can demand in addition to the evidence his example has already confirmed. In dramatic exhibitions the actor is not responsible for the sentiments he utters, however licentious and profligate; he is the mere mouth-piece of the author, who perhaps promulgates his poison from the grave. And yet the control of the press, and

the censorial aspect of the public, have been deemed adequate securities against the depravity and the corruption of the stage. In the case now before us, society has all this pledge that the pursuit will not be abused, combined with the personal responsibility of the man. It is almost inconceivable that a man who has embarked with such energy in the cause, would so abuse public confidence, on which it is exclusively dependent for success, and by one act immolate his profession and his character together. It is a species of voluntary and deliberate suicide, a violent struggle to incur the scorn and contempt of honest men, for no other purpose, than to defeat the object he has in view. The delicate nature of his avocation, combined with what is called the novelty of it, rather tends to restrict him from the exercise of those privileges usually allotted to others, and indulging in a common latitude of remark, lest he should awaken the apprehension and hostility of the suspicious. Public favour is held by a tenure so precarious that if once tampered with, it is irrecoverably lost, and our apprehension vanishes by the cause that gave it birth. These considerations of themselves, are weighty and powerful; but Mr. Ogilvie's plan is capable, and we understand it to be his intention, to give it a still more extended utility. Our universities have been miserably deficient in the cultivation of rhetoric. Of many of them it may be said, without the slightest trespass on truth, that whatever proficiency is made in rhetoric, has been made by the pupils, without the assistance of their masters. It shews to a demonstration the natural propensity of our countrymen for eloquence, when under such instructors, they are capable of making such improvement. The habit of mouthing out poetical passages, with a special disregard to propriety of accent, or emphasis, sawing with the hand, or clawing as if we wished to scratch the atmosphere with our finger nails, are made the cardinal points of rhetoric. Some are taught to appear before a large and enlightened audience with lemons and limes in their hands, which ever and anon they apply to their lips. This, says their profound and erudite instructors, gives an air of grace and freedom; but a stranger is prone to believe that this assurance was drawn from the bot-

tom of a punch bowl, more especially as the speaker carries such evidence in his hands. Mr. Ogilvie's proposal extends to a reformation of these abuses. Instead of those artificial gestures and turns of the body, which a common dancing master is far more competent to teach than a professor of rhetoric, he waits until the force of the passion, or the sentiments he utters, is thrown involuntarily into the visage, or the limbs. The only mode of acquiring just action is for the speaker to make the sentiments he utters his own; to be sensible of the meaning, and feel the passions which the writer delineates; to incorporate (if the expression is admissible) his subject with himself, and his gestures with mechanical propriety will follow. The same remark applies, and with unabated force, to just accent and emphasis. If the speaker is insensible of the import of his words, it is impossible with all the instruction he may receive, to give the proper accent and emphasis. The first duty of a teacher of rhetoric, is to make the child comprehend the passages he is about to utter, to explain its meaning and import, and then to impose that task upon his pupil. After this, if he is commanded to recite the passage, his preceptor himself will be astonished at the justice and propriety of the emphasis. Mr. Ogilvie's plan is a practical comment on the validity of the preceding remarks. He does not teach by cold and formal dogmas, but he illustrates by example. We have a human picture of sentiment, passion and action all combined. These obvious truths receive a negative illustration from the stage, where some of the actors, from a want of capacity to comprehend the passages they utter, mouth the sentences; roar and rant, and seem to regret that they are not allowed the aid of a speaking trumpet to give truly a tragic emphasis to their words. A plan like Mr. Ogilvie's would be too circumscribed, if restricted to any particular art or science. It is capable of being made subservient to the popularity of all; to define their respective boundaries; to mark the connection of each; to illustrate their utility, and to kindle in the minds of youth a generous emulation for all. Those who are already deeply conversant with the sciences, would derive both pleasure and profit from having their advantages detailed

and illustrated in a popular way, and in language unmingled with technical jargon. Writers who descant professedly on such subjects, by the adoption of a technical dialect, lead the community to imagine, that all this is matter inaccessible to vulgar minds, and that there is deep mystery entrenched behind such formidable words. We feel no satisfaction to advance the reputation, or popularity of a science, whose essential traits we are unable to comprehend on a perusal. Mr. Ogilvie's plan is free from these defects; it proposes to trace the broad outlines of the sciences and arts, and then to shew how they have improved and adorned human life. How has the dry study of mathematics, for instance, been decried! The sharp points of a triangle seem to wound the eyes of a student. Is it not of importance to inform young and giddy minds, that these inhospitable figures, surrounded as they are by letters of the alphabet, enable a mariner to plough the trackless ocean in safety, to visit every region on the globe, and to make the products of all countries subservient to our comforts, and our wants? Is it nothing to survey the heavens like a field, to measure the courses and distances of the heavenly bodies, to draw an invisible chain millions and millions of miles, and to ascertain with certainty the length of every link? Is it nothing to predict with accuracy the recurrence of those phenomenæ in nature which once so terrified the nations of the earth, and is now dwindled down to the familiar appellation of an eclipse? Is it nothing in a religious point of view, when unanswerable arguments have been drawn from thence, that every star is replenished with intelligent beings, and that this globe itself, when viewed at that distance, twinkles on the eye with the feeble lustre of a star? And yet these multiplied blessings and benefits are all founded on those few simple figures that we find in a mathematical treatise. Mr. Ogilvie proposes, by familiar lectures, to explain and illustrate the practical importance of the respective sciences to man. Are we to be met with this grave objection, that our academies and universities teach these important lessons, and that of course no further intelligence is necessary than what they furnish? Mr. Ogilvie does not profess to teach them; he proposes only to illustrate their advantages in a popular manner, and thus to

enkindle a love of the sciences. His rapid transitions from place to place, enable him to diffuse this intelligence over a wide extended surface both natural and intellectual. Eloquence of this kind may be, as it has already been, made subservient to still more extensive purposes. By blending amusement with instruction, it will, in process of time, convince young men that instruction itself is the most delightful and entertaining of all amusements. Preceptors are justly liable to reproach for having inculcated in youthful minds a doctrine so pernicious as this, that study is an irksome task, and that idle relaxations are amusements. If amusement was made more to consist in an agreeable variety of ideas, at a season when the memory is retentive, curiosity on the alert, and passions ardent, and confidence unwavering, it would be difficult to define what proficiency a young student might be capable of making. Mr. Ogilvie's plan holds out to the admiration of youth whatever is beautiful in the sciences and arts. He presents to their view, in strong sketches, the bright and dazzling points so well calculated to inflame ambition, and to stimulate inquiry. He informs them of the ultimate nature and tendency of those studies, that now appear to them so crabbed and uninviting. Preceptors usually rivet down the minds of youth to elementary parts of sciences always dry and insipid, without indulging them with a view of the distant prospects to cheer and exhilarate their efforts. Hence arises the early disgust of children to books that require severity of study. Not having this mysterious darkness illuminated, they look upon the whole as the favourite resort of dull minds and obtuse intellects, and fly for shelter to novels and romances, and all that insipid trash that gratifies curiosity, and nothing else. The correction and amendment of the fashionable follies and vices of the age, forms likewise a part of this system. The orator does not content himself as many others do, with a dry and insipid harangue against the vice of gambling, for instance; he marks the slight and almost imperceptible grades of iniquity; that one temptation prepares the mind for the reception of another, until he is surrounded by misery and death. Thus the orator condenses in one view the life of a gambler; he darkens the shadows as he advances, until

the whole surface is left a funereal blank: And will not such dark and melancholy colouring attract the eyes of youth more than if the same ideas were delivered in cold and formal essays? The effect of this pursuit, if properly conducted, will be salutary in another point of view. It may rouse to a competition the bar and the pulpit, and be the means of dissipating that langour that too often creeps over public discourses; it may be, and has been subservient to the purposes of public benevolence; it may be, and has been employed in illustrating the utility, and enlarging the funds of valuable local institutions; a plan, which while it inflames our love of letters, secures at the same time the means of its gratification; a plan which renders public charity not an adventitious donation, but a permanent and active fund, for generations yet unborn. These are the grand outlines of Mr. Ogilvie's project; it never was his ambition, as some few have erroneously supposed, to aspire to the character of an idle declaimer, to scour the United States from one extremity to the other, and to snuff whiffs of panegyric from every petty provincial newspaper as he passes: he aspires to a more permanent fame. The theatre of action is grand and capacious; it calls into action the noblest faculties of man, and the purest sympathies of the heart; and is as replete with dignity, as benevolence. How far Mr. Ogilvie will be enabled to realize his sanguine expectations, must be left to time and experience to discover. It is a question that is incapable of abstract consideration, and depends on the talents and industry of Mr. Ogilvie, in conjunction with the patronage of the public. It may not be irrelevant, since we have occupied so much of the reader's time in detailing the nature and objects of Mr. Ogilvie's pursuits, to turn our attention more immediately to that gentleman himself. The style of his composition is elaborate, gorgeous and dazzling; rigid and impartial criticism would say too redundant in these qualities. His fancy is severely chaste in the construction, but not so severely chaste in the selection and disposition of his metaphors. When mounted on his courser, which we soon discover to be of Pegasean breed, like Virgil's Neptune, "*effundit omnes habenas.*" His steed not feeling the restraining impulses of the rein, courses at large over a re-

gion delightful indeed, but undefined; and then when he pauses, pants for breath to recruit his exhausted agility. It is unnecessary to bring to his classic recollection the fate of Phæton, when he suffered his celestial coursers to disobey the guidance of his hand. It is unnecessary to remind him that a steed feeling the restraining influence of the curb, curvets and bounds more gracefully than when, hurried on by headstrong impetuosity, the reins forsake the hand of the rider, and dangle uselessly from the neck. Such exuberance is indeed the overflow of genius, and always insure delightful pastime; but we are at the same time, if we may be allowed the expression, regaled with a wilderness of roses. While we follow Mr. Ogilvie in his "*currum fervidis rotis*," we forget the large intellectual field already travelled over, and no time is allowed us to pause and recollect. The situation of the spectator, while rising from such a banquet, resembles the indistinct perception of a delightful dream, where every sense has been bathed in elysian waters, and we feel the powerful influence without being capable of investigating the cause. We are unprepared for such enjoyment; and nothing gives to fancy such a charm as that preparatory state; or, to speak more definitely, that gradual swell of eloquence that precedes the burst by which the mind is kept in suspense, until the whole collected mass of sentiment and fancy breaks and pours. We wish to render this idea conspicuous to the mind of Mr. Ogilvie, and we will therefore call his attention to the following passage from Thomson's *Seasons*. The author poetically describes the precise sentiments that we wish to cite for the consideration of the orator. He will observe how the character of Peter gradually collects and swells upon our view, until the whole is discharged in the transcendent poetry of the last line of the paragraph.

"Ye shades of ancient heroes. Ye who toil'd
Through long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done: behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;

Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts,
 And roaming ev'ry land, in ev'ry port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade and useful arts,
 Of civil wisdom and of martial skill,
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes;
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far distant flood to flood, is social join'd;
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar."

All the preceding matter is merely auxiliary to the last noble line, and this is precisely the preparatory state which we should recommend to the orator's notice, before he gives the full vent to the predominant sentiment. After this, there should be a retrocession, time for our scattered spirits to recover from their surprise, to cool and to renounce all anticipation, before the return of so powerful an agent. Those who have been spectators of Mr. Ogilvie will allow his deficiency in these points, and he well knows himself that this is one of those delightful artifices by which orators wield as they please the feelings of their audience. We are led from our knowledge of the man to anticipate splendour in every word; and this individuality of lustre injures the effect of the general illumination. Another crying fault is the unsparing habit of quotation. This is the more inexcusable in Mr. Ogilvie, because he is surely not chargeable with a penurious fancy, and has no occasion to borrow when he has such ample funds of his own at command. Brilliant passages selected here and there, and now and then, and gracefully connected with the body of the discourse, are admissible; but not if our eyes discern the threads. Where authors of standard merit have avowed the same opinion, we may thus employ a portion of their own celebrity in illustration of our hypothesis; but this is a license that ought to be sparingly used. It ought to be severely restricted to this immediate object, and never for a moment to extend so far as to countenance an opinion, that the brilliancy of the passage was the sole cause of its introduction. A quotation should bear strongly on the point about to be established, and should be ended the moment that rela-

relationship ceases to exist. We do not call quotation the appropriation of a passage in a different sense from the author; that has always a delightful effect, and Mr. Ogilvie will understand us, when we cite the beautiful application of Pindar's eagle, whose eye was quenched in dark clouds of slumber, as a precedent. Another exuberance that requires correction, is an occasional departure from the line of easy analogy. Wherever a resemblance is pointed out between dissimilar objects, it ought to be to constitute a metaphor critically correct, such as we have not discovered before, and such as when discovered, we recognize without violence. If he steps a line beyond this, we may admire the orator's ingenuity in accommodating such unmaleable substances to his purpose; but it is that sort of admiration which we feel for the ingenious expounder of a riddle, incompatible with the majesty of graver subjects. As examples of that easy analogy, and of its violation, we will cite two instances; the former from the poem of Cowper, and the latter from Mr. Ogilvie himself. When the empress of Russia built a palace of ice, Cowper remarks,

———"It was a stroke
Of undesigned severity that glanc'd
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate;
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in shew
'Twas durable; as worthless as it seem'd
Intrinsically precious, to the foot
Treacherous and false; it smil'd and it was cold."

Here every word has an exquisite meaning—now for Mr. Ogilvie's violation of this rule. He endeavours to shew that the symbols delineated on a card prognosticate a gambler's fate. Does he not see that the audience already conceive him endeavouring to expound an anagram of his own proposing? The orator proceeds to remark, that clubs indicate the strife of the gambling table, bleeding hearts the unhappiness resulting from participating in that vice, and spades the instruments by which the graves of those are dug, who fall in such unnatural encounters. Mr. Ogilvie would hardly risk his credit on the strength of this assertion, that spades were manufactured for

no other purpose than the one he has appropriated to their use. Another subject of critical reprehension is, that the orator occasionally discovers too much violence of manner. There is a disciplined, restrained and chastised energy indispensibly necessary to an orator's success. On this head we will submit to his observation an extract from the writings of one of the first poets, painters, and critics of the age; we mean Mr. Shee. The author speaks of the pencil, but taste, however modelled, has the same eternal principle for its basis. "Whatever the eye would turn from with aversion and disgust, is unfit for the pencil, and may be said to succeed the worse for being well represented. Nor need the painter fear that an adherence to this rule would weaken the effect of his productions, or restrain him in the exercise of the higher powers of his art. It is not necessary to wound the feelings in order to awaken them, to tear the string in order to make it vibrate with effect. We must distinguish between a powerful and a painful sensation, and not mistake the inhuman and the horrible, for the affecting and sublime. To paint a beautiful female with a sword plunged into her breast, and sticking in the ensanguined wound, affords an object as little pathetic, as it is picturesque; it is revolting alike to sensibility and taste, and, however skilfully executed, can produce no other feelings than those of horror and aversion. The ancient sculptors in particular (continues the author) were scrupulously attentive to this prime law of their art; with them every consideration was subordinate to the production of beauty and preservation of character. Action was never urged to distortion, nor expression aggravated to grimace. One of the strongest examples of their excellence is to be found in the statue of Laocoon. The most powerful emotions of the soul are in this work represented with the least possible sacrifice of form, or grace. The most afflicting circumstances are so judiciously displayed, that while they excite our sympathy, they extort our admiration. Laocoon expresses his sufferings strongly, but not ungracefully. His features, though agitated, are not deformed, and though every limb is affected by the anguish which he endures, there are no awkward contractions of impatient violence, or of vulgar gesticulation." Having dwelt

so long on the style and manner of Mr. Ogilvie, it becomes us, in common justice, to give some account of his matter. Here, we fear, we shall be still compelled to censure that excursive fancy that, in its eagle flights, is borne with such velocity over every region of literature and morality, and finds a resting place on none. As every object approximating his main subject kindles beneath an eye so vivid as his, he is prone to make too frequent excursions; and to be detained too long. The consequence is, that he produces a collection of unharmonious beauty, and we beg leave to recall his attention to his oration on the benefit of public libraries, as a remarkable evidence of this. His auxiliary illustrations lose their character when contemplated in one entire view, and together form one unharmonious and incongruous whole. The preeminence of literature is not distinctly seen, and surely is not heightened while seated in the vicinity of other amusements. These amusements seem so many adjuncts, and do not occupy a station secondary and subordinate. This evil he has already undertaken the correction of, and we notice his second oration on duelling, as illustrious evidence of his success. It may be further and lastly stated, that his arguments are sometimes too finely spun, to catch the conviction of an audience, such as his must ever be, indiscriminately collected together. He has not only to address the learned and intelligent scholar; but likewise the man of plain, homespun, common sense, and he would wish to make proselytes of all. Perspicuity of language is therefore essential to the completion of his design, and those arguments which have a remote affinity to the subject, ought by all means to be abandoned. Even though all the consequences he predicts, may actually follow from the adoption of what he recommends, still they ought not to be mentioned unless the traces can be seen by the eyes of all the spectators, luminous and distinct. He acquires otherwise, the character of a visionary, and is made responsible for the weakness of other optics than his own. We are authorised to say, that this gentleman is about to suspend his exercises for a season, and to retire to seclusion for the purpose of more systematic preparation. We will further add, his fixed determination to devote his life and the concentrated energies of a mind,

matured by years, and disciplined by experience, to the prosecution of this noble design. Let him reflect in his retirement on what we have here advanced; and we have no doubt of his acquiescence in our sentiments. To improve, it is not necessary for him to expand, but to restrain the energy of his genius; in one word, we will tell him, that he has only to learn the use of the curb to remedy all his defects. Let him reflect deeply and solidly on the subject on which he writes; select the strong and palpable arguments; give to them whatever elegance of disposition, purity of language, and splendour of imagination their dignity demands; and we venture to prophecy a success correspondent to his most sanguine expectations. We have thus spoken an opinion, with that freedom that is due to the sincerity of private friendship.

REVIEW.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Missionary, an Indian Tale, by Miss Owenson, 3 vols. London. Newyork, reprinted by the Franklin company, 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 279.

THE happiest of all subjects for tragedy, says lord Kames, is where a virtuous man has drawn on himself a great misfortune by a fault incident to human nature, and therefore venial, but which by some singular means is conceived by him to be criminal. Miss Owenson, in the present novel, has selected such a subject. The events of the story of the Missionary, grow out of a contest between two inconsistent principles; a contest between erroneous notions of virtue, and passions inseparable from human nature. That the struggle may be more violent, the actors are endowed with a temperament the most inflammable—Feelings impassioned, an imagination bold and unrestrained, an enthusiasm ardent and impetuous. As a curb, however, to this fiery constitution, they are thrown into situations which impose duties hostile to the indulgence of any passion. The one is a young and noble Portuguese, who, inflamed by reli-

gious studies, and the influence of a Franciscan preceptor, abandoned the honours to which he was entitled by his birth and talents, became a monk of the order of St. Francis, and, with a holy ardour, undertook a mission to propagate christianity among the heathens of India. The other is a renowned priestess of India, by name Luxima. Born in the most eminent cast of her country, Luxima, from her childhood, was the affianced bride of a young Brahmin of superior rank; "but from the morning she received the golden girdle of marriage, she beheld him no more." He had devoted himself to a sacred pilgrimage until his bride was marriageable; and died on his return to Cashmire, while engaged in performing penance near the source of the Ganges.

The pious Luxima would have ascended the funeral pyre of her husband; but the tears of an aged grandsire prevailed on her to embrace the alternative, held out to a woman in her situation, of becoming a brachmachira, an order of priesthood the most venerated, and the professor of which must be at once a widow and a vestal. This order exacted from Luxima unsullied purity of thought and deportment, but rewarded her zeal by the gift of prophecy. The ambition of the woman was thus gratified, by a homage universally paid to her vaticinations: and to lead a life of vestal purity was no severe affliction to one "who believed herself the purest incarnation of the purest spirit; one whose elevated soul dwelt not on sensible images, but was wholly fixed upon a heaven of her own creation."

To convert to the faith of the gospel so distinguished a priestess, bound as she was to her religion by prejudice and ambition; by the fears of temporal punishment; and the hopes of future reward was an achievement worthy of the genius and intrepidity of the christian Missionary. The conversion of such a proselite, would be regarded as a miracle by the votaries of Brachma; they would abandon the shrines of their ancient gods to kneel in a christian temple with such a worshipper, and it would powerfully attest the truth of the doctrines he advanced.

The Missionary embarks on this religious undertaking, and journies to Cashmire, the romantic and luxurious valley of her residence. Chance threw the priestess in his way, while she was

pouring forth her orisons to the rising sun; but the vestal shunned him, as though his presence polluted her sanctity. The zeal of the Missionary was, however, unabated: he seized a more propitious moment, and by gallantly rescuing her favourite fawn from the fangs of a wolf, he awakened in his favour more benevolent regards; which gave him an opportunity to open to her the sacred object of his mission.

“At Cytherea noyas artes nova pectore versat
Concilia; ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido
Pro dulci Ascanio veniat.”——

Love assailed the Missionary under the semblance of religion. His intentions were of the holiest kind, but the brilliant genius of the infidel, the bewitching simplicity of her demeanor, the magic of her eye and her enthusiasm, so touching and so accordant with his own, awakened all the tender emotions of his heart, and gave birth to sentiments somewhat inconsistent with his monastic vows. In short, the Missionary was in love, but did not recognize it to himself; “*cæco carpitur igni.*” He had mistaken the impulse of passion for the feelings of devotion.

By the same process Luxima is brought to the same point. The supposed profanation of holding communion with a heathen is first vanquished; a high admiration of the talents of the Missionary and a perfect reliance on his sanctity is the consequence of communion; one prejudice after another falls; her religion yields to his persuasive eloquence; and love at length captivates her whole soul.

The actors being now completely in love, the Missionary is roused to a sense of his real situation; contending emotions, passion and honour, religion and love, agitate his bosom: and he determined, in the language of Miss Owenson, “ere he debased the life which sin had not yet polluted, or broke the vows which were revered, even while they were endangered, to fly the scenes of his temptation, and cling to the cross for his redemption and support.” The events of the catastrophe then follow, in very orderly succession. The intercourse of the lovers had been accidentally discovered. Luxima is driven from the honours of the priesthood, suffers a forfeiture of cast, with all its

attendant miseries. The Missionary, at the outset of his intended flight, meets her in this disconsolate condition; and bound by love and humanity to alleviate misfortunes, himself had occasioned, he resolves to fly with her to Goa, and place her in a convent. They join a caravan travelling to Tatta; in the vicinity of which place they are seized by the officers of the Inquisition, and hurried to Goa, where the portals of the holy office are closed upon them. An *auto de fé* arrives, the Missionary is led forth to expiate at the stake the alledged sins of heresy and breach of monastic vows: the grand inquisitor is already on the platform, the fagots slowly kindle, the martyr walks firmly up to the pile. "In this awful interval, while the presiding officers of death were preparing to bind their victim, a form scarcely human, darting with the velocity of lightening through the multitude, reached the foot of the pile, and stood before it in a grand and aspiring attitude; it was Luxima. "My beloved, I come! she exclaimed; Brahma receive and eternally unite our spirits!" She sprang upon the pile, the fire caught the light drapery of her robe, a dreadful death assailed her. The Missionary rushed forward, no force could resist his powerful arm, he snatched the victim from a fate he sought not himself to avoid, he held her to his heart, the flames of her robe are extinguished in his close embrace. The officers of the Inquisition spring forward, the Missionary repels their efforts, a dagger is aimed at his heart, its point was received in the bosom of the Indian. The fury of the surrounding Hindoos is roused: they press onward to the rescue of their priestess, and to revenge the cause of their religion and their freedom. In the tumult of the fight, the Missionary, clasping Luxima in his arms, bore her to a boat; they reach a lonesome cavern in the bay, where the priestess reclines upon the bosom of the Missionary, and dies with a prayer to Brahma on her lips: and the apostolic Nuncio of India is heard of no more.

Such is an abstract of the fable; wild, pathetic, absurd, and interesting. The point on which it turns, is the same with that of Miss Owenson's first novel. Hilarion, for that is the name of the missionary, is only St. Clare with the addition of a cowl. The ground, too, selected by Miss Owenson, has already been

preoccupied by Lewis in the Monk, to which the Missionary bears an obvious resemblance in many points; but falls below that celebrated production in vivacity of colouring and fertility of invention. Indeed, the poverty of the fable is a capital defect in this novel. There is in it too much of description, and too little of action. Hilarion and Luxima are agitated by a sea of troubles, but their troubles instead of impelling them into novel situations, or to extraordinary exertions, presently subside into vain resolutions or sober reflections. It is the invention of adventures which displays genius: it is much easier to write sentiment than to fashion events. These three volumes are not diversified by a dozen incidents; and of these, the majority are crowded into the last pages. The other parts are made up of the delineations of feeling, and the descriptions of nature:—"the balmy vale of Cashmere," parching deserts, flowing rivers, odours, blossoms, and such other rural commodities as have been the staple of the trade in every age. But to Miss Owenson the most fascinating subject for prolixity is to throw her actors into interesting attitudes; and especially when she can get a rising or a descending moon to bear upon them to advantage. Take the following as an example:

"He found her wrapt in profound slumber; the moonlight, checkered by the branches of the tree through which it fell, played on her face and bosom; but her figure was in deep shade, from its position; and a disciple of her own faith would have worshipped her, had he passed, and said, "Tis the messenger of heaven, who bears to earth the mandate of *Vishnu*;" for it is thus the Indian *Iris* is sometimes mystically represented—nothing visible of its beauty but the countenance of a youthful seraph. Close to the brow of the innocent slumberer lay in many a massy fold a serpent of immense size: his head, crested and high, rose erect; his scales of verdant gold glittered to the moonlight, and his eyes bright and fierce were fixed on the victim, whose first motion might prove the signal of her death. These two objects, so singular in their association, were alone conspicuous in the scene, which was elsewhere hid in the massive shadows of the projecting branches. At the sight of this image, so beautiful and so terrific, so awfully fine, so grandly dreadful, where loveliness and death, and peace and destruction, were so closely blended, the distracted and solitary spectator stood aghast!—A chill of horror running through his veins, his joints relaxed; his limbs, transfixed and faint, cold and powerless, fearing lest his very respiration might accelerate the dreadful fate which thus hung over the sole object and tie of his existence—breathless, motionless—he wore the perfect

semblance of that horrible suspense which fills the awful interval between impending death and lingering life! Twice he raised his crosier to hurl it at the serpent's head; and twice his arm fell nerveless back, while his shuddering heart doubted the certain aim of his trembling hand—and whether, in attempting to strike at the vigilant reptile, he might not reach the bosom of his destined victim; and urge him to her immediate destruction!—But feelings so acute were not long to be endured: cold drops fell from his brow, his inflamed eye had gazed itself into dimness, increasing agony became madness—and, unable to resist the frenzy of his thronging emotions, he raised the pastoral spear and had nearly hurled it at the destroyer, when his arm was checked by a sound which seemed to come from heaven, breathing hope and life upon his soul; for it operated with an immediate and magic influence on the organs of the reptile, who suddenly drooped his crested head, and extending wide his circling folds, wound his mazy course, in many an indented wave, towards that point where some seeming impulse of the “vocal aid” lured his nature from its prey.”

In this extract we have an example of Miss Owenson's love for extraordinary occurrences, her elaborate painting of that which should form the accidents, the back ground of the picture; and what we wish particularly to remark on, a laborious endeavour “to work up a high conception of some object, of which after all we can form but an inadequate idea.” The best describers, say the critics, are those who communicate ideas which a painter or a sculptor can lay hold of. Now we suspect it would puzzle Praxitiles himself, from the foregoing description, to furnish a statue of the Missionary in that deathful conjuncture; and it would afford exquisite delight to behold the following ideas embodied upon canvas.—“The hue of light which fell upon her features was blue and faint; and the air diffused around her figure, harmonized with the soft and solemn character of the moonlight cave;” p. 93. or “as she disappeared amidst the deepening gloom, she seemed the eye of her sole spectator, like the ray which darts its sunny lustre through the dark vapours gathered by evening on the brow of night.” p. 59.

This “much ado about nothing,” these affected subtleties and refinements are in the true Della Cruscan style, and far below the genius of Miss Owenson. This lady is undoubtedly a woman of refined sensibility; she feels with a morbid acuteness; but not adverting to the fact, that language was formed by persons of a grosser organization, by those to whom the finer varie-

ties of feeling were unknown, in endeavouring to define these varieties, and to describe all the delicate modifications of passion and emotion, she has attempted what, from the imperfection of language, she can never accomplish. This, we think, is the predominating vice in all Miss Owenson's writings. She is continually grasping at that which is intangible, continually straining her eye at something which eludes her vigilance. In this wild attempt she distorts our language, clogs it with anomalous words, is affected and obscure, and presents herself perpetually to the imagination of the reader, in the air and attitude of Wouter Van Twiller, "when he had got an acute idea by the tail."

Of the characters of this work, that of the heroine is more skilfully drawn than that of the hero. Who but a woman can pencil out the distinctive charms of woman? Luxima is one of those "delightful visions" in the language of Burke, "just lighted upon this orb, which she hardly seems to touch." Genius beaming through simplicity, enthusiasm associated with the most melting sensibility, heroic disinterestedness, feelings ardent and romantic, with the soft attire of feminine delicacy and gentleness gracefully cast around them. Such are the virtues of Luxima; such excellencies we meet with in real life; they every where command our homage and our hearts; and the reader feels himself more in contact with them, than in discourses either upon Hindoo mysticism, or the scrupulosity of a monk. We must, however, protest against the practice which Miss Owenson shares with the rest of her novel-writing sisterhood, of describing, at insufferable length, the dress and drapery of her personages. Luxima, though formed by nature to win the heart, is not allowed to make her appearance without a description of her wardrobe, sufficiently minute to do honour to a Parisian milliner.

Hilarion is a singular compound. The character is overcharged: and, like all strong painting, it borders upon caricature. Miss Owenson has expended much labour in collecting the elements, both moral and physical, which go to his composition. But this is not all, we are incessantly required to examine his mechanism, and mark how consequentially such an action flows from early education, and how beautifully such a feeling typifies

such a quality. It is a miserable deficiency of skill which thus obliges an author to stand by and explain the adumbrations of his portraits, like a herald expounding the bearings of an escutcheon; "the field white denoteth purity, those lions magnanimity and courage, and those stars celestial beauty." This is not the way with an artist: a master marks a character by a few bold strokes, and leaves the rest, as in real life, to be developed by actions and circumstances. Like nature, the character is rather felt in effects, than known in its construction.

The *Missionary*, notwithstanding all these faults, will be read. Indeed it already has had an extensive circulation. Mixed up with the defects we have noticed, there occurs a strength of thought, a rapidity of style, a force of colouring, together with a nice discrimination of the passions and feelings, but above all an ardent and brilliant enthusiasm, which breathes a life into the whole work, and like expression in some of the paintings of Poussin, which, although badly designed and badly executed, redeems them from condemnation, and communicates a charm that cannot be adequately described. The general tenor of the language is also in better taste than that of Miss Owenson's former publications. There is, indeed, in this, much of tumid phraseology; but there are occasional bursts of fine and spirited writing. This reformation is to be ascribed to the salutary chastisement she received from the Edinburgh reviewers.

Nothing now remains but to speak of the moral. It has been remarked, that there is an intimate alliance between morality and taste, and that one cannot be corrupted without a depravation of the other. The reverse seems to have been realized in the case of Miss Owenson. To display the triumph of passion over religion, the subjection of the lower to the higher powers, is not calculated to animate virtue, or to recommend the practice of morality. We do not demand that the express aim of a novel should be the elucidation of a moral principle. Fictitious narratives may have other objects. But we do require, that the novel contain nothing, in any of its parts, grating to the moral sensibilities of the reader. Now, although the principle inculcated in the *Missionary*, "*obsta principiis*," be pure and of prime importance,

yet a moralist, not over rigorous, would condemn portions of the work, for a wantonness of colouring, which occasionally appears; a christian would condemn it, for the disadvantageous light in which christianity is exhibited by the side of the religion of Brahma; and the pious would condemn it, for such expressions as the following—"he presented to the fancy and the mind, a fine and noble image of that venerated God an incantation of whose excellence he believed himself to be." "His sinless life, spotless by any thought or deed of evil," &c.

With respect to the surrender of the feelings of the monk to the blandishments of a woman, when such a surrender violated his received opinions of virtue and propriety; although we do not approve of the moral effect of such a representation, we more willingly attribute it to the female structure of Miss Owenson's mind, than to her want of virtue. Woman, amiable and timid, strives to elude temptation by a dexterous retreat, rather than to vanquish it by a bold contest. Of the effects of the tender and domestic passions, of undisguised and of unruffled nature, she possesses a quick discernment, and the power of accurate description. But of the rougher aspects of nature, of that lofty and muscular resolution, which dashes aside every temptation, and beats down every passion which thwarts its ambition or its virtue, she has but a faint conception; and what is faintly conceived, will, in all cases, be but feebly and imperfectly described. As Miss Owenson, then, had adorned Luxima with every charm, it was beyond the ability of her sex to conceive of a resolution which could resist their seductions. If, however, it were necessary that the Missionary should bow the knee to beauty, how much purer would have been the morality, and how much more agreeable the denouement, had the mind of the monk been enlightened to the absurdity of celibacy; hostile as it is to human nature, and to the principles of christianity—If, renouncing the pernicious tenets of their different superstitions, an union had taken place between Hilarion and Luxima, founded on real virtue and a thorough conviction of their former errors; and if then they had devoted their united talents and influence in diffusing the light of science, of religion and refinement, over a region; which, notwith-

standing the favourable representations of Miss Owenson, we know to be obscured by the most deplorable vices, and the bloodiest superstition.

Promit hic ortus, aperitque lucem
Phœbus, et flamma propiore nudos
Inficit Indos.

G.

REVIEW.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ROBBERS.

SOME have contended that the tragedy of the Robbers was written to expose the dangerous principle of fatalism, but whatever be its object, we are clearly of opinion that the Deity is not a subject proper for theatrical address. Charles is made the victim of fraternal treachery, and intrigues; abandoned by his father, and chosen commander of a band of outlaws and banditti. Francis the younger son, having removed this obstacle to his aggrandizement, next removes his father and seizes on his inheritance. In the mean time, Charles relieves his father from a dungeon, detects the deep laid conspiracy, and takes revenge on Francis, the agent of all his misfortunes. Now prosperity, the smiles of his Amelia, and the reconciliation of his father await to reward him; but it seems he is bound by his oath never to forsake his banditti, and this we presume is the fatalism to which he so often alludes. In despair, he murders Amelia, and surrenders himself to justice. What merit there is either in the plot or execution of this tragedy, to extort so large a portion of popular respect, it is beyond our power to imagine. The language is replete with all the extravagance of the German school, and the sentiments are an outrage upon nature and common sense. Cordially do we concur in the opinion Charles expresses of himself: "Poor fool! O shame; hast thou then presumptuously dared to wield Jove's thunder, and with thy aimless arm, to let the Titan scape, while the poor pigmy suffers?"

go slave! 'tis not for thee to wield the sword of the most high. Here let me renounce the rash design; let me seek some cavern of the earth to hide my shame from the eye of day." These were sentiments that did honour to his character, and prove how just an estimate, we may sometimes form of our own merits.

The following is a specimen of the German sublime, and we have no doubt that those who admire the sublimity, will commend likewise the piety of the passage. Charles is now imprecating vengeance on Francis. "Here in the face of Heaven I curse him; curse every drop of blood within him! Hear me! O moon and stars, and thou black canopy of night, that witnesseth this horror!—hear my cries!—hear me terrible judge! thrice terrible avenger, who reigns above yon pallid orb; and judgment doomest and dartest thy fiery bolts through darkness to the head of guilt—behold me on my knees—behold me raise this hand aloft, and hear my oath! May nature curse me, expel me like some horrible abortion from out the circle of her works, if here upon this stone, I do not shed that parricide's blood, till the foul vapour from the fountain of his heart rise into air and dim the blessed sun." The happy conceit of dimming the sun by this new discovered species of vapour, is a pledge given, so easily performed, that the penalty invoked is no doubt perfectly harmless and inoffensive. The sublimity of this passage is revolved by the mill-stone ponderosity of the following one. The father says to Francis, "Go—may God forgive you!—I have forgiven." Charles exclaims, "and may my curse accompany that prayer and clog it with a millstone's weight that it may never reach the mercy seat of Heaven." How wonderfully pathetic is the dying speech of Amelia, when murdered by Charles, and with how much humanity does he ask her the question! Who but concurs in the robber's opinion! "Thousands of years shall pass and countless seasons roll ere the bright sun shall witness such a deed—was it not sweet my Emily to die thus by thy bridegroom's hand!" Amelia stretching out her hand to him, "oh! most sweet!" (dies.) How admirable was the expedient resorted to by Charles, to purify the guilt of his fellow robbers and assassins by assuming the whole to himself! Taking Switzer by the hand he exclaims, "these hands I have imbrued deep in blood—that

be mine offence: not thine—here, with this grasp, I take what is mine own:—now Switzer thou art here!—Father of heaven here I restore them—they will be more fervently thine own than those who never fell.” But these passages, abounding in nonsense and impiety as they do, are nothing in comparison to others. The following imprecation of Charles on his brother Francis, is a specimen: “O Judge of heaven and earth, hear a murderer’s prayer! give him ten thousand lives! may life return anew and every dagger’s stroke refresh him for eternal torments.”

Charles when he is about to pronounce sentence on his brother Francis, utters this pompous blasphemy: “I stand commissioned here as minister of heaven’s Almighty king, the judge of right and wrong, and from your pure mouth’s I shall pronounce a doom, which the most pure and upright court on earth will sanction and approve.” What is this but to call that pure and holy being, whom christians worship, the God of thieves, murderers and assassins. Infamous beyond expression, is the sentiment pervading this passage. When the father complains of the fate of his son Francis, Charles (seizing his hand and raising it with fervour towards heaven) exclaims; “do not blaspheme, old man; blaspheme not him before whose righteous throne I have this day prayed with confidence—to day the wicked have approached the throne of mercy.” The father continues: “and have they there been taught to murder!” Charles incensed replies, “old man, no more! if his divinity thus stirs within the sinner’s heart, is it for saints to quench that holy fire! Where could you now express contrition, if this day he should baptize for thee a son!” Old Moor. “Are sons baptized in blood.” Charles. “What dost thou say? Is truth revealed by the tongue of despair? Yes, old man; Providence can baptize even with blood.” To reprobate murder in the opinion of this profound theologian is to blaspheme the Deity.

Fatalism is said to be the principle the folly of which the author of this tragedy labours to expose. Charles is admitted to be a thief, a murderer and assassin. Now to overcome the strong disgust excited by the disclosure of such qualities, there must be some counterpoising properties; he is therefore brave, intrepid and generous; abounding in filial sensibility; kind and

compassionate to a romantic excess. We are led to wonder how, under any pressure of adverse incident, characters so contrariant can be united in one person. This the author ascribes to the influence of fatalism, and represents his hero, as obeying what he conceives to be the mandate of heaven. Charles, however, when it answers his purpose, does not seem so pertinaciously attached to fatalism as his defenders contend. While one of his comrades is relating his share in a recent adventure, (the burning of an infant) he thus speaks. Charles. "Did you so? may that fire burn in thy bosom until eternity grows gray. Out of my sight monster, never be seen in my troop again." Here the principle of fatalism is abandoned, not on account of the atrocity of the deed, but because it was not a bold and brilliant exploit. Gray haired eternity is an instance of that German energy of expression, which we poor wights gape to comprehend, and denominate execrable nonsense.

It requires uncommon charity to believe, that it was the object of the author to expose the pernicious nature of fatalism. Fatalism appears subordinate to other purposes; it is introduced to make the character of Charles consistent and to give an air of probability to his actions, and a palliation to his sins. It seems a pretext to justify the robberies and murders of Charles, and to enable the author to blaspheme his Maker and his Judge. The author does not attempt to destroy fatalism; he attempts to reconcile us to it, and the infernal principle inculcated is this, that it is impossible to commit any crime whatever, because the Deity himself is the agent.

Charles inherits bravery, generosity, filial love, all the virtues that can bespangle human life, is driven from the mansion of his father, by the machinations of a younger brother, to excite in our minds, a deep and lasting sympathy for his fate. He renounces in revenge the face of civilized man, and is elected chief of a banditti. Now to render his enormities more palatable his murders must be of the bright and dazzling class. The minister he murdered at the feet of his prince, amassed a fortune by the tears of the widow,—the treasurer general sold honours and rewards of merit to the highest bidder—the priest lamented the fall of the inquisition. In addition to our sympa-

thy, for Charles excited by his merit and misfortunes;—the author has enlisted our abhorrence of the characters despatched by his hands;—they were men whose lives were forfeited to justice, and Charles does nothing more than justice, when he murders; but all this is not sufficient, he must likewise be a fatalist:—he must act under the supposed injunction of the Deity also. What more could be done, not only to justify, but also to applaud every enormity he can possibly commit? He is stimulated to vengeance by every motive that heaven and earth can furnish—the deeds he has done are approved of by both. Robbery and murder, therefore, are not introduced to bring reproach upon fatalism; but fatalism is introduced to sanction robbery and murder. This is the artifice of the German drama: the most abominable of all actions are always done from the best of all motives. Let us see in what language this pious, delicate, and sentimental Robber will speak of his Creator. “Who could have thought that we (the banditti) were destined to serve as instruments in the Almighty’s hand to minister unto his justice? Our fates’ mysterious clew is now unravelling. This day the invincible arm of a superior power gives dignity to our vocation. Adore that power who honours your vocation! This day as agents in his hands he employs you as his angels to execute his stern decrees, and pour out the vials of his wrath. Be uncovered, fall on the earth and kiss the dust; now rise all hallowed men.” Is it not obvious that this appeal is made, not to discredit fatalism, but to give divine sanction to robbery. After Charles had almost run his career of crime, he thus addresses his Maker. “O God who rulest over all, accept my thanks. If this tower should be the limit of my course, to which thou hast led me through paths of blood and horror; if for that end thou hast decreed, I should become the chief of these foul murderers, eternal Providence, I bend me to thy will with awe and reverence. Thus let it be, and here I terminate the work. His battle over, the soldier falls with dignity.” But it seems that heaven sanctions perjury as well as robbery and murder. Charles tells Amelia “that much there is to know—much, much to learn, ere this poor intellect can scan his nature, who smiles at *human oaths*, and weeps at man’s fond projects.” With such ingenuity is

the character of Charles compounded—human laws are represented as frail and incapable of punishing the guilty.

Some latitude is always to be allowed in the indulgence of every amusement; but it is not demanding too great a sacrifice, that no play should have an *immoral tendency*. The obligations imposed both by the laws of our country and our religion, and the awful penalties annexed to the violation of both, are found inadequate securities to prevent the perpetration of vice. This would lead us to believe, that whatever aid genius could give, would be cheerfully given to the support of such salutary precepts. For our mutual tranquillity and quiet, if not from higher motives, we might expect a confederacy amongst men of letters, divines and magistrates, for the repression of vice; but it is a lamentable fact that no such confederacy exists. The tragedy of which we have been speaking, is a proof, both of the necessity of such an union, and that no such union exists. The audience, by becoming habituated to behold such enormities committed by persons of such high virtues, gradually lose their detestation of the actions, in the admiration of the characters of such agents. Pity succeeds to abhorrence, and this disposes us to palliate, if not to justify actions, which we before thought admitted of no palliation or justification whatever. With our short sighted faculties, the action must always be regarded as decisive evidence of motive. If this grand cardinal point is once abandoned, there is no evidence by which the most atrocious offender can be made amenable to justice—there is no common standard by which the criminality of an action can be measured: in fact both virtue and vice are mere arbitrary names, sounds without meaning, and may be applied indiscriminately to every deed of our lives. The whole system of our jurisprudence, our own private estimation of individual, or public character, is founded on this criterion of judgment. This rule is not infallible, which is in fact saying nothing more than that infallibility does not appertain to mortals. Long experience has nevertheless tried the integrity of the principle, and the universal assent it has received is the best comment on its justice. This has taught us that the action of robbery, or murder, denominates the agent a robber or a murderer: it has taught us that our property in

the first instance, and our lives in the second, are not safe when such outrages pass without punishment. Is it too much to expect of a public writer, when he handles subjects of this nature, that he would contribute all the aid of his talents to enforce a principle so indispensable and so just? Yet the author of this tragedy acts in professed violation of this maxim, and as an evidence of his sincerity, he is constantly invoking the propitious regards of his Maker. Suppose that a character like Charles had actually existed, and to have perpetrated the enormities he is represented to have done. Suppose him brought before the bar of justice to answer for his deeds, where is the law on which we shall found his condemnation? Grant that evidence the most plenary and ample is produced of his arts, the Court are stopped from pronouncing judgment by arguments of this kind. However repugnant my actions may seem to your statutes, I have obeyed the injunction of a tribunal superior to yours; an irresistible and divine impulse led me on, and I should have incurred the wrath of heaven had I attempted to counteract its influence. It was no choice of mine, but a mandate I was compelled to obey. Condemn if you think proper, but in so doing, you offend not me, but the Deity whom you worship. I therefore stand before you an innocent man, justified by my own conscience, and prepared to abide the event of your decision. Are we to be told these are the mere ravings of insanity? This character is not even pretended by the author, and in forming our estimate, we are bound not to superadd a single quality which the author himself did not think proper or necessary in his justification to do. The Court therefore are bound to consider him as sane, and if the principles of this author are correct, they must make the words of the malefactor, and not the actions the criterion of his innocence or of his guilt. Charles does discover and that often too, compunction and remorse. This was done by the author for the purpose of soothing our resentment and to excite compassion for his character. This we contend, so far from palliating, is an high aggravation of the blasphemy he utters. What! shall the principle be endured for a moment, that Charles was urged on by heaven to the perpetration of an act that he knew and felt to be a crime? That at the

time when his nicer conscience was struggling against it, he felt himself moved by a supernatural power, as by a mechanical impulse, to send his soul to everlasting perdition? Are we then in so many words to understand this writer, that the boundary is now destroyed between the author of all good and the author of all mischief? Does this writer mean to assert man is more wise, more just, and has a clearer perception of good and evil, than the being who created him? This I am unwilling to suppose to have been his sentiments, but they inevitably flow from the character he has drawn. The plain fact is, that the author shocked at the outline of the character, wished to soften it down to our liking. Charles, it is true, must commit abominable deeds; but it will undoubtedly palliate abhorrence if he is sensible of such enormity. What apology is there then left for his actions? Fatalism forsooth! a conviction that whatever he does the Deity enjoins. We can but congratulate the wonderful ingenuity of this author, that he has attempted to rescue the character of his hero from reproach at the expense of his Maker! And after all, what is this wonderful fatalism by which Charles is bound so peremptory and indissoluble? It is contained in the magic of the following words. Charles: "And now by this man's right hand, I swear to be your faithful commander till death. Now by my soul I will make a corse of him who first shews fear among you; and when I break my oath, be such my fate from you! are you agreed?" "All—we are all agreed." It is evident this was the spell; for when he relents and sinks into the arms of his Amelia, one of his honourable fraternity thus expresses himself: "Didst thou not lift that hand to heaven and swear—swear never to forsake us—never to desert those who had been thus true to thee." Charles replies: "'tis done—I fain would have gone back; but he who rules in heaven has said, no. Look not thus mildly on me, Emily, he has no need of me—Has he not millions of his creatures? He can spare one! I am that one." An obligation entered into, to commit robbery and murder amongst thieves and outlaws, he is both willing and anxious to retract, as his own conscience dictates; but he is it seems, compelled by heaven to the performance of it, and as a test of his fidelity he murders his Amelia. We are inclined shrewdly to

suspect that this said Charles, this hero, lover, theologian, robber, sentimentalist, thief, murderer, or by whatever name he may be called, amidst such a jumble of *opposite perfections*, never studied the common law of England, or the common law of morality. It may not be amiss to refresh his memory before he heroically delivers himself up to be hanged, and inform him that his case is not so absolutely deplorable. If he will only turn to the case of Collins and Blantern, tried in the English Court of Common Pleas, and reported by serjeant Wilson, he will find ample cause to doubt the extreme sanctity of such an obligation. He might likewise have escaped the performance of the condition on the principle recognized by Comyns, a high law authority, 5 vol. page 627, where the lord Chief Baron states, that, "non est factum is a good plea wherever there is a default of capacity." In fine it is perspicaciously laid down as undoubted law in the pages of lord Coke, and other eminent jurists, that illegal obligations are not binding in law. Knowledge of this kind, if it had been seasonably imparted, if Charles had only consulted counsel, as in propriety he ought to have done, would have saved him and Destiny much trouble, his father many tears, and to Amelia a husband, who would have given her evidence of affection not quite so equivocal as the poniard of an assassin. It is true, Charles seems to have an instinctive antipathy to a Court, whom he denominates "poor ministers of earthly justice;" in opposition to his heavenly justice, we presume, of which he has been so valiant a defender. This may account for his ignorance of the common law, and the indispensable necessity there was that this hero must be free in order to be great, and to murder the unoffending Amelia.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATION OF TWO ODES FROM ANACREON.

LET the Theban battles ring
Echoing from the lyric string;
And woes that fated Troy befell,
I my own destruction tell.
Me no warrior horseman's dart
Pierced with unrelenting smart;
Me no archer's pliant bow
Sent to roam the realms below:
No high surging fractur'd wave
Op'd for me a watry grave:—
But within Aurelia's eyes,
Lay an army in disguise:—
Since then, to gentle piece adieu!
From them the fatal arrows flew.

—
SEE, the earth imbibes the dew,
Trees the tipling plan pursue,
Ocean drinks the balmy gales,
Sol the briny wave inhales,
The moon on his bright ray regales.
Then do not, friends! my choice reprove,
But fill the bowl to Mirth and Love.

I. S.

THE WAR KING.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

—
SEE from the east the monarch comes,
His purple robes are drenched in gore;
Loud sound his rage inspiring drums,
Beat by his subject sons before!
The trumpets blow their angry breath,
Bespeaking carnage, blood and death,
While his infuriate eyes declare
Destruction, horror and despair!

His way is through a crimson flood,
His coursers, prancing, all around,
Dash the red surge, a sea of blood,
Smokes o'er the surface of the ground!
Blood covers o'er the chariot wheels,
And from the foaming horses' heels
Spatters the undulated gore,
Spreads on each side, behind, before!

Behold, among his sanguine crew,
Relentless Cruelty appear;
From whose dark eye Distress ne'er drew
A soft, a sympathetic tear!
His hands like burning fangs are seen,
And terrible his haggard mien;
Like scorpion whips his twisted hair
Flies threat'ning on the trembling air!

Justice and Mercy, chain'd, he leads,
Encompassed by the wrathful gang;
Mourning the War king's ruthless deeds,
With hearts surcharg'd with many a pang!
See the red stripes their bodies bear,
And hear their groans upon the air;
Destructive Cruelty, the while,
Spreads o'er his face a ghastly smile.

Wild Devastation joins the throng,
And blasts the face of Nature fair;
While Lust drags Chastity along,
In burning passion, by the hair!
His eyes flash forth a living fire,
By his salacious, dark desire,
Kindled, and fed by smiling Hell,
Where Lust and Devastation dwell!

Deaf to the matron's piercing shrieks,
Unmindful of the daughter's tears,
Pleasure his fiery eye bespeaks,
'Tis music to his ravish'd ears!

And while the mother, raving, wild,
 Clasps to her breast the injured child,
 A frantic laugh his features wear,
 With joy he views their deep despair!

Now last see haggard Ruin stride,
 O'er all the affrighted east he haste's;
 No dark attendant by his side,
 For he, alone, creation wastes!
 Though last, the direst of the throng,
 To him superior ills belong;
 Where'er he treads, in vain, behind
 We look, a trace of former joy to find!

Avaunt, thou War king, and thy train,
 Between Columbia's shores and thee,
 May still the rude Atlantic main
 Tempestuous swell his angry sea!
 Whene'er thy coursers tempt the wave,
 Plunged in a deep irriuous grave,
 Low may they sink and rise no more,
 To fright our peaceful, independent shore!

VALERIAN.

Lines written in consequence of hearing of a jeu d'esprit uttered by the late
 Rev. Dr. Wm. Smith at governor Miffin's table, during a severe thunder
 gust, a few days after the death of Dr. Franklin.

WHAT means that flash,—the thunder's awful roar?
 The blazing sky,—unseen,—unheard, before?
 Sage Smith replies, "our Franklin is no more.
 The clouds, long subject to his magic chain,
 Exulting now, their liberty regain."

VARIETY.

IN Paris, the majestic edifice, called the School of Surgery, well deserves a visit for its architecture, independent of the cabinet of anatomy. The amphitheatre may contain twelve hundred persons.

The prison, called La Force, is the handsomest in Paris, and the traveller ought to place it among the objects of his inspection. The grand gate is alike singular and elegant.

The rage at Paris for enigmas, riddles, charades, calembourgs, &c. may be mentioned among the symptoms of the decline of wit.

The French fountains for kitchens are very convenient and even indispensable, as the water of the Seine is rarely pure, and in a dry summer even noxious. It affects every stranger, even the French from the provinces with a slight disorder which is esteemed salutary. Of sixty public fountains at Paris, thirty-eight yield the water of the Seine; ten that of Rougis; five that of the Pré St. Gervais; six that of Belleville; and one that of Arcueil. There are only two worth inspection, that of Grenoble, and that of the Innocents.

A good domestic fountain may be had for a louis d'or, and would be found very convenient in detached apartments. It is a large and strong earthen jar, about four feet in height, placed on a wooden pedestal. At the bottom there is gravel, to the height of six or eight inches, which should be cleaned once a year. The waterman, who receives a penny each journey, fills the fountain twice a week; and the water filtered through the gravel, becomes as pure as chrystal, and is drawn by a cock at the bottom of the fountain. This simple machine is not liable to the numerous accidents and constant wear of our filtering stones; nor does it require the attention of those with charcoal, recently invented at Paris.

Except select locks for cabinets, the French are miserable smiths, and the locks are alike brittle and clumsy. The iron, in general, is of a very brittle and bad quality; and it is surprising that the able chemists, with which France abounds, do not find means to improve this useful metal.

In the celebrated manufactory of mirrors, in the street St. Antoine, they are only polished and the mercury laid on. The real manufactories are at St. Gobin near la Fère, and at Cherbourg on the Boulevard, at the corner of the street formerly called that of Louis the great, are immense warehouses, where two hundred workmen are daily employed in painting and preparing papers for rooms. In the patterns great taste and variety are displayed.

The National now the Imperial press in Paris has always maintained its reputation of accuracy, the more precious in an age when so few learned printers exist. The productions of Didot's press are superior in beauty, but offend the eye by the sharpness of the type, and are rather the ornaments than the useful advantages of a library. His stereotype editions are by some thought inferior to these of Hermann, which are of great neatness and accuracy.

As a printer whose productions are at once beautiful, correct, and adapted to general use, Crapelet is in the highest estimation, but there are others of great merit; and, in general, the noble art, which preserves all the others, has not suffered by the revolution.

The splendid description of those birds, whose colours reflect a metallic lustre, is a beautiful monument; but for the copies, of which the text is printed in gold, a paper of a bluish or greenish tinge should have been selected instead of the usual cream colour, on which the gold produces but a poor effect. As a kindred art, that of book-binding may be mentioned, in which Bozerian bears the palm. He is himself not a bad judge of literature, has published an edition of Rousseau, and has commonly a small collection of rare and valuable books, superbly bound by himself, and ready to be disposed of to opulent purchasers.

The French work of modern times, which has acquired the greatest celebrity, is the *Travels of Anacharsis*. As the booksellers of Paris seldom consult literary men on the merits of a manuscript, the author found no judge of his labours, and no booksellers would hazard the publication, until M. de Bure, from friendship to an old purchaser of classical books, ventured on the dangerous undertaking. What was his surprise, when a whole edition was sold off in a short time, and all Europe resounded with acclamations. But ten thousand francs, or little more than four hundred pounds, were still thought an adequate reward for the labour of thirty years; so that Barthelemy received about fifteen pounds a year from his toil, while a quack doctor might have received fifteen hundred. The Imperial press occupies about four hundred workmen, and a number of women who fold and stitch the laws and pamphlets, printed here by the order of the government. In cases where great expedition is required, a stop is not only put to the impression of all works merely literary, but an additional number of workmen is employed labouring by turns night and day. The late worthy director considered himself as responsible for the whole of this multitudinous routine of business, and trusting nothing to the inferior officers and clerks, totally destroyed his tranquillity; became despondent, and throwing himself from an upper window into the court, died in a few hours, the victim of his zeal. His successor, M. Marcel, was formerly director of the French press at Cairo, and is considerably skilled in Arabic. To have been in Egypt with Bonaparte, is one of the strongest claims to the favour of the French Emperor.

The Printing business is chiefly conducted in a long gallery, and there are one or two presses of burnished brass, which seems to be of more ostentation than utility. The fonts of characters are the most numerous in the world, having been recently enriched with those of the Propaganda at Rome. The Greek characters of Garamont, used by the famous printer, Henry Stephens, are shown in perfect order, and are actually employed at present.

In another part of this great building is the agency of laws, whence they are despatched to all parts of the empire. The director is M. Dumont, a natu-

ralist, a man of letters, and a most amiable character. He has a valuable library, and a choice collection of ornithology, his favourite department, though he has published useful works on all subjects.

Towards strangers, the conduct of the Parisian booksellers is too often mean and iniquitous. Imperfect volumes are sent instead of the entire ones selected; and the charges often swelled in the bill to one third beyond the prices agreed on. These are called mistakes; but when the mistakes all run in one direction, somewhat of design may be suspected. An Englishman, at Paris, is particularly exposed to depredation, from the idea of his careless use of wealth. He is even considered as an animal especially created in order to be robbed by the French. In the new strains of philosophy, they even moralize upon the subject, and pretend that our robbery of the Hindoos authorizes them to rob us. If an Englishman of letters should, therefore, have any transaction with a Parisian bookseller, he may depend upon being ecorché, as they call it, that is of not only to singe his fleece, but his skin.

It is to be regretted that there is not a special tribunal to judge of disputes between foreigners and natives. The magistrates as well as the jury should be half strangers, otherwise justice cannot be expected.

The same short sighted policy may often be observed among other shopkeepers, who seem to have no idea of fixing constant customers but merely that of momentary pillage. The great advantages of the year are always sacrificed to the trifling depredation of the day.

The most beautiful sculpture in the palace of the Luxembourg is by Julien, a living artist and member of the Institute. This enchanting statue was executed for the dairy of Rambouillet, and represents a nymph sitting on a rock, while a goat feeds by her. She is about to bathe, and has one foot in the water, when she suddenly hears a noise; her modesty is alarmed and she tries to cover her charms. The idea and execution are alike excellent, but the goat does not strike as natural, as it is too sharp and thin in the body. With this defect, which is rivalled by the coarse and ugly cupid, and a dolphin, by the side of the Venus de Medici, this statue might pass as a model of the perfection of modern art; and I have heard enlightened foreigners of both sexes prefer this statue to the renowned Venus, as being of equal beauty, and at the same time more interesting and expressive.

THAT *Bell's* an angel all confess:

An angel I agree her:

That she's a *devil* is prov'd by this,

She *tempts* all men who see her.

No wonder then our hearts we find

Subdued, do all we can;

Since Heaven and Hell are both combined

Against poor mortal man.

THAT Paul's a good doctor, in spite of your gibes,
 My friends, I shall ever maintain;
 For we know all the patients for whom he prescribes,
 He quickly puts out of their pain.

THE famed *Essays on Man* in this agree,
 That so things are, and, therefore, so should be:
 The proof inverted would be stronger far,
 So they should be, and, therefore, so they are.

THE Vicar of — was very unwilling to permit any stranger to preach for him, and did absolutely, on occasion, refuse his pulpit. He said if the gentleman preaches better than I, my parishoners may not relish me so well afterwards, and if worse, he is not fit to preach at all.

IT is a custom to bind a thread on one's finger for the sake of remembering any thing. This is a very ancient practice; for we read, Deuteronomy, 6. 8, "and thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."

WHEN the instrument now coming into use is called a *Mandarin*, we are led to think it to be something used by the Chinese noblemen; but the true pronunciation is *Mandolin*; it has no sort of connexion with China, but is an Italian instrument or *citara*, and the correct way of writing and pronouncing the word is *Mandola*, which in Altieri's Dictionary is translated *citern*, a word exceedingly familiar in our old comedies. *Mandola* signifies in Italian an *almond*, which shews that it takes its name from its umbilical form.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE argument against anxiety" fails both upon physical and moral ground. Dr. Johnson himself could not maintain the affirmative. A pleasant poet has said more on the subject, than all the philosophers.

Care's an obtrusive, harsh physician,
 Who visits folks of high condition,
 And doses them with bitters;
 Claps caustics on the tenderest sores,
 And wont be turn'd from great men's doors,
 By footmen, or beefeaters.

Some, to avoid this frantic pest,
 Sail to the north, south, east, or west,
 Alas! Care travels brisker.
 Light as a squirrel he can skip
 On board a ninety-four gun ship
 And tweak an admiral's whisker.

"A Native American" writes in a style truly characteristic. This poor *native* is most wofully in love with an *Indian* gypsy, or some other *American animal*, whom he chuses to call "Cara." Like the *Done over Taylor*, in the popular ballad, he is in a most pitious plight.

The first time he saw her,
 In silks drest so gaily,
 He fell into fits,
 And they follow him daily.

Nor is this all. He chooses to *sing out* his passion, and, to the annoyance of our ears, makes a prodigious pother of poetry, and tinkles terribly on his *wooden* lyre. As for this verse *man's* rhymes, they are exactly on a level with the ensuing charming couplet of genuine Grubstreet extraction.

As I was a walking through Winchester fields,
 I trod on a furze bush that tripp'd up my heels.

His second specimen of *native* genius reminds us of a stanza in our chambermaid's favourite ballad,

Who is that at our door?
 All shivering and shaking;
 'Tis I, the Duke of Nottingham,
 O, Polly, are you waking?

and his bathos and anticlimax recall to remembrance that sublime stanza,

The princess stept by chance into the mire—
 And dried her stockings at the kitchen fire.

We advise this *native* to repair to his *native* woods, and there, with other *wild creatures*, yell out his *pains*, at *pleasure*.

ORATION ON MASONRY,

DELIVERED AT

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA,

ON ST. JOHN'S DAY, JUNE 24, 1811,

**BY JAMES MILNOR, ESQUIRE,
GRAND MASTER.**

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

**AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCESSION, AND OF THE CEREMONIES
ATTENDING THE CONSECRATION AND DEDICATION OF**

THE NEW MASONIC HALL.

MASONIC CELEBRATION

ON

ST. JOHN'S DAY, JUNE 24th, 1811.

MONDAY the 24th June, instant, being the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, was celebrated by the numerous and respectable Society of Ancient York Masons of this place, with unprecedented elegance and splendour. At 8 o'clock in the morning the Brethren of all the City Lodges, together with a considerable number belonging to other Lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and the Grand Lodges of our sister states, (amongst the latter of whom were the Grand Officers of New-Jersey and Maryland) assembled at the Old College in Fourth-street, where a Procession was formed, which proceeded to St. John's Church in Race-street, in the following order:

TWO TRUMPETS.

Tyler with drawn sword,

Industry Lodge, No. 131, in the following order, viz.

Masters of Ceremonies, with drawn swords,

Entered Apprentices, two and two,

Fellow Crafts, two and two,

Master Masons, two and two,

Past Masters, two and two,

Deacons with their wands, blue tipt with white,

Secretary and Treasurer,

Wardens of the Lodge, bearing their columns,

Master of the Lodge, carrying his mallet,

A

On the flank of the Lodge, one of the members of the Lodge, acting as marshal of his own Lodge in the Procession, and bearing a blue wand tipt with silver.

Phoenix Lodge, No. 130, in the same order.

Temple Lodge, No. 128, in the same order.

Philanthropy Lodge, No. 127, in the same order.

Rising Star Lodge, No. 126, in the same order.

Herman's Lodge, No. 125, (a German Lodge) in the same order.

Union Lodge, No. 121, in the same order.

St. John's Lodge, No. 115, in the same order.

Solomon's Lodge, No. 114, in the same order.

Columbia Lodge, No. 91, in the same order.

Lodge Aménité, No. 73, (a French Lodge) in the same order.

Philadelphia Lodge, No. 72, in the same order.

Orange Lodge, No. 71, in the same order.

Concordia Lodge, No. 67, in the same order.

Washington Lodge, No. 59, in the same order.

Harmony Lodge, No. 52, in the same order.

Lodge No. 51, in the same order.

Lodge No. 19, in the same order.

Lodge No. 9, in the same order.

Lodge No. 3, in the same order.

Lodge No. 2, in the same order.

The above are the Lodges held in the City; Lodges from the country joined in the Procession, according to juniority.

After the senior Lodge, the Brethren, not united by membership to any Lodge, and also the Brethren, members of Lodges under other jurisdictions, two and two.

Music, composed of two military bands.

Grand Lodge in the following order, viz,

Grand Tyler, with drawn Sword,

Members of the building Committee, carrying the key of the New Hall,

Banner of Free Mason's arms, borne by a Past Master,

Twelve Past Masters, two and two, bearing white wands,

Architect, carrying the square, level, and plumb rule, with the book of Architecture,

Trustees of the Masonic Loan, two and two,
 Four Past Masters, carrying the Lodge covered with white Satin,
 Two Past Masters, carrying golden pitchers, containing oil and
 wine,

A past Master, carrying a golden cornucopiæ, containing corn,
 The Third Light, borne by a Past Master,
 Past Grand Wardens,

The Second Light, borne by a Past Master,
 Past Deputy Grand Masters,

The First Light, borne by a Past Master,
 Past Grand Masters,

A Past Master, carrying the Holy Bible, square and compass, on
 a crimson velvet cushion, supported by two Past Masters,

Grand Chaplains,

Deputy Grand Secretary, carrying the Book of Minutes,

Grand Secretary, carrying the bag and book of constitutions, and
 Grand Treasurer carrying his Staff,

Grand Wardens, bearing their columns,

Grand Officers of our sister Grand Lodges,

Deputy Grand Master,

Grand Sword Bearer, carrying the Sword of state, and Past
 Master carrying the golden mallet,

GRAND MASTER,

Two Grand Deacons with wands, silvered, and tipt with gold,
 Grand Pursuivant, with drawn Sword,

Two Marshals, on Horseback, on the Flanks of the Procession,
 superintended the Marshals of the subordinate Lodges and
 the whole line of the Procession, carrying Blue Truncheons,
 tipt with gold.

The front of the procession having arrived at the church, the
 Brethren halted, faced inwards and opened their ranks. The
 Grand Lodge with the R. W. Grand Master at their head, moved
 forward through the ranks, the Brethren uncovered as the Grand
 Lodge passed them, closed their ranks from the rear, and fol-
 lowed the Grand Lodge into the Church, where an Oration,
 adapted to the occasion, was delivered by the R. W. Grand Mas-
 ter, accompanied with Prayers, Thanksgiving and Solemn Music,
 in the following order, to wit:

On the entrance of the Procession, VOLUNTARY on the organ,
by Brother R. Taylor.

GRAND CHORUS,

Written by Brother John Nesbit, P. M. of Lodge No. 126,
composed by Brother R. Taylor.

SUNG BY THE CHOIR.

RAISE, raise the choral strain,
To hail the noble train,
Of Masons bright;
Lo! where the social band!
Honoured with high command,
Still firm in Wisdom stand,
Hail Chiefs of Light!

PRAYER,

By the reverend Brother George Richards, Grand Chaplain.

MASONIC HYMN,

Composed by Brother R. Taylor.

SUNG BY THE CHOIR.

Supreme Grand Master! most sublime!
High thron'd in glory's radiant clime;
Behold thy sons on bended knee,
Conven'd, O God! to worship Thee!

And as 'tis Thine, with open ear,
Thè suppliant voice of Prayer to hear,
Grant thou, O Lord! this one request,
Let Masons be, in blessing, blest.

O give the Craft, from pole to pole,
The feeling heart, the pitying soul,
The gen'rous breast, the lib'ral hand,
Compassion's balm, and Mercy's band.

With Charity that pours around,
 The wine and oil, on Mis'ry's wound;
 And heals the Widow's, Orphan's heart,
 Deep pierc'd by Sorrow's venom'd dart.

Then to thy throne, the Craft shall raise
 One deathless song of grateful praise;
 And Masons, men, in chorus join,
 To hymn the pow'r of Love divine.

That Love supreme, thy Love, O God!
 Which Heav'n itself shall pour abroad;
 Till Light, Life, Peace, adorn the vale,
 And Angels, men, pronounce—all hail!

ORATION ON MASONRY,

By Brother James Milnor, Esq. R. W. Grand Master.

MASONIC HYMN,

Written by brother Joseph Clay, P. M. No. 3, composed by
 Brother Carr, sung by Brother Nesbit.

CHORUS BY THE CHOIR.

Before revolving years began,
 The whole Creation's glorious plan,
 Almighty wisdom laid;
 But, till the appointed time should pass,
 A void, deform'd, chaotic mass,
 The Universe was made.

Nor yet had dawn'd the sacred light,
 But o'er the world, primeval night
 Held undivided sway:
 "Let there be light," the ALMIGHTY spoke—
 As the first beam through Chaos broke,
 He bless'd the heavenly ray.

Then starting from Confusion's bed,
 Young Order heav'd his beauteous head,
 And the first Day-Spring hail'd:

'Twas then the rosy Hours were born,
That blushing, led the orient Morn,
And Nature's face unveil'd.

Then, first, the teeming Earth appear'd;
Then, first, the heavenly Vault was rear'd,
And fill'd with Glory's blaze;
On high the *Ruling Lights* were hung,
While Angel to Archangel sung,
The ALMIGHTY MASTER's praise.

His *Wisdom* saw that all was good;
Beauty with *Strength* united stood,
In Harmony combin'd.
The gloomy reign of Night was o'er,
Hoarse Discord's voice was heard no more,
Disorder stood confin'd.

'Twas thus, the Human Race remain'd
In hopeless bonds, by Passion chain'd,
To Ignorance and Guilt;
Till, after many a rolling age,
When the WISE KING, and TYRIAN SAGE,
The HOLY TEMPLE built.

Then intellectual darkness ceas'd—
Majestic, in the kindling *East*,
The Sun of Masons shone;
Thence to the *West* the *Light* he shed;
To us the bright effulgence spread,
To Masons only known.

THOU, who did'st into being call,
Yon rolling orbs, this earthly ball,
Thou bad'st THY LIGHT to shine:
For THIS—for ALL thy mercies LORD!
But chiefly for thy HOLY WORD,
Eternal praise be thine.



PRAYER,

By the Rev. Brother Doctor William Rogers, Grand Chaplain.

133d PSALM, BY THE CHOIR.

1. Lo, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree;
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!
3. 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
4. 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

BENEDICTION,

By the Rev. Brother Dr. Rogers.

The Society were honoured with the attendance at the Church of the Honourable Judges of the several Courts, the Attorney General of the State, the Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen of the city, the Reverend Clergy of various denominations, and the Directors of the Academy of the Fine Arts, together with many other respectable characters, and a brilliant assemblage of Ladies.

After the services were concluded, the procession was again taken up in the same order, and proceeded from the Church, along the South side of Race to Fourth-street, along the East side of Fourth to Arch-street, along the South side of Arch to Third-street, along the East side of Third to Chesnut-street, and along the South side of Chesnut-street to the New Hall. The front of the procession having arrived at the New Hall, the Brethren halted, faced inwards and opened their ranks as before. The members of the Building Committee, carrying the Key,

moved on to the front door of the New Hall, unlocked and opened the same on the approach of the R. W. Grand Master. The R. W. Grand Master, preceded by the Grand Banner Bearer, Grand Pursuivant, and Grand Deacons, followed in the first place by the Grand Lodge, in the second place by all the Masters of the Lodges (who left their Lodges as the Grand Lodge passed by them, and fell in immediately after the Grand Lodge according to seniority,) and in the third place, by the remainder of the procession, closing from the rear, thereupon entered the New Hall, in ancient and solemn form.

On the Grand Master's reaching Solomon's Chair, the officers and members took their seats. The Lodge was then placed in the centre of the Hall, and the three lights, with the Golden Cornucopiæ, and Pitchers, containing Wine and Oil, were placed thereon. The Bible, Square, and Compasses, on a crimson velvet cushion, were placed on the Grand Master's Pedestal, and the Grand Lodge was tyled.

The Lodge was then uncovered, and Grand Lodge opened in ample form, when an impressive prayer was offered up by the Rev. Brother William Rogers, D. D. one of the Grand Chaplains.

The Grand Secretary intimated to the R. W. Grand Master, the architect's desire to return the implements entrusted to his care in the erecting of the Hall; whereupon Brother Darrah, the architect, addressed the Grand Master, who expressed his high satisfaction at the completion of the Hall, and commanded the Grand Wardens to receive back the implements, which was complied with, and they were laid on the Lodge.

The Grand Secretary then informed the Grand Master, that it was the desire of the Brethren, to have the Hall Dedicated to the *GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE* and to *MASONRY*. The Grand Master thereupon commanded his Grand Officers, and requested the favour of the R. W. Grand Masters of the R. W. Grand Lodges of New Jersey, and Maryland, and of his Venerable Predecessors the R. W. Past Grand Masters of Pennsylvania to assist in that solemn ceremony.

A DEDICATION PRAYER,

Was then offered up by the Rev. Brother George Richards, D. D. one of the Grand Chaplains.

The Grand Officers then made a procession round the Lodge three different times, at the end of which the Grand Master strewing CORN over the Lodge, declared in solemn form, the Hall dedicated TO THE GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE, and to MASONRY, which being proclaimed by the Grand Secretary, the Grand Honours were given. The Grand Officers again made a procession round the Lodge three different times, at the end of which the Grand Master pouring WINE over the Lodge, declared in solemn form, the Hall dedicated TO VIRTUE AND SCIENCE, which being proclaimed by the Grand Secretary, the Grand Honours were given as before. The Grand Officers again made a procession round the Lodge three different times, at the end of which the Grand Master pouring OIL on the Lodge in solemn form, declared the Hall dedicated TO UNIVERSAL CHARITY AND BENEVOLENCE, which being proclaimed by the Grand Secretary, the Grand Honours were given as before.

A CONSECRATION PRAYER,

Was then offered up by the Rev. Brother Richards, and the Grand Master returned to Solomon's Chair.

The Thanks of the Grand Lodge were unanimously voted to the Building Committee, for their care and attention in superintending the erection of the Hall:—to the R. W. the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodges of New-Jersey, and Maryland, for their assistance in the ceremonies of the day:—to the Committee of arrangement, and the Committee which attended at the Church, for the services by them rendered:—to the Trustees of St. John's Church for the use of their Church obligingly granted to the Grand Lodge:—to the Ladies and Gentlemen composing the Choir, and to all who assisted in the vocal and instrumental performances at Church:—and also, to the Gentlemen compo-

sing the Musical Bands, attached to Captains Fotherall's and Rush's Companies for the services by them gratuitously rendered.

The Grand Lodge was then closed, and the Brethren repaired to the various places of refreshment previously arranged.

The Grand Lodge with the Grand Officers of New-Jersey and Maryland, a number of other respectable visitors, and about two hundred of the Brethren sat down at five o'clock in the afternoon, to a banquet provided in the New Hall, and at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, the company separated in the utmost harmony and good order.

The impressive solemnities of the day were interrupted by no unpleasant occurrence. As large a concourse of spectators as were ever assembled on a public occasion, conducted themselves with the greatest propriety and decorum, and the display made by the Craft (about eight hundred in number) far excelled in beauty and order, any former exhibition of a similar kind.

ORATION.

THE connexion of the institution of Free Masonry with the mechanic arts, and more particularly with that of architecture, has frequently occasioned the agency of its members to be solicited, in the conduct of ceremonies used at the commencement and completion of public structures. In Europe, much of the pomp and solemnity exhibited on such occasions, has been derived from this society, which has always manifested a becoming promptitude and zeal, as well in the encouragement of works of art calculated to embellish the places of their erection, as of the scientific, moral, religious or beneficent objects of the institutions, to which they appertain.

The solemn dedication of their own lodges, it has immemorially been the usage of masons, to accompany with the most impressive evidences of the serious and instructive nature of their institution. Public exhibitions of the badges and implements of their order, neither are, nor ought to be eagerly sought; but it has been conceived due to the interesting event of a successful completion of a great and arduous undertaking,

that none of the accustomed rites of our ancient and honourable society should on this occasion be neglected.

The determination of the Grand Lodge has been followed by one painful circumstance to him, who has now the honour of addressing this respectable and crowded audience. He has been constrained by his official station and the solicitations of the brethren, to assume a duty of a novel and embarrassing nature, from which, had obedience and respect permitted, he would gladly have retired. On the united indulgence of his brethren and his fellow citizens he depends, for a favourable reception of a few unadorned reflections, and imperfect elucidations, of the antiquity, nature, and design of the oldest institution at this time existing in the known world, followed by a few counsels to our members, arising out of the subject, and the auspicious solemnities of the day.

On the point of our antiquity, there is no division of sentiment, either amongst the members of our fraternity, or others who have been at the pains of investigating the subject. Some, however, would carry back our annals not only to the remote ages of the world, but to the origin of the world itself; in which respect they are only so far incorrect, as to claim for the ceremonials of the masonic system, an antiquity which belongs more certainly to the principles on which it is founded.

Those principles have their unquestioned source in the pure and immaculate mind of the Almighty Architect; and his beneficence to the human race in their implantation in the mind of man, is forever a subject of humble gratitude in the mind of every faithful Mason.

To this divine fountain of light and knowledge, were the first framers of our inestimable order indebted, for the means of so settling its foundations, and raising its goodly superstructure, as to render it impregnable to every attack hostile or insidious, that has ever been aimed at its existence. While, however, we do not claim for the order, in a form similar to what we see it now assume, a birth coeval with creation; yet its rudiments are to be found in the earliest efforts of mankind in the art of building, and more particularly in some of those stupendous monuments of art, which sacred history informs us occupied the industry of man in the first ages of the world. *Operative* masonry preceded that which we term *spiritual*, or sometimes, though incorrectly, *speculative*. Associations in the labours of a handicraft occupation, produced an intimate union of its followers in the interests connected with their pursuits in life. These led to an extension of the objects of their union, beyond the views of those with whom it commenced. The narrow limits of a contracted professional intercourse were soon disregarded. Members of the other mechanical branches of human industry were admitted into fellowship, the ties of mutual friendship were strengthened, and the general interests of architecture and the other useful arts were advanced by a combination of all the talents and exertions of their numerous professors. A yet more liberal extension of the benefits of this social fraternity at length succeeded. The institution no longer excluded from its meetings, the votaries of science, the teachers of religion, the cultivators of philosophy. Under the disposing hand of Providence, a measure, at first of

apparently the most confined tendency, eventuated in the establishment of a confederacy of the wise and good of all nations; engaged them in the most laudable objects of emulation, without distinction of sect or name; and gave promise of a duration to this work as permanent as the globe itself.

I do not contemplate a profound investigation of the various circumstances attending the formation and progress of this magnificent plan. Many of them, like other remote historical transactions, lie buried in the gloom of obscurity; some are illumined by a doubtful light; and others can only be commented upon within the hallowed walls of the lodge itself. One fact, however, is handed down to us by evidence which we deem indisputable. It is our well grounded boast, that although Masonry did not originate with, yet is it indebted to Solomon, the wisest of men, for some of its most essential embellishments, and characteristic securities against decay.

From the days in which he was engaged, in complying with the high behests of Almighty wisdom, by the erection of a sublime temple, to the glory of the King of Universal Nature, exhibiting a display of unrivalled taste and skill in architectural grandeur and magnificence, a faithful tradition has transmitted to us imperishable memorials of his assiduity in the promotion of the royal art. Through a long line of distinguished professors, the utmost reverence has been maintained for this dignified and renowned Grand Master, whose superior wisdom, as evinced by the sacred records, is with us still further established, by the permanent advantages secured by him to the inde-

structible fabric of the Lodge. His temple, the product of so much wisdom and labour, has in the fulfilment of divine volition fallen into ruins. Reared a second time, it has long since been overtaken by destruction; but the Temple of Masonry still endures. It has withstood the waste of ages, and continues to look without the indulgence of a single fear for its own safety, at the gradual decline, or more rapid overthrow, of the various other monuments of man's wisdom and industry, from time to time laid prostrate around it.

Shall we be considered as vainglorious, when we insist, that strong antidotes against the fell destroyer, to which other associations have fallen victims, are possessed by the votaries of this august edifice, or will we be accused of presumption, in considering it as singularly protected by the guardianship of that Omniscient Providence, without whose divine permission not even a sparrow falls.

It would be a matter of interest and amusement, to deduce the history of Masonry from the times already spoken of, through a succession of after ages; to point out its extensive ramifications through the different parts of the civilized world; to exhibit the manner in which its useful purposes have been accomplished under all the disparities and contentions of nations, sects and parties; to evince its powerful influence at various times in softening the passions of men; in assuaging the horrors of war; and in rescuing the helpless sons of poverty and misfortune, from the miseries of sickness and distress. A still more lively feeling of interest and pleasure would be created, by confining our view to the land of our forefathers, from which our original authority

for carrying on the work of the craft was derived, and with whom, as an independent body, we continue to maintain the most amicable intercourse.

There we should witness its existence under the dominion of a Cæsar; its subsequent propagation by the celebrated St. Alban, who died a martyr to the Christian faith; its zealous protection by the enlightened Alfred and his grandson Athelstan; the personal superintendence of the craft by king Edwin, by whom the first grand constitution at York was framed; its subsequent patronage by successive sovereigns, and ardent pursuit by men whose names are an honour to the page of history, and whose talents and virtues were the boast of the times in which they lived. Would time permit to take such a view, we should see, on the one hand, the splendours of royalty and nobility encircling the first offices of the institution, while on the other, we would perceive their effulgence dimmed by the brighter rays of Genius and Science, emitted by a Locke and many other shining and distinguished luminaries, whose coruscations have at various times illumined the inner vail of the temple.

The transition to our own hemisphere would be still more exhilarating; because the sentiments of patriotism would be added to the love of the craft, and our feelings, both as citizens and masons, would be gratified by dwelling on a host of American worthies, whose memories are endeared to us, by a recollection of their merits in the field and in the cabinet; men who evinced a successful union of sublime and undeviating attachment to the liberties and happiness of their country, with a sedulous attention to all the duties arising out of their relation to the craft.

Averse as is the genius of our order from scenes of war and carnage, we should see her accompanying the patriot soldiers of our revolution to the ensanguined field of battle. Her gentle accents persuading to deeds of humanity were heard amid the din of arms and the clangour of the loud swelling trumpet. The leaders of our armies performed the duties of the Lodge in the midst of the hurrying engagements of the camp. Congenial minds found gratification in the exchanges of fraternal confidence. Relief was ever ready for a brother's wants, and even a yielding enemy found succour, not forbidden by the laws of war, in a recognizing brother's arms.

In one of the memorable occurrences of those eventful times, the warrant of a British Military Lodge fell into the hands of the American army. The generosity of a patriot and a mason instantly restored it; accompanied by a letter of the following import:

“When the ambition of monarchs or the jarring interests of contending states call forth their subjects to war, as masons, we are disarmed of that resentment, which stimulates to undistinguished desolation, and however our political sentiments may impel us in the public dispute, we are still brethren, and (our professional duty apart) ought to promote the happiness, and advance the weal of each other. Accept, therefore, at the hands of a brother, the constitution of the “Lodge Unity, No. 18,” held in the seventeenth British regiment, which your late misfortunes have put in my power to restore to you.”

Our valued countryman and brother, general Parsons, tarnished none of his laurels by this fraternal and gentlemanly action.

If, after carrying back our grateful recollections to the times just referred to, we had leisure to proceed to the enumeration of our eminent American brethren, first on the bright roll of Masonic fame would stand forth, in majestic preeminence, our glorious WASHINGTON. Ah! lamented brother! for we dare to greet thy memory by that endearing appellation, thou knewest how to value the association which thy engaging presence so often graced. Dazzled not with the gewgaws of titles and distinctions, thy consummate wisdom could rightly appreciate the honours of the Lodge. The recorded evidences of thy warm attachment to the brethren, they will treasure as the jewels of their order; the precepts thou hast left, them, will remain engraven on the tablets of their hearts; and thy sainted memory shall live forever, in the bosoms of the faithful and upright.

The venerable sage, whose philosophic mind held converse with the heavenly bodies, while the best affections of his heart were engaged in the promotion of the welfare of mankind, would conspicuously shine as one of the great lights of our temple. The illustrious FRANKLIN, added to his other merits, an unremitted attention to the requirements of masonry, and in the exercise of the highest offices of the craft, zealously inculcated its inestimable benefits.

The bold defender of the liberties of America, the brave, the unfortunate WARREN, who met his resistless fate at the dawn of his country's independence, was ranked as a distinguished Grand Master of this society. The gratitude of his brethren has rescued his remains from the obscurity of an unmonumented

grave. They have erected to his memory an evidence of their love, just to the virtues of his character, and honourable to themselves.

How long shall it be told, to the disgrace of a great and flourishing people, indebted under God, in a great degree, for their happiness and prosperity to the unparalleled efforts of our lamented WASHINGTON, that though he sacrificed domestic comfort and tranquillity and all his best enjoyments, to acquire for them freedom and independence, with listless indifference, they can let his dear remains moulder in the private tomb of his family, without one solitary public evidence of a nation's gratitude and love!

Pardon this digression my friends. This is no place, nor is it my proud aim to wake a slumbering people's ear by my accusing voice; but I have a right to say to you, my brethren of the fraternity, to whom he was so affectionately allied, that although you may not be able to raise imposing columns, and soaring monumental trophies, worthy of his exalted merits, yet does the sweet and animating hope warm this breast, that the example of your eastern brethren, will not be disregarded. They have honoured themselves in honouring the manes of the gallant WARREN. Is the moment far distant, when you shall achieve a greater object, in being the earliest to testify your love to the man "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," to which we may add, pre-eminently first, in the affections of his bereaved brethren?

We have not time to finish the catalogue of deceased heroes and patriots, whose names adorn the records of

Masonry in our land, nor will we detain you by pointing you to the pillars, by which the august dome of the Masonic edifice is now sustained throughout the United States. Let us employ a few moments in pursuing our cursory review of the nature and design of a society which has in so extraordinary a manner, engaged the affections of many of the wisest and best men in all ages of the world.

I have adverted to the manner in which this society first took its rise. It grew out of apparently obvious causes. The principle of association is grounded in the nature of man. From his origin, solitude has been averse from his inclinations and his habits. In the society of his fellow man alone, he finds an opportunity for the exercise of the best qualities with which he has been endowed by his Creator; and he is therefore prompted to seek it by motives, that have only yielded in some unhappy instances to the bias of misanthropy or the errors of superstition.

Frequently, however, the indulgence of this natural and commendable propensity, has been alloyed by many inconveniences. Mischievous objects in their framers, the use of bad means for the attainment of laudable ends, the perversion of the original design of their formation, contracted principles of exclusion, on the score of a want of perfect coincidence with settled creeds and opinions, and an illiberal want of regard to the fair and honest sentiments of others, have given a short lived existence to many an undertaking in spite of every boasted attempt at the enlistment of popular feeling in its favour.

It is not meant to condemn the union of individuals for purposes of a less general kind. Limited as are the objects of many of these connexions, they are in themselves useful, and are the links by which the great chain of human society is united and maintained. But Masonry does not arrogate too much, when she professes to combine all the advantages and to avoid many of the evils, to which establishments of a more confined nature are exposed. Her arms encircle the habitable globe. She disdains proselytism, but she opens the portals of her sacred asylum, to all who seek admission, with the recommendation of a character unspotted by immorality and vice. Leaving to the great searcher of hearts the awful charge of trying the consciences of men, she enquires not whether the candidate for her favours be of Paul or Apollos or Cephas. She requires only his assent to those great principles of unerring truth, those infallible doctrines for the government of life, which are written by the finger of God on the heart of man. Let not however, this liberal acknowledgment be misunderstood, so as to subject us to mistaken censure and reproach. Imagine not that Christian Masons are insensible to the blessings of the divine system, which the Saviour of Men has propounded, for the exercise of their faith, and the regulation of their lives. Their solemn rites, the sanctions of their Masonic fidelity, the orisons which they unite in addressing to the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe, have all a reference to, and dependence upon the inestimable volumes of revelation, by which the precepts of natural religion are so intelligibly explained and so awfully enforced. The universality of our great scheme embraces the benevolent and good

wherever they are found; but greatly must its objects be perverted, when in a Christian land, it becomes the encourager of scepticism and infidelity. Such however, has been the accusation of a Barruel, and a Robinson. Their motives and their learning we can duly appreciate, but we solemnly believe, they have cast an imputation upon our society, which it does not merit. The evidences of our belief on this head, we cannot in this place fully detail. Suffice it to observe, that to all Masons, the facts relied on by these writers, are the best evidence of the falsehood of the charge. They know that the very forms pursued, as it is said, in the orgies of those midnight conspirators against the peace of society, no less than the diabolical views of their association, belong not to the practice of legitimate masonry, are incapable of admixture with it. In the too general depravation of morals, prevalent throughout the European world, which has convulsed it to its centre, that some individuals, honoured with the badges of our order, have so far disgraced them as to lend their aid in the work of destruction, is more than probable; that sacrilegious profanations and perversions of some of our rites, may by such have been attempted is also possible; but that the regularly constituted Lodges of Masons have engaged in these nefarious schemes, will only be believed by the prejudiced and uncandid.

The equality recognized in our assemblies, is of a more rational kind than to invite to visionary schemes for levelling the distinctions established in society, or depriving those of honors, on whom the community has thought to fit to bestow them. To excel in virtue and in a knowledge of the Royal art, are the recommenda-

tions, which, without regard to his condition as to rank or property, should alone entitle to the honours of the Lodge. But it would be derogatory to the character of Masonry, were it for a moment to be considered as depriving any of its members of the respect due to their various stations in life. It would indirectly at least, infringe upon a settled rule of our order to which the preceding observations naturally lead. For next to reverence towards the Supreme Being, and respect for the religion of his country, the most early and important lesson impressed upon the mind of a mason, is submission to its government and laws. As the contentions of theological discussion are banished from our meetings, so are all the distractions of political strife. As men, we cleave to that religious faith, which our reason and conscience enjoin. As citizens, we adhere to those political principles and pursuits, which our best judgments have adopted. The ever varying opinions of mankind on these subjects, will never be reconciled. Masonry does not attempt it; but she invites her votaries to the indulgence of mutual candour and forbearance. She restricts not the independent enjoyment and exercise of civil and religious privileges, as personal predilection or our several stations in the community require, but she sedulously tyles the doors of her hallowed sanctuary, against the intrusion of every thing calculated to disturb the unruffled peace and harmony of its transactions. The strong wall of partition erected by our great Master Builders, between the mild and peaceful employments of this abode of charity and love, and the discord and contentions which agitate and distract the world, has hitherto stood firm and immoveable.

The towers of strength, which surmount its elevated height; are our sure defence against external force. The truth and honour of virtuous and upright minds, are our internal security against all attempts, to overthrow or weaken the grand bulwarks of our confidence and safety.

The remarks already made, are sufficient to show the evils, against whose introduction the Lodge is on its guard. But many an inquisitive mind has already within itself, proposed the question. If thus you exclude the favourite topics of the day; if the amiable aspect of religion is not permitted to be seared among you, by vain attempts to make her such, as each one's fancy would desire; if the modes and forms of civil government, and the political conduct of rulers, claim none of your attention; if even the alluring occupation of personal scandal be banished from your meetings, how do you amuse the passing hour? What are the employments that thus fasten on the affections of your members, and continue, in prosperous succession, your multiplied associations through the world?

The inquiry cannot be fully answered in this place. A mystic veil of secrecy enshrouds the Lodge, which no effort of man dare attempt to rend. The bond of our union is sealed with those impressive and irrevocable sanctions, whose force no lapse of time, no occurring circumstance can ever destroy. The laboured attempts of curiosity to gain an unwarrantable knowledge of the mysteries of Masonry, have never yet been partially successful. An acquaintance with the craft, through the proper medium of access, has satisfied many an incredulous noviciate, how impracticable is every exer-

tion to become possessed of the benefits of the institution, in any other way, than that which immemorial usage has prescribed. But although the mysterious operations of the interior of our temple, are thus concealed from the uninitiated, we are at liberty to reiterate the declaration, that they involve not the most indirect infraction of the laws of God, or of our country; that they strengthen, not impair, all our obligations and duties towards the Supreme Being, our families, the community in which we live, and the world of mankind.

The assurance just advanced produces another inquiry. If our employments be thus innocent, why invest them with an impenetrable cloud of obscurity and concealment? It is our means of security against the sure destruction, that has awaited all the other establishments of man; the most important pledge for the continuance of our usefulness.

Communicated to all, the value of our mysteries would be mistakenly appreciated by many, and strange as the assertion may seem, it would really diminish, while it seemed to enlarge our sphere of practical benevolence. The commonness of the good, however estimable, would rob it of its attraction. The force of individual motive would be destroyed; and instead of those peculiar incentives, that now so powerfully influence the feelings of Masons, in favour of each other, all would be confounded and lost in the ever fluctuating opinions, and fashions, and follies of the world. The universal language by which Brother now recognizes Brother, whatever clime may have given him birth, must cease to exist. The privacy of our appeals to the humanity of each other, now attended with no prostra-

tion of personal feeling or manly sentiment, must also vanish, and an invidious crowd must witness alms solicited with timidity, and bestowed with reluctance, as of favour, not of right. Our distressed and unfortunate brethren, if not irreclaimably vicious, under the present admirable constitutions of our order, have little occasion for the language of solicitation. Their connexion with the fraternity entitles to claim, were it necessary, what it is our happiness in general to see spontaneously afforded.

This is an office of the Lodge, that I may speak of as its most delicious employment. Its exercise is the means of greater personal delight, than all the other engagements of the craft combined.

Oh! Charity! Thou first of Christian graces! How resplendent is thy lustre in the bosom of the Lodge! Here let the faithful suffering brother divulge his misfortunes and his wrongs. No matter though a frowning world has crushed him to the dust. No matter though un pitying friends have passed him heedless by—here shall he find a balsam for his wounds, a cordial to assuage the sufferings of an agonized mind.

The godlike offices of Charity amongst Masons know not intermission. Within the enclosures of the Masonic temple, she is ever present, prompting her obedient votaries to deeds of kindness and of love. She wipes the tears from Sorrow's weeping eye, restores the fading blush of Health to the wo-worn cheek, and gives the welcome of Friendship to the wandering child of Poverty and Distress. Does she hear the faint whisper of complaint, the distant wailings of misery and wo? At her bidding, the messengers of consolation and relief fly forth with winged speed. Ah! widowed

mourner! Ah! fatherless victim of wretchedness and want! you are ready to attest the alacrity and sufficiency of the relief afforded by your husband's—by your father's friends. You bless the hour, which bestowed on him the franchise of the Lodge. It was in the days of his prosperity; before the billows of adverse fortune were even seen rolling at a distance; ere one cloud of fearful apprehension had risen into view. He joined the band of brethren, to become the minister of good to others. Little did he foresee this unlooked-for reverse, which has made the bounty he intended to relieve the wants of strangers, the means of rescuing his own innocent helpless family from the depths of wretchedness and despair. If his ascended spirit possesses a knowledge of this world's doings, how will it exult in a view of the grateful services, to which a recollection of his virtues is now inciting his associates and friends; of the peaceful asylum which he has unconsciously prepared for the loved objects of his heart's affections!

The dispensation of relief by this Society, is qualified by but one restriction, while the sphere of its extension is most benevolently enlarged, by disregarding several to which common charities are subjected. The indiscriminate lavisher of pecuniary grants, is often unactuated by generosity of feeling, or the desire of doing good. He throws away his money, with equal indifference and folly, upon suffering merit or upon the worthless and undeserving; because inquiry into the justice of the petition, would intrude upon his leisure, or the lamentations of misery are unwelcome to his ears. His carelessness makes him often the minister of vice, the prompter of dissipation, the encourager of the profligate in his downward course to ruin and destruc-

tion. His motive, if he has any, will scarcely apologize for the crime of adding fuel to the flame which is consuming the wretched slave of intemperance and excess. Not so the Lodge. While her rules prescribe a patient hearing to the tale of sorrow, she applies a guard against the impositions of affected grief. While she anticipates with anxious solicitude the complaints of meritorious poverty, she refuses to administer to the lusts and passions of men. Not meanly fastidious, not unkindly slow and dilatory, not anxiously seeking an excuse for withholding the required boon, she, nevertheless, by her regular and well known plan of inquiry prevents the treasury of the virtuous and good, from being wasted upon the idle and the wicked. She thus proposes a new incentive to the increase of her fund of beneficence by the certainty of its being suitably and worthily applied. She affords no reason for the dissolute and vile to pursue their course, under the degrading expectation, that when their resources are exhausted, they may find necessities of their own creation, relieved by means laid up only for the pitiable sufferings of the children of misfortune. Thus far the restriction of Masonic Charity.

In other respects, the benefactions of the Lodge are extended beyond the usual limit. Pecuniary grants are but one means of administering to the wants of the distressed. An upholding hand, a friendly word of admonition, a soothing encouragement of drooping spirits, a right direction to dispositions for application and industry, the formation of plans of useful employment, and assisting in their accomplishment, these often prove more really useful than largesses of money. Masonry inculcates upon every distributor of her bounties, to be

singularly attentive in appropriately dispensing these grateful services. Many a delicate and ingenuous mind has been rendered happy by them, that would have revolted at the idea of asking or receiving *pecuniary* bounty.

Neither do the principles of our society, allow the corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment and the oil of joy, to be withheld from the sufferings of humanity wheresoever they exist. They enjoin the most expansive benevolence. While they make the anguish of a suffering brother and his afflicted family, the especial objects of regard, they teach us not to let our attention or assistance be denied to the afflictions of our fellow-mortals, however unallied to us by the cords of masonic attachment. As the man who faithfully fulfils the duties of a father and a husband, will in general be found also to be in other respects a valuable member of the community in which he lives, so will the feeling mason by the exercise of his benevolent affections in the Lodge, go into the discharge of his general duties of generosity and humanity towards the rest of mankind, with an improved and ameliorated mind. The engagements into which he enters, in relation to the practice of the offices of kindness and beneficence, will be rendered still more influential, by the reiterated injunction of precept, by the force of habit. The lessons taught in the school of the Lodge, and their practical illustration, will have the effect, if properly regarded, to fortify and prepare his mind for the discharge of this and all his other relative duties in society at large.

Do I observe a countenance indicating a suspicion of the justice of this eulogy, and a disposition to abate its truth by a reference to the unworthy conduct of

some of our members? The fact is admitted—The inference denied. Masons are human beings, subject to all the passions and infirmities of man's fallen nature. Vice and its incentives belong not to the theory of the order, are banished from the practice of its duties. Individual conduct is scrupulously superintended in the body of the Lodge; but mistaken apprehension of character, and a variety of obvious causes, have exposed this, like all other human establishments, to the inroads of the base and undeserving. Many also have prejudiced our association by forfeiting after their union with us, that reputation which alone gained them admission. On such, the purest precepts, the brightest examples of moral and correct deportment, although presented to them with the illuminations of the Sun of Righteousness himself, and sanctioned by the irresistible evidence of divine authority, sometimes are without effect. The obligations arising from a connection with a high professing order, on such are equally unavailing. Private counsel contemned, more public admonition disregarded, the censures of the Lodge at length attach. The offender is removed as "a cumberer of the ground," and the destruction which awaited the healthy and vigorous plants into whose neighbourhood he had intruded in the garden of the Lodge, is thus averted. The records of this Grand Lodge, and of those with whom we correspond, bear ample testimony to the well-merited severity and extent of Masonic punishments. Yet in candour, we allow, that the mild doctrines of our Society, lead in some instances to prejudicial indulgence to the failings and offences of our brethren. Cannot every candid mind supply

us with an apology for even blameable forbearance. Forgiveness, Oh; Christianity! is the distinguishing attribute of thy divine author. Let not its exercise be restrained in the humble copiers of thy holy precepts! Rather afford the aids of thy glorious system in amending, than in destroying the unhappy wanderer from the paths of virtue!

Let such be our prayer; but irreclaimable vice must not be encouraged by false compassion. The hand of correction must not be in cruelty withheld, where its inflictions, properly applied, may be the means at once of convincing and amending an erring brother, and preserving that sacred temple, which our beloved Washington pronounced to be "a sanctuary for Brothers and a Lodge for the virtues," from the stains of impurity and vice.

When the good effects designed by our order are really produced, we humbly trust, it will stand in a favourable point of view with many, who may not anticipate an union with it. It will we hope lay some claims to the regard of our amiable friends, by whose presence our exercises are this day graced and honoured. Admitted not into participation in our mysteries, let them not suppose their exclusion to proceed, from an invidious apprehension of the inferiority of their merits, or a mean suspicion of their ability sacredly to maintain a trust confided to their charge. In the daily habit of entrusting them with our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and our fears, such a motive would convict us of glaring inconsistency and obvious injustice. A better reason is to be found by considering the subject, in analogy with the other institutions of civil society. These

have marked out with a convenient discrimination, the offices appertaining to either sex. The dignity of the one, and the amiableness of the other, are injured by an infringement of the proper line of demarcation, between their respective duties and employments. The broils of political controversy, the agitations of a military life, the turmoils of professional competition, the severer labours of the field and of the workshop, as well as most of those active pursuits which call the agent from the privacy of domestic life, are usually the lot of man. They would mar the delicacy, offend the retiring modesty, and interfere with the milder, though not less interesting engagements in which the virtuous woman so much delights. It is also the just eulogy of the sex, that to those offices of kindness, in which we require a prompter, nature has so admirably adapted the female disposition, as to render all incentives of an artificial nature wholly useless. Often while we are forming with much deliberation, a mode of relieving the distresses of poverty and sickness, the alacrity of female benevolence has already afforded the requisite assistance. We are sometimes also happy, in making them the personal distributors of the bounty of the lodge, in soliciting their participation in one of the most grateful offices of the institution, the delicate application of succour and support to the worthy sufferers of their own sex, whose misfortunes require the interposition of masonic aid. It has been well observed, that "in excluding beauty from the temple of wisdom, we distrust ourselves rather than them." The powerful attraction of female charms placed constantly before us, might lessen our attention to those obligations, in the tenden-

cy and result of which, our female friends by the unforeseen casualties of life, frequently become deeply interested. For it is the proudest boast of our association, that it has in view as a most prominent object of regard, this loveliest part of Nature's handy-work. In shutting the door of the lodge against their entrance, it exempts them from an intercourse of too general a kind, to be consonant with their sentiments and habits. Those estimable associations of their own sex, for the encouragement of industry, and the relief of meritorious poverty, which rank amongst the highest evidences of the philanthropy of our city, we hail as our co-workers in the cause of charity. Their associates we greet as our sisters, in the allied family of the feeling and humane. We offer our prayers to the beneficent Author of all good, for his continued assistance in their pious undertakings, and may the blessing of many, who are ready to perish, rest upon their heads.

To you, my Brethren of the Fraternity, it remains to submit a brief address. A great deposit has been placed in your hands. On your fidelity to the delegated trust under your charge, depends, I will not say, the existence, but much of the character and usefulness of your laudable assemblages. I speak to you on this public occasion, with the anxious solicitude of one allied to you by the most sacred ties; but would make my appeal in the language of fraternal affection, rather than with the authority which my station gives me. I claim a brother's right, to avail myself of the present opportunity, of making some suggestions, and urging upon you some counsels, which this interesting epoch of our society renders peculiarly proper.

You have been of late favoured by our Supreme Grand Master, with a course of unexampled prosperity. The number of our Lodges, and of the members in each Lodge, has increased beyond the measure of any previous calculation. Order and discipline have reigned triumphant at your meetings. Abuses have been corrected; intelligence and talents in the conduct of your labours, have succeeded, in many lodges, to awkwardness and deformity; neatness and regularity now occupy the stations sometimes disgraced by carelessness and disorder. The wisdom of the East, the strength of the West, and the beauty of the South, combine their energies to plan, to erect, and to adorn the several compartments in the edifice of the Lodge. Your leaders, selected for their talents and their worth, superintend and direct the work in which you are severally engaged, with sagacity and skill; and the literary acquirements of many of them, afford you means of instruction of the most valuable kind. Your employments, under such auspices, become the ministers of pleasure and improvement. Their variety, symmetry and beauty, delight the imagination; their tendency to invigorate the faculties and promote the best interests of the human race, engage the understanding; and the disinterested benevolence of their practical operation, enchain the best feelings of the heart.

Under the controuling influence of intellect, worthily engaged in laying open the arcana of our order, dead and unmeaning ceremony rises into life and spirit. Beauties obscured, and hid by the rubbish, heaped upon them by undesigning ignorance, emerge to the view of the astonished noviciate. An unchangeable attach-

ment to a system, which only requires to be understood, to be loved and admired, is generally formed, and the mind and heart are strengthened and enlarged by the study and pursuit of its precepts and duties. Many of my brethren, who now hear me, and to whose zeal and knowledge and industry I am rejoiced to bear testimony, will bear me out in this just and unexaggerated statement; and they will lament with me, that truth, to which Religion and Masonry demand our adherence, cannot apply to the labours of every lodge under our charge, the praise which so many may justly claim.

Astonishing, however, is the influence of example, and the rising virtues of every branch of the Masonic family, have the double effect of increasing the happiness of its own members, and inciting the emulation of others. My brethren, can there be a more noble ambition than the ambition of well doing? Is there any strife to be tolerated among us, but the glorious contest of excelling each other, in all the qualifications that should characterize our profession, as masons? A mean jealousy of the merits and acquirements of others, the noble mind disdains; but the generous attempt to equal and surpass in intelligence and goodness, the brightest patterns of excellence around us, is our privilege and pride, both as masons and as men.

If there are any of my brethren now present, who have entertained unworthy apprehensions of the noble order in which they stand enrolled: if there are any whose understandings have not yet embraced the vast scope of its design: if there are any whose habits are at variance with the purity of the precepts enjoined upon them in the Lodge: if there are any whose depra-

ved inclinations would lead them to convert the brief and moderate indulgence of social but rational enjoyment after the labours of the Lodge, into a shameful gratification of the lowest appetites of our nature; if there is a solitary individual, the weakness of whose resolution in the practice of his relative duties in society, has not been assisted by his union with the craft; to all such, I would present this honoured festival, this jubilee of masonic gratulation and delight, as the most favourable moment of reformation and amendment.

We are in a few moments to be engaged in the most interesting ceremonials of our institution. Under the benignant smiles of the Supreme Grand Architect, we have accomplished a work, which is an honour to us, and an ornament to our city. We are now to dedicate it to the honour of his glory. What mind so callous as not to feel awe the most reverent, mixed with the highest exultation, at this solemn, yet delightful service. Shall it be the mockery of senseless parade, and sterile and unmeaning form? Or shall we unitedly consider it, as a sincere consecration of the house of our future intercourse, to the best interests of virtue and humanity?

This day, let an irrevocable decree of exclusion be passed, upon every vice and impropriety that has ever intruded itself amongst us. The eyes of many are upon us, whose characters as our fellow citizens and friends, entitle them to the highest estimation and regard: they have witnessed the exhibitions of this day, and their good sense will prevent them from hastily joining in the sneers, which in some instances, amazed ignorance has thrown out, at what its shallow apprehension

has deemed trivial and unimportant appendages to light and insignificant pursuits. But on us, my brethren, on our future management and conduct of the affairs of this venerable institution will it depend, whether from this day forward the number of its patrons shall diminish or increase. In vain will have been the skill of the architect, and the labours of the craftsmen employed in the erection of the magnificent building, into which we are now about to enter, if the beauty and harmony of the interior correspond not with the elegance of its exterior appearance. Vice cannot be rendered virtue, by the splendours of outside decoration and embellishment. Her hated visage is often rendered the more disgusting, by laboured attempts to array her in the ornaments of virtue. Let us exhibit an exemplary consistency, between the grandeur and elegance of the place of our assemblage, and the conduct of all its internal transactions.

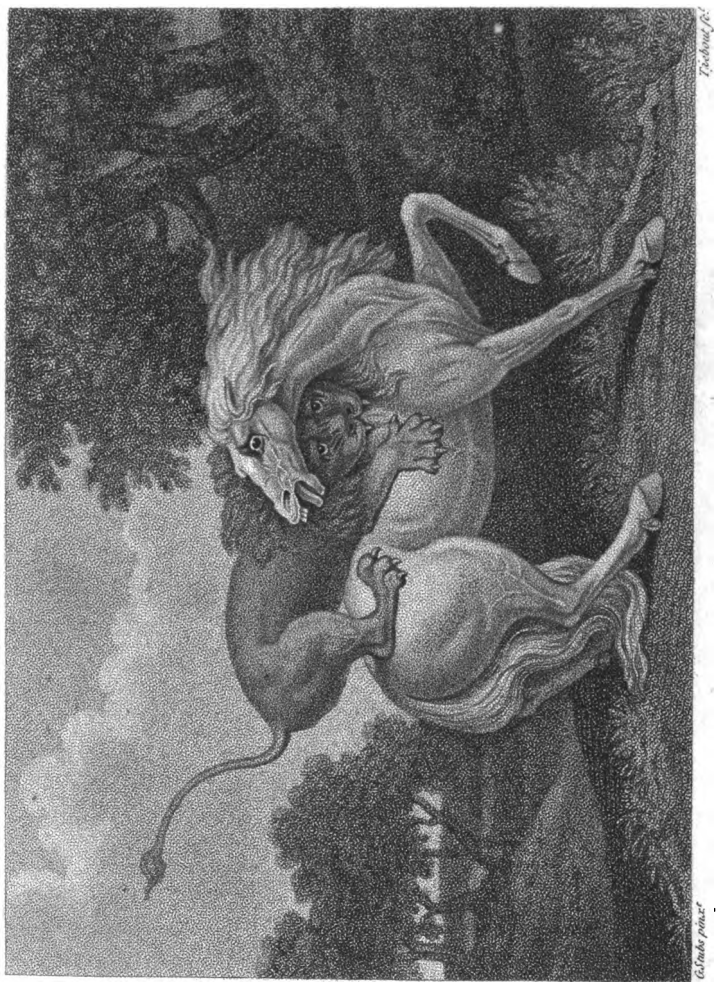
To you, who hold the respectable rank of masters in the several lodges, the duty of superintending the craft under your immediate charge properly belongs. Faithfully exercise it, with impartiality and diligence, but without fear. Let no unbecoming departure from good order and discipline, be for a moment countenanced. Be examples yourselves of the virtues you are called to impress on others. Let the eminent stations you occupy, receive a lustre from your able and intelligent discharge of all the duties they involve. If you have prematurely acquired the distinctions of the lodge, without the previous preparation requisite for a distinguished administration of their functions, retrieve your own character and that of your lodge, by an ardent

pursuit of the necessary knowledge. And you, my brethren, who aim at future exaltation, qualify yourselves for well deserved preferment; remembering that ignorance and imbecility are rendered more visible by the glare of official distinction, and that the humblest situation is preferable to the highest, if the latter be not adorned with the essential qualifications of masonic talents and personal virtue. To members of every class, I would recommend the prosecution of earnest endeavours after the reputation of bright workmen, in all the labours belonging to their several grades of advancement; and to annex to the recommendation this solemn assurance, that after their greatest attainments in the noble science, they will have achieved but little, unless it strengthen and improve all their moral and social virtues.

To you, my young brethren, I offer but one admonition. Temper your masonic zeal with a becoming prudence and discretion. Be cautiously attentive to the injunction addressed to you at your initiation, never to neglect your respective avocations for the business of masonry. A prudent distribution of your hours will soon convince you, that no such sacrifice is required; but that your duties as masons, are altogether compatible with the closest attention to your various pursuits in life.

And now, may that Almighty Being, without whose light and direction, we “grope for the wall like the blind, and stumble at noon-day as in the night,” afford his divine assistance, in all our well intended and laudable exertions for the honour and usefulness of this benevolent institution.

Under the auspices of His all-seeing eye, may all our undertakings be confessedly conducted. Regulating our actions by the *square* of virtue, the *plumb-line* of rectitude, and the *level* of propriety; keeping our pleasurable gratifications within the *compass* of decency and moderation, and uniting our several associations with the *cement* of brotherly affection, may our terrestrial lodge become the emblem of the heavenly, and the innocent pleasures it dispenses, the harbingers of joys ineffable and eternal.



THE LION & HORSE, FROM STUBS.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1811.

No. 3.

THE LION AND THE HORSE.

An engraving from the Picture of the late Mr. Stubbs.

THE annexed engraving is from one of the celebrated Nicholls, and is in the best style of Tiebout. It was copied by Nicholls from a fine enamel picture of that incomparable artist the late Mr. George Stubbs of London; and is esteemed a perfect *fac-simile* of the painter, who after a study of three-score years, has kindly left the rising genius of his country, a school to rival the pride of Athens:

“ Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach Perfection's height:
So mimic Art works leisurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wise Experience give
The proper finishing.”

That wise experience was peculiarly the painter's own, and although he has left a thousand proofs of the truth of this bold assertion, it was his last wish that his days might be lengthened, to enable him to add more to the honour of the British school.

The principal causes of Mr. Stubbs's surpassing his cotemporaries in those studies to which he so warmly attached himself,

were, his chaste delineations; his perfect knowledge of quadruped anatomy; and, if we may be allowed the expression, their passions; these were the charms that attracted his primal affections, and they reluctantly withdrew themselves at the verge of his grave. To dissect the body human was also his diligent pursuit, insomuch, that to procure subjects for his improvement, Mr. Stubbs has, a hundred times, run into such adventures as might subject any one with less honourable motives to the greatest severity of the law; and to show clearly with what avidity he pursued this unsavoury study, we are enabled to state the following fact.

At the time Mr. S. lived in Upper Seymour-street, London, intelligence was brought him, at ten o'clock in the evening, that a dead tiger lay at Mr. Pidcock's, in the Strand, and that it was to be obtained at a small expense if he thought proper to apply for it; Mr. S. was undressing for bed when the news arrived; his coat was hurried on, and he flew towards the well known place, and presently entered the den where the dead animal lay extended: this was a precious moment; three guineas were given to the attendant, and the body was instantly conveyed to the painter's habitation, where, in the place set apart for his muscular pursuits, Mr. S. spent the rest of the night, in carbonading the once tremendous tyrant of Indian jungle.

About this time our painter, in conjunction with Mr. George Townley Stubbs, began a publication of much interest to the sporting world; it was called "A Review of the Turf, from the Year 1750 to the Completion of this Work; comprising the History of every Horse of Note, with Pedigree and Performance;" which, from unknown causes, after two numbers, fell abortive, and was heard of no more.

To show at once the intention of our painter, and the loss his admirers have sustained in the failure of his undertaking, we shall present the sportsman with the introduction to his work, as written by himself, and make no doubt he will lament with us that any cause should prevent the completion of his enterprise:

"At a period when protection is daily solicited for embellishing editions of various authors, it may be deemed extraordinary to submit one of a different cast to the public consideration,

where the chief merit consists in the actions, and not in the language of the heroes and the heroines it proposes to record, and with whom possibly literature may exclaim, 'She neither desires connexion, nor allows utility.'

"As the history of an animal peculiar to this country, it surely may put in its claim to remembrance and notice; and although the numerous volumes of Cheney and Heber, downwards, may give critical knowledge to the diligent and deep explorer, they certainly do not impart sufficient information to a superficial observer; yet both may regret that there is not a regular series of paintings and engravings of those horses, with their histories, which have been, or are now famous.

"This Review of the Turf will therefore comprise the history of every horse of note, with various anecdotes on the most remarkable races, and the whole will be embellished with upwards of one hundred and twenty prints, engraved in the best manner, from original portraits of the most famous racers, painted by Mr. G. Stubbs, at an immense expense, and solely for the above work."

We learn, with pleasure, that the materials for this splendid work were left by Mr. Stubbs in complete preparation for publication, and it is said, arrangements are now making to fulfill the original intention of the author.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STRICTURES ON VOLNEY'S VIEW.

(Concluded from No. 4, of vol. 5.)

MR. VOLNEY'S systematic treatise on our winds, is undoubtedly the best that has appeared. But although he observed with diligence, and skilfully availed himself of the labours of several American philosophers, there are in his system a considerable number of errors. This assertion derogates nothing from his reputation, for such are the difficulties attending in-

vestigations in this department of our meteorology, and such the desultory and indeterminate manner in which our observations on the winds have hitherto been made, that no very correct system can yet be formed. As in experimental physics, so in meteorological researches, observations on the movements of the atmosphere, should have some specific object. At least regard should always be had to the times of commencement and cessation of the different winds; to the courses of the superior currents when any clouds are present to indicate them; to the circumstances attending their changes, and to those states or affections which are indicated by the thermometer, barometer, hygrometer and electrometer. From a sufficient mass of remarks made in this manner, at different places, by cotemporary observers, and from it only, can true theories, and a lasting system be ever elicited. But who are there to supply such a desideratum?

Mr. Volney, page 132, represents the caprice of the winds as much greater in the United States, than Europe; and asserts, that for nearly three years together, he never saw the winds at the same point for thirty-six hours. We admit the variability of our winds; but observations at Cincinnati, for more than three years, give results different from those of the French pilgrim. During that period we have witnessed the wind between N. and E. for seven successive days; S. E. for five; S. W. for eight; and N. W. for six. It is probable, therefore, that the ærial currents are not more fluctuating at this place, than in other parts of the temperate zone.

The character given by Mr. V. of our N. E. wind, is not strictly true. In its passage over the Alleghenies, this wind no doubt deposits a great portion of its humidity, but it still brings rain or snow at least four times out of five. These precipitations, more especially the latter, are not, however, so copious here, as in the Atlantic states. The N. E. wind, moreover, may reach some portions of this country, by passing up the valley of the St. Laurence, and over the lakes Ontario and Erie; in which case its moisture must be rather augmented, than diminished.

The strange notions of Mr. Volney concerning the S. E. wind of the United States, have been adverted to by Dr. Mitchill. The French traveller seems to have suspected, that we

would be surprised, to be told that the banks of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays can compress the sides of an elevated column of rarefied atmosphere, and that a mass of hot, thin air, can displace, in a horizontal direction, the colder and denser air which surrounds it; therefore, to attract attention from these absurdities, he gravely informs us, that the hurricanes under consideration, are probably produced by a horizontal whirlwind, about fifteen hundred feet high, brushing the earth's surface with its circumference. This stratagem was certainly well devised, for it is impossible to attend to the former of these puerile speculations, after reading the latter. With the exception of his preface, this section on the S. E. wind, is certainly the most crude and hypothetical of any in the whole book.

Concerning the S. wind, this traveller seems to have had juster notions. He derives it from the centre of the Gulf of Mexico; but, to be consistent, he should not have ascribed its constantly exhibiting electrical phenomena to that cause; since he afterwards supposes the S. W., which sometimes blows for many days together, without producing any such appearances, to come also from the Gulf.

Mr. Volney's chapter on the N. W. wind, exhibits less originality than many other portions of his useful work; and his hypothesis, if any can be extracted from that desultory article, is vague and unsatisfactory. Dr. Mitchill has, however, so particularly adverted to this, and so ingeniously supplied the defect, that we have little to add. We are inclined to believe that the S. W. wind of the Ohio countries, frequently becomes the N. W. or W. N. W. of the maritime states. The establishment of this supposition will solve an interesting problem in the meteorology of our country. But this is not a proper place for the investigation.

On the S. W. wind Mr. V. has employed twenty-four pages of his view; and the editors of the Medical Repository justly observed, that it is the very marrow of all he wrote upon the climate of the United States. His fundamental proposition is, that this is the prevalent wind of the western country ten months out of twelve, or five-sixths of the year. In this he was mistaken; for from two and a half years uninterrupted observations,

it is found to prevail at this place, but seven months out of twelve. Of about sixteen hundred observations made during that period, something more than five hundred are S. W. It does not, however, blow a third of the time, as this statement would seem to indicate. It seldom continues through the night, like most of our other winds, and the time of its actual existence, is not equal to a third of the year.

Our author's character of this, as of the other winds, of the United States, is drawn in lively colours, which are in the main well chosen. There is, however, one distinction of considerable importance, that he has omitted. The S. W. wind of the western country, is of two kinds, or exhibits two opposite states, *wet* and *dry*. The former, as its designation implies, is constantly attended with, or produces rain; it is accompanied with those forms of cloud which have been denominated stratus and cirro-stratus; it frequently and suddenly alternates with the N. E., blows through the night with the same velocity it had in the day, and generally continues from twenty-four to seventy-two hours. It is doubtless a current of rarefied intra-tropical air, gravitating towards the poles in the manner pointed out by Dr. Hadley; and not turned northwardly by reflection, as Mr. V. supposes.

Essentially different from this humid current, which expands the hygrometer to a very high degree, is the arid S. W. which contracts it lower than any other. Dryness is not, however, the most striking characteristic of this wind. The most distinctive feature, is its nocturnal intermission. It commences moderately, sometime after sunrise, arrives at its maximum in the afternoon, and ceases at the going down of the sun, or soon afterwards. It seldom brings any other form of rain than a thunder shower, and not often that; but it prevails most in times of drought, and is commonly attended with a smoky atmosphere, and that variety of cloud termed cumulus, which is an accompaniment of the dryest weather.

To Mr. Volney's theory of these winds, or rather of this wind, for he makes but one of the two currents, the American literati have made few or no objections. The author of an anonymous essay on the climate of North America, has objected to the details of the French philosopher, but detains his fundamen-

tal principle, the deflection by mountains of the Atlantic trade winds over this country. From an attentive consideration of the phenomena of this wind, in the regions, we are disposed to doubt the truth of Mr. Volney's hypothesis, and beg leave to state the following as the principal grounds of our scepticism.

1. It is not probable that the *humid* and *arid* S. W. have the same origin, and, as it is almost certain, that the former comes from the Gulf, some other source must be assigned to the latter.

2. If this wind depended on the action of the sun upon the atmosphere of the Gulf, it should be most prevalent when that action is at the maximum of efficiency in July and August. But this is not the case. It frequently prevails in April, May, September and October, when the sun is vertical to places south of the Gulf. Even after the greatest solar influence had reached those parts of S. America, which lie beyond the eastern promontory of that continent; the dry S. W. has continued to be the prevalent wind in the Ohio countries. And for five days before, and sixteen days after the summer solstice, the S. W. has been known at this place, to blow but five days, or about a fourth of the time.

3. The trade wind does not cease at night, but the *arid* S. W., as we have already stated, invariably does. This certainly indicates a considerable degree of difference between them. But if the trade wind had nocturnal intermissions, it could not account for the nightly suspension, and morning revival of the S. W. wind of this country. It requires several hours for a column of air to travel from the Gulf to the Ohio, and it is impossible to believe that the succeeding day's wind, in these vallies, is owing to the sun's action on the atmosphere of the Gulf the preceding day, for it appears to commence throughout the whole of this country nearly at the same time.

4. According to Mr. Volney's own statement, the atmosphere of the Gulf, from sending out immeasurable quantities of air along the slopes of the Mississippi, must stand in need of a corresponding supply from towards the pole, and hence the frequency of the N. E. wind. This is certainly true. But Mr. V.

seems to have forgotten, that he had previously supplied, indeed condensed the atmosphere of the Gulf, with the trade wind from the east; and that the breezes up the Mississippi, are, in reality, only the ærial overflowings of the Gulf. It is the property of a spring to straighten itself when bent, but not to return beyond its natural state, and become permanently crooked the other way. If air be accumulated and condensed by the trade wind, in the Gulf, its elasticity may cause it to escape, in the different directions assigned by Mr. V.; but it can continue to escape no longer than till the equilibrium of density is restored. Its centrifugal tendency must necessarily cease, long before any vacuum is produced.

5. The trade wind is known to be caused by the superior action of the sun in the torrid zone. The region to which that luminary is vertical, is a focus of suction, which, moving from E. to W., gives the wind perpetually that direction. Thus it appears to depend on an attracting, rather than a propelling cause. It therefore will exist so as the focus of suction can be generated. But the inefficiency of the sun's power, at considerable elevations, is such, that whenever his rays become perpendicular to the mountains of the northern point of S. America, and the isthmus of Darien, this focus, or rarefied spot, can no longer be produced; and the wind to which it gives rise ceases so completely, that not a breath of it is perceptible west of the Andean chain. Hence we see, that the trade wind results from the law, which gives all fluids a tendency to preserve an equilibrium, and when that equilibrium is restored, the wind must cease. For an accumulation of air to take place in any particular region, a propelling power is essential; but no power of that kind exists in this case, and consequently no undue accumulation can occur; and without such an accumulation, the reflection Mr. V. contends for, cannot be produced. His notions were evidently derived from the established theory of the Gulf stream. That a perpetual wind, from Africa to America, can heap up the water in the Gulf of Mexico, is unquestionable. Such a wind is to the water a *propelling* power, and its surface is unceasingly *driven* forward. But we have just seen, that the trade wind is the influx of the denser ambient air, to a rarefied

spot, that has a progressive motion westward; that it is indeed the result of something similar to *attraction*, instead of *propulsion*; and hence there is not in the causes of these two currents, the analogy which Mr. Volney supposed. To sum up the whole—the aqueous is an effect of the ærial current, which results from the rarefying action of the solar rays: the interposition of a mound will cause the former to become retrograde, or flow off laterally, to find its level; but the same interposition must necessarily terminate the latter altogether, by destroying its immediate cause. If any should ask, are there not columns of air behind, that may gradually arrive and accumulate against the elevated mountains of S. America? it may be answered, that according to the Halleyan doctrine of the trade wind, the air of the temperate zones is constantly flowing obliquely into the torrid; from whence it ascends as soon as it has acquired a certain degree of heat; and that if this be true, it is manifest that none of the ærial columns overreach the Gulf, but those which enter the tropics so far west, that they do not become heated to the elevating point, previous to their arrival at that limit. Hence it may be readily understood, how a perpetual wind may set towards the continent of America, without ever crossing, or accumulating over it.

Mr. V. erroneously supposes heated air to act horizontally. It constantly tends upwards, and the potent action of the sun on the Gulf must rarefy, rather than condense its atmosphere. Most of the phenomena indeed which he asserts the Gulf to exhibit in summer, are more naturally referable to a rarefied, than a condensed atmosphere.

If these objections (which are not offered without much hesitation) disprove Mr. Volney's theory, it is unnecessary to consider his details: if they do not, to follow him throughout the whole of his elaborate and ingenious article, would be unprofitable; the subject is therefore for the present dismissed.

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 15th, 1811.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COMMENTS ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

FEW characters can be found more interesting than Oliver Goldsmith's, and where we shall have to encounter more difficulty of analysis. He possessed a heart feelingly and exquisitely alive to every tender impulse, whether of joy, or sorrow. In the social circle he participated in all the merriment and whim that enlivened the table, and was made sometimes the victim, not so much of the glass, as of the cordial feeling, and hospitable glow excited by such liberal indulgence. Without attempting to vindicate such excess, surely the man who in the circle of private friendship feels his confidence and his heart expand by such artificial stimulants, is not so criminal as he who becomes the sullen and unsocial martyr to the solitary bottle. This man on an occasion where Goldsmith would indulge to excess, would be temperate, and assiduously husband his glass. The reason is obvious; conviviality has no charms for him—in proportion as song, and sentiment, and whim, reigned in all their fascinating and gay vicissitudes, he would sit at the table with a countenance grave and austere demure. His eyes are fastened on the company present, and as the hand of confidence unlocks the portals of every heart, he is a spy upon every one. He is collecting materials for future vengeance, and plotting mischief while seated in the bosom of private friendship. After the company have dispersed and this man returns to his home, the doors are carefully barred, and he, who before could so austere resist the temptations of the glass, now reels a solitary drunkard to his bed. Such was not Goldsmith; he was oppressed with poverty, melancholy, and neglect, and his hours of enjoyment were few; he loved his friends, and when they were assembled, he wished to forget the neglect of the world, his own poverty, to raise his drooping and sensitive spirit to a parallel with theirs, and to give the hour to undivided, unmingled enjoyment. Connected with these social qualities, he possessed another trait of character, a wish to shine in conversation, a talent which his

niggard nature had denied. It was only with his pen and in the solitude of his closet that we could discover Goldsmith at full length. Here his friends enjoyed an undisputed preeminence in the contest, and they exercised to the utmost all the rights of the victors. Much as we revere the memory of the man, we can but mingle a smile with our respect, when we observe the rueful countenance he cast upon the company, when his joke went unrewarded by a smile. Full of confidence that his friends would follow suit, he led the way by an obstreperous laugh, until the mischievously demure faces of the company recalled him to himself. This inequality between his tongue and pen, resulted from that inconsiderate ardour that prompted him to seize the opportunity presented for a triumph, which when occupied left no time for reflection afterwards. His post was taken and in the flurry and agitation of the moment he was compelled to fight his way through, with almost a certainty of defeat. His friends, on the other hand, cool and collected, sensible of their advantages, were preparing a malicious laugh at the jester instead of his jokes. We have not the smallest doubt, that Goldsmith would, in those moments, voluntarily have bartered all his fame and hopes as an author, to have been honourably acquitted of such mortifying embarrassments. This propensity to seize the occasion presented for a victory, without consulting his means, was the cause of many of his misfortunes. When Burke had astonished the house of Commons by his eloquence, the conversation of the club, of which our author was a member, was turned to that point, and Goldsmith briskly declared, that eloquence was merely an art, and that he himself, without preparation, could pronounce as good an oration in English, Latin, or Greek. He was taken at his word, and required to mount the table, and to pronounce a Greek oration on the spur of the occasion. Goldsmith, not considering for a moment the degrading nature of the request, without a single thought in his brains, mounts the table, and to his own astonishment and expectation of the company, was incapable of uttering a word. This hurry of the mind is characteristic of the Irish, and the parent of those blunders denominated bulls. This habit was a neverfailing source of mortification to poor Goldsmith, of which

Garrick never lost an opportunity to reap the advantage. The familiarity of his manners was such, and his frankness so unbounded, as to deprive him of all the influence of personal dignity. Whatever incident burthened his mind, however much its revelation might tend to his personal disgrace, was freely communicated, and it may be made a question, whether his friends were not as accurately acquainted with the state of his own feelings, as he was himself. This gave them in every contest, a decided preeminence; they so perfectly knew his weak points of character, that he was at all times a harmless instrument in their hands. Such habits of unrestrained intercourse, and of unsparing communication impaired in the eyes of his friends that reverence which the peculiar lustre of his pen was so calculated to inspire. They forgot the powerful, the pathetic and exquisitely beautiful writer, in the simple, artless individual, who was thus made the toy of the table. Had this freedom been confined merely to their habits of personal intercourse, it might have passed off with other levities of the moment unregarded. But when his friends presume so far as to suffer that opinion to pollute the pages of their books, it then may become the subject of animadversion with equal severity and justice. Mr. Cumberland it seems was present at the club, when a play of Goldsmith's was about to be acted. Goldsmith was himself present likewise, and shewed some embarrassment in the company of Cumberland, as they were both at that time writers who were candidates for dramatic applause. However, surmounting all his embarrassments, he thus accosted Mr. Cumberland, with that amiable frankness for which his character was so distinguished; "You write for fame, I write for money, and care very little about fame." We have no doubt such was the precise opinion of Oliver Goldsmith. But how does Mr. Cumberland comport himself on this occasion? In a strain of affected superiority he swells in his chair, and inserts this paragraph in his memoirs: "I really felt for the distresses of the amiable poet." He mentions that his intentions were benevolent towards him, and that he was ever disposed to render him kind offices. Nay, not content with this, and sweltering under the influence of the compliment that the amiable modesty of Goldsmith conferred,

he sneers at his talents for the drama. And did Mr. Cumberland believe that the opinion Goldsmith expressed was in conformity to the opinion of the world? "Felt for the distresses of the amiable poet!" and was Goldsmith to be a pensioner on the bounty of Richard Cumberland? Was Cumberland blind to a glory that outdazzled his own? Did he really believe that Goldsmith, whatever might be his expectations, was to be abandoned by posterity to oblivion? Yes, he did; and whatever may be the merits of Cumberland, the fact is undeniable, he harboured a mean jealousy towards cotemporary writers. He felt that whatever applause was bestowed on them, detracted so much from his merit. Another weakness in the character of Goldsmith was credulity; this made him the dupe of every species of imposition, and what is very singular, he never reformed by experience. Knaves without the slightest claim to charity were sure of imposing on his benevolence, whenever he had funds at command. This extreme liability to deception resulted from his abhorrence to contemplate a spectacle so base, as a detection of such falsehood represents. Minds of strong sensibility, indulging in the luxury such feelings excite, loathe the thought that all this may result from tales of artificial distress, and would prefer being the dupe of such deception rather than to hazard by detection the violation of feelings so sacred. It may generally be remarked, that persons inheriting strong sensibilities, are always prone to be credulous. The tale has made its impression before incredulity has an opportunity to whisper a doubt, and afterwards we believe with the same energy that we feel. Goldsmith likewise inherited a peculiar irritability of temper. We may very well conceive how much this must have been managed to his disadvantage, when his frank and open demeanour are considered. Johnson with an irritability of temper, little, if at all inferior to Goldsmith's, by his stern and austere deportment, forbade all impertinence of intimate intercourse. He had too high a sense of his own dignity, even in the conversation of his dearest friends, to allow of improper liberties. This served him as a guard against such frequent trials of his temper; but far different was the fate of poor Goldsmith. His friends delighted to irritate him, for they knew that the slightest

advances towards a reconciliation on their part, would be met with entire forgiveness on his. Thus perfectly acquainted with the tone of all his feelings, they made it their employment to exhibit him in every ludicrous attitude, to enjoy his teasing distresses, to inflame his irritability, and then to ask and to receive his forgiveness. Whether such conduct perseveringly followed up, can be justified on the score, not of decency alone, but of morality also, is a question which we do not hesitate to answer decidedly in the negative. Had these gentlemen been the enemies, instead of the friends of Goldsmith, what more could they have done to torture his tranquillity? They would have lacked the opportunities they then enjoyed of disturbing his quiet; they would have lacked that intimate knowledge of his character and habits, that with the aid of their friendship they possessed. Surely there are seasons in which it is impertinent for our friends to trifle with us, and bounds beyond which even friendship is not warranted to go. Nor can we conceive of many characters more hateful than those, who, with the word friendship on their lips, are perpetually committing acts of open hostility to friendship. That fatal and abused word is pronounced as an opiate to every indignity, and must be borne with, because they only torture us to prove the strength of their attachments. What possible pleasure is derived to witness the vexations and sufferings of a heart that feels for our welfare, while we know ourselves to be the cause of such suffering and vexation, is beyond our power to imagine. Of such characters was Goldsmith the daily dupe: instead of humouring his innocent peculiarities, and hiding his little foibles, they sought every occasion to expose them both, for their merriment and laughter. But Goldsmith, although quick to take umbrage, and to do an offensive act when he did, was as speedy to repair a fault when he was sensible of having committed one. His servants would irritate him to offer them personal violence, with a full knowledge that they would receive money for such outrages as soon as resentment had subsided. His poverty has been exclusively charged to the account of his profusion; but this is both ungenerous and unjust. Lord Lyttleton the younger, professes to lay the whole blame of Goldsmith's poverty at his own door, be-

cause he did not make what he might have made by his writings. Undoubtedly this is true; but allowing his lordship's postulate, still we contend no censure alights upon Oliver Goldsmith. He possessed a coy and virgin fear of being in any way instrumental in promoting human misery. Thus, when he sold his poem entitled "The Traveller," and received the bookseller's note for the money, he shewed the obligation to a friend, who remarked that it was a large sum considering the diminutive size of his poem. Oliver replied, I think so too, and I am afraid the poor man will suffer by his contract. I am resolved therefore to return the note and the bookseller shall pay me according to the sale of the poem; and this was accordingly done. Such peculiarities prevented him from bringing his talents to a favourable market. His lordship's censure is, therefore, for the most part unjust.

We know that nothing is easier, than for a man to loll at his ease and to censure with more philosophy than common sense, all such peculiarities. We are not answerable to them for our belief; we write not to them, and despair of making them converts to our opinions; but when they will condescend to inform us, why it has pleased Heaven to form one man with a nose longer than his neighbour's, we will then undertake to assign the reason why Heaven should endow another man with more sensibility than his neighbour. We will not attempt to disguise the fact; Goldsmith, notwithstanding his poverty, was incontrovertibly addicted to habits of profusion. His convivial habits, the company and conversation of his friends, who in spite of all their multiplied exertions to the contrary, were still dear to his heart, led him into expenses which his scanty finances were not at all times competent to bear. Besides, as he was a poet, he availed himself of a poet's license in paying a debt. It may seem a little singular that people in narrow circumstances, who know the value of credit, and how prone they are to require it, should not avail themselves of the earliest opportunities they have, punctually and honourably to discharge their debts, and thus establish their pretensions to credit, on solid and permanent grounds. But the fact is notoriously the reverse; they are always obtaining credit and always losing the credit when obtained. Probably it re-

sults from a love of present ease. Comfort with such men is so rare and costly an article, that they do not hesitate to purchase it now, with a mortgage of certain misery hereafter. Thus fared it with Goldsmith. His tavern bill at last was produced by his landlady, and while his ears were ringing with the hollow dittoes; he bethought himself first of marrying his hostess, a scheme he certainly would have adopted, had not the good old Vicar of Wakefield, like a humane parson as he was, paid the debt. These debts which had a legal obligation to enforce them, Goldsmith did not seem to think had any other; and such was his abhorrence of a catchpole, that he did not appear to think any demand was either moral, or honourable, which this obnoxious personage had any agency in collecting. He would have much preferred giving money to a beggar, than paying a just debt, whatever penalty such delinquencies might occasion. We have spoken already of his occasional despondency, but it is worthy of note, that his poverty never was the cause. On such occasions no man exhibited more of the practical philosopher than Oliver Goldsmith. He fairly laughed Poverty out of countenance, and in the language of one of his brother Irishmen, when every thing was gone, he was resolved to live happy and comfortable on what was left. And this very circumstance was, in one respect, highly favourable to his genius. He thus became acquainted with life in all its pleasant and painful varieties. He at one time frequented the circles of the learned and polite, the high born lords and ladies of the kingdom, where his range of observation extended to whatever object could charm the eye, or captivate the fancy; at another time he was compelled to seek the recesses of low and vulgar life, where Vice assumes all her native deformity, and Virtue possesses no attraction but her own. Of course, he had an opportunity of beholding Vice and Virtue, surrounded with the splendor and fascination of a court, down throughout all the minor grades of life, until they were both exhibited in their own nakedness in a hovel. This gave to his painting all the precision of personal observance. He did not sit in monastic seclusion, and draw his knowledge from books; he mingled in all the bustle and uproar of all classes, and drew his materials from thence. There is, consequently, a freshness in his colour-

ing, a strength of expression, that recalls to the eye the original at once. He deals in particular, but not local nature. Human nature, however, or wherever modified, would assume the particular form of Goldsmith's pencil. We hesitate not to assert, that it is this distinguishing feature that constitutes the charm of his pages. Though he has described scenes that we never saw, yet there is in every part of human nature, so modified, a community of alliance. The combinations are so natural, our feelings follow implicitly his pencil, and he leads us into the belief that we have seen the same spectacles ourselves. Here it may not be amiss to notice the misspent time, and industry misplaced, in those authors who exhaust themselves in describing local nature, or more perspicuously, nature as it is sometimes broken up into peculiar habits and manners, with which the great mass of mankind hold no sympathy, or alliance. As such subjects are purely local, local likewise must be the impressions they produce. Thus, if a painter should employ his pencil, an orator his tongue, a poet, a novelist, or a dramatic writer his pen, in describing a Spartan woman whose son was slain in battle, lamenting *not over his mangled body*, but the *misery of her country*, we should admire without interest. Goldsmith's specimens of particular nature on the other hand, are such as we all recognize; they are formed from those relations and combinations, such as nature in all her various modifications assumes, and they speak to posterity with confidence. But we must not be drawn aside from our object by such speculations. We have undertaken to state, that poverty was not the cause of Goldsmith's occasional despondency, and it now behoves us to state what it was. Notwithstanding his pretended indifference to fame, it was merely pretended after all. It is incredible that Goldsmith, a man who envied his confederates of the social circle the popularity of a table, should feel such morbid indifference for his reputation as an author in the eyes of the world. This applause so coveted, was not munificently bestowed. When Dr. Johnson related his interview with his sovereign, and the splendid compliment that august personage bestowed upon his talents, Goldsmith was observed fretting by himself in a corner of the room. He was at that time, running mortifying

parallels between his friend's popularity and his own, and this made him pensive and uneasy. At last the natural goodness of his heart surmounted every obstacle, and he joined with the company in their congratulations to Johnson. This trait was peculiarly discernible. When he contrasted the praise bestowed on other authors with his own comparative obscurity, it produced a little subacid kind of envy for the moment, which, after finding vent in one or two petulant remarks, was finally lost and borne away in the torrent of benevolence from behind. His little foibles were thus but the precursors of noble and generous virtues. Ardent and aspiring after fame as he was, his niggard destiny would not allow him to take his own route in the pursuit. He was the slave of booksellers, and compelled to devote his mind to studies and researches uncongenial to his nature. His impatience in being thus restricted; the time unavoidably wasted in such occupations, from which profit was his only hope; the friends of his bosom, who had already distanced him in that glorious career; his own sensibility, peculiarly alive to his own disgrace; all operating together, produced that despondency of which we have been speaking. More patience, more fortitude, or a spirit of prophecy, would either have changed his despondency to a smile. We must remark that between him and Johnson there was scarcely a shade of resemblance. Johnson was formed to frown at opposition, and to take difficulty by the beard. As an evidence of this, when Johnson's tragedy of Irene was acted, it was hissed by the audience, or, in the characteristic style of theatrical elegance, *damned*. Appearing on that evening at the club, he was asked how he felt, and he answered "*like the monument*." When the same mishap befell poor Oliver, he appeared likewise at the club. Knowing that he was watched with the eye of a lynx, he affected unusual spirits, and even attempted to sing, to hide his chagrin more effectually: all this only served to make his distress appear more ludicrously comic, until at last falling on Johnson's bosom, he burst into a flood of tears. We may well conceive how a disappointment in obtaining, what has been, not unaptly, called the last infirmity of noble minds, or in plainer dialect, fame, would act on such sensitive nerves. Thus we account for the despondency of Goldsmith. These are some of

the outlines of a character, which, when viewed in one mass, we must admire and respect. His foibles consisted of that class of offences, injurious only to the owner; they resulted in the main, from honourable feelings, and from a mind above the station that divine providence allotted. Not having sufficient fortitude to contract his actions to the station he occupied, he was labouring to do more than his means allowed him, and thus constantly exposing his own imbecility. Had his means been equal to his wishes, those very foibles now so prodigally abused, would have been as liberally applauded as virtues. But surely censure ought to abate something of asperity, when we find that those follies sprung from the purest benevolence, from an heart that bled for the distresses of mankind, which, while meditating on them, was forgetful of its own. It is not always that our foibles derive their origin from motives so exalted; and Goldsmith is not irreparably criminal, because his wishes extended beyond his means of doing good. He may be pardoned if in relieving others he injured himself, and cordially made the sacrifice. As to his foibles, which his friends instead of benevolently attempting to veil, delighted in exposing, and which by their kindness are now delivered down for remotest posterity to laugh at, the reproach must alight upon them. This must be the case, or otherwise it was criminal in Oliver to inherit the common infirmities of nature. We will not stop to notice Boswell's opinion of our author's merits, considering it not of sufficient importance whatever it might have been. Passing from the private character and manners of Oliver Goldsmith, to a consideration of his works, we must confess ourselves to be embarrassed with considerable difficulties in attempting to portray with accuracy such brilliant, such beautiful, and such changeable traits. His sensibility was the pupil of his fancy, and attended that capricious nymph in all her devious routs. Where fancy alone, (as in the page of Dr. Darwin,) has jurisdiction over us, we are strangers to every place we visit in such company. Admiration may indeed exist, but as that is soon satisfied by novelty, we turn for the same gratification elsewhere. It is the curiosity of a traveller passing through a strange country, who has only time to observe the public buildings, and pass on with-

out any sympathy for the inhabitants. Goldsmith's page on the other hand, has the interest which a traveller feels who is bound to the people whom he visits, by friendship, or by favourable report. He enters the temple for the purposes of worship, the theatre for amusement, the table for convivial, and the grave yard for melancholy sensations. Goldsmith avoided astonishment, knowing how fugitive the impression was, and it was his peculiar art to make novelty familiar. After the necromancy of his page has subsided, when we come to ponder on the incidents we have read, then it is that for the first time we discover novelty. It was never placed in the front, but in the back ground of the piece. Expedients of this kind, lead to courses of delightful musing, and we wonder how it is that we have been so thrown from our guard, that our affections have been so entrapped without our knowledge. Our author knew better than any man of his day, the art of taking the human heart by stealth. Critics have endeavoured to reduce such arts, to what they are pleased to term elementary principles. A plainer solution awaits us, Goldsmith's sensibility was ardent, the moment his versatile fancy presented a picture of his mind, his affections were caught, and under this impression he wrote. It may seem singular, that the man who was himself the dupe of every species of imposition, should in his pages display such consummate knowledge of, and competency to detect, the very arts of which he was made the daily victim. Let it be remembered however, that the very circumstance that enabled him to develop by his pen fraud and artifice, was the cause that made him personally their dupe. His ardent sensibility, so much at the service of his fellow beings, when engaged by a tale of real distress, left his philosophy to speculate upon such incident in his closet, and he was then at leisure to make himself the prototype of the imaginary being, who was the dupe of such knavery. What Goldsmith actually suffered, it cost him but very little pains to describe. Such is the wayward character of such a genius, notwithstanding, that if, while his pen was engaged in the detection and exposition of such fanciful knavery, a case should happen, precisely the same in all its circumstances as the one he was then portraying, we have no sort of doubt he would be

again made the dupe; and that the only benefit he would receive from it, would be the materials it would furnish for another speculation. His page is then rightly considered a fair epitome of his life; a life whose governing feature was a quick and delicate sensibility. His intellect, as before remarked, was at the command of his bookseller, and still whatever station was allotted for its mansion, that station appeared to be the one for which it was peculiarly formed. When he acts the character of a Chinese philosopher, he talks like one. Instead of that miserable apery of the oriental style, as replete with metaphoric bombast as it is destitute of common sense, he wisely comprehended his character, and believed that however nations may be tinctured by their own peculiar habits, nonsense was the same universally. Other imitators of the oriental style, have laboured under the belief that common sense was the staple commodity of England, and an article of contraband every where else.

As a poet, his distinguishing characteristics are a simplicity and an accuracy of delineation that does not offend by its minuteness; avoiding at the same time that generality of expression, where all the hues of identity are feeble and indistinct. He leaves green fields, sunny skies, blue rivers, lofty mountains, and lowly vallies, for the contemplation of Phillis and Daphne, the silly sheep and the still more silly shepherds. On the other side, an incident that Bloomfield would select to identify an object, Goldsmith would reject. Bloomfield's crazy Poll for instance, might have "shared the slumbers of the sty" before Goldsmith's muse would have awakened her, or her delectable bed-fellows, the hogs. This medium of grouping together interesting objects, preserving things common and familiar, and avoiding the mean and low, is the genuine character of true simplicity, and for such, and such only, was the page of Goldsmith so remarkable. His images are for the most part his own; though he does in some instances, (if it is not a contradiction in terms) commit plagiarism on himself. Such is that passage in his "Traveller:"

"Like the fair bow that bounds the earth and skies,
Which lures from far, but as I follow, flies."

This passage is taken from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, where the same thought in different works is repeated. Wherever he applies to his own use a thought suggested by some other writer, it receives new lustre from his hands. Thus Shakspeare says of the tidings of prince Arthur's death: "I saw a smith standing with his hammer thus! With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news." Goldsmith presents us with the same figure in another attitude:—

"No more the smith his sooty brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength and lean to hear."

After the mind is thus warmed by the contemplations of the surrounding scenery, Goldsmith's muse breaks forth in appropriate feelings, all of which have been suggested by the objects, and this gives additional importance to both. However unfortunate he may have been in his attempts to excite interest in telling a story, his guardian genius was more propitious when he employed his pen for that purpose. David Garrick alludes to this in the following line:

"He wrote like an Angel, and talk'd like poor Poll."

Beyond all men of that age, he succeeded (if we may be allowed the expression) in hiding himself behind his subject. Johnson for example, whatever may be the worth of his remarks, and none hold them in higher admiration than we do, constantly occupies a front view in all his compositions. There is the stern integrity, the lowering lip of contempt, the rigid unbending Roman moralist, discernible in every period. We question much whether a painter accustomed to combine forms for his pencil himself, would not, from a mere perusal of his works, sketch the doctor's features with tolerable exactness. Can this be said of Goldsmith? No. When a lady, he flirts his fan and ogles; when a fop, he dandles his cane and carries an opera glass, because he can see better without it; when a tar, he drinks his can of grog, and swears he is fighting for the Church, and Goldsmith is no where seen, felt, heard, or remembered, and yet like an invisible spirit he is present every where. As an evidence, how precisely he hit a character designed for better

things than his employment was, Edmund Burke may stand as an example. Goldsmith said of him,

*“Who born for the universe, narrow’d his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.”*

These words although the offspring of sport, were awfully prophetic: neither the poet, nor the subject of his song, dreamed that the moment was approaching, when Burke was to assume the character he was thus obliquely censured for not assuming. Burke did live to see the time when duty compelled him to renounce the “narrow limits” of his party, and to vindicate the cause of the civilized “universe.” Goldsmith merely saw then a great mind in the comparative petty occupations of party. As a dramatic writer his fame has outlived the sneers of Mr. Cumberland, and that fame, which in defiance of criticism still maintains its post, is evidence the most conducive that the criticism is wrong. We will not trespass on the patience of the reader by stirring the question respecting the dramatic sanctity of the unities. They have already received their death blow from Dr. Johnson, and peace to their ashes. Of all the dull formality and sober trifling of criticism, we believe this to be the dullest, to instruct a man how to laugh or cry, according to Aristotle. The character of a novelist, seemed more congenial than any other to the temper and habits of Oliver Goldsmith. He could there find an assemblage of what he so beautifully and feelingly expresses in the person of the good old Vicar, “happy human faces.” The simple Englishman surrounded by his family, all smiling, innocent, healthy, and industrious, presented to the author’s benevolent heart, this delightful assemblage. We will pause but a moment to notice that the character of the Vicar, the clergyman in the deserted village, and the reverend brother of Dr. Goldsmith mentioned in the Traveller, appear to be on inspection, one and the same. A novel was a ground Goldsmith delighted to occupy, because he could dwell on ideal forms of felicity; he could overwhelm them with misfortune to make their subsequent prosperity more endearing. Critics have stated as an objection to this novel, that the Vicar’s rise from misfortune to prosperity was too sudden and abrupt. This remark

is unfounded altogether. Allowing Burchel to be what he professed to be, Sophia's lover, is it to be supposed that he would espouse the daughter, and suffer her beloved father, and his own friend to wear away his locks whiter by misery than by age, in the walls of a dungeon?—that he whose soul was alive to honour would countenance the baseness of his nephew?—We think that incredibility steps in at another door. It has too much of the marvellous, that Jenkinson should have been the very person who in the end proved virtuously unfaithful to his trust, and procured the real marriage of Olivia. Burchel knew that those ladies were ladies of pleasure, whom his nephew introduced to the Vicar's family in the characters of persons of quality, and never communicated the intelligence to Sophia as he ought to have done. Gentlemen who have made natural history their study, censure Goldsmith's for being nothing more than a compilation. Goldsmith in his conversation with his bookseller on the subject, professed to do nothing more. He agreed to take the facts as he found them, and out of that mass to make his volumes interesting and amusing. It was a subject he was utterly ignorant of, and was not responsible for the truth of the facts. Those who have read those amusing volumes, are able to judge how faithfully he complied with his contract. With regard to the style of Oliver Goldsmith, he seems to have formed it on the model of no writer either precedent or cotemporaneous. It is so precisely suited to the subjects he handles, and those subjects are so various, that it is difficult to embrace it by a definition broad and characteristic enough. It has sometimes the pomp and grandeur of Johnson's, and was at all times more pliant and accommodating. It possessed in a peculiar degree a graceful fluency, so natural, artless, and unstudied, the expression seemed to have cost the author no effort. The words, though selected with care, were disposed with such consummate art, they seemed the spontaneous effusions of the mind. Goldsmith studied to appear gracefully negligent. The ornaments and embellishments are apparently thrown at random; but they always fall and sparkle in their proper places. His periods never fatigue as Johnson's do, by their monotonous terminations. We are fascinated with a boundless variety in their struc-

ture. He does not with Dr. Johnson preserve an undeviating uniformity of course: at one time he towers into sublimity, at another time he lowers his flight, and shaves the ground; at another he holds the middle wing. He was fond and perhaps too liberal in antithesis. His style of humour was original, and his characters of real life were drawn with such nice and imperceptible gradations of departure, they had to all appearance the fidelity of real copies. When he touched the strings of sensibility, they vibrated to his hand, and in the words of his illustrious friend, "nullum non tectigit non ornavit." Such was the private and such the literary character of Oliver Goldsmith. Dr. Johnson while he was once walking in company with our author in Westminster Abbey, and beholding the monuments of the illustrious dead, pointing to one of these august memorials exclaimed "forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis." This little effusion of a sportive moment is now reduced to a fact; their dust now mingle with that of heroes, kings, patriots, and poets, in that venerable repository. It now remains for other aspirants after fame to point to their monuments and say, Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MUTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

In the year 1504, only 307 years ago, the master of the ceremonies of pope Julius II, ranked the powers of Europe as under. This was the rule of precedence for ambassadors.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Emperor of Germany, | 13 Bohemia, |
| 2 King of the Romans, | 14 Poland, |
| 3 France, | 15 Denmark, |
| 4 Spain, | 16 Republic of Venice, |
| 5 Arragon, | 17 Duke of Brittany, |
| 6 Portugal, | 18 Duke of Burgundy, |
| 7 England, | 19 Elector of Bavaria, |
| 8 Sicily, | 20 Elector of Brandenburg, |
| 9 Scotland, | 21 Elector of Saxony, |
| 10 Hungary, | 22 Arch Duke of Austria, |
| 11 Navarre, | 23 Duke of Savoy, |
| 12 Cyprus, | 24 Grand Duke of Florence. |

Neither Russia nor Prussia appear on this list; but how many in return have disappeared, and of those that remain, how have they changed rank and importance! Of the papal court, that thus dictated to others, what are we to say now, unless it be what Brutus said over the inanimate body of Cæsar:

—————“but yesterday
His word might have been weigh’d ’gainst half the world:
Now none so low as do him reverence.”

Such is the mutability of human greatness.

Spain, until the time of Lewis XIII, led the taste in Europe, as France has done since. The change took place by degrees: it began soon after the French interest yielded to Henry IV, in France, and the armada to queen Elizabeth in England. The splendour of Louis XIV completed the change; and though the Spaniards have preserved their ancient dress and manners, they have long had no imitators. At the same period, when wealth and power began to quit Spain, her authority, in matters of taste and fashion, fell off, and scarcely any remnants are now left of either. An anecdote, little known, of the great duc de Sully, will prove the fact of this change, and determine the time when it took place beyond a doubt. Sully retired from court after the unfortunate death of his royal master, and lived to a great age: Louis XIII, wishing to consult him on some affair of great importance, requested him to come to court. The old duke arrived in the midst of the court: all the courtiers dressed something in what has since been termed the French style. Sully was still in his Spanish dress, and his antique appearance excited a sort of ridicule amongst the young courtiers, which he observing said, with great gravity,—“Sire, when the great Henry, of glorious memory, did me the honour to consult with me, he always ordered every buffoon out of his presence.” Louis XIII followed the hint immediately, to the great mortification of the young fashionables of that day.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR,

Having, during my early reading, collected many passages, that seemed to me well worthy of being laughed at as specimens of learned nonsense, or pompous and affected description, I strung them together in the following essay, which was published in the European Magazine for 1787. I have extracted it from thence, and made some additions. If it be worth your while to insert it in the Port Folio, do so.

Yours,

Northumberland.

T. C.

ON THE ART OF SINKING IN PROSE.

CONSIDERING the success which the treatise ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry, of my deceased friend and much honoured master, Martinus Scriblerus, hath had; what numerous disciples have proceeded from his school; what excellent examples of his precepts these latter days have produced, and how wonderfully his labours have guided and improved the style of modern poetry; it has been matter of surprise to me that no one hath hitherto put forth some similar tractate on the profound in prosaic composition; more especially considering the divers apposite illustrations which might easily be produced from writers of the past and present ages. Something of this kind has indeed been attempted, and successfully executed, respecting one style of prosaic bathos, that is to say, the lexiphanic, by the deceased Dr. Kenrick, of vituperative memory. So far as his* work extendeth, it is sufficiently well performed, and may preclude the necessity of any other to the same purport; for which reason the lexiphanic in prose shall be left either unnoticed, or slightly and collaterally touched on, in what I shall say concerning the prosaic division of the profound.

My worthy predecessor, Martinus Scriblerus, hath well proved that there is an art of sinking in poetry; and all his general arguments are so much to the purpose of proving also that there is an art of sinking in prose, that it is unnecessary for me to repeat here, in less elegant diction, what hath been so disert-

* The tract entitled "Lexiphanes," was not written by Dr. Kenrick, I believe, but by a Mr. Campbell.

T. C.

ly and irrefragably urged by that learned man. I shall therefore proceed to describe and illustrate the various styles of the profound, so far as the same respects prosaic composition. And herein, as I purposely touch not on the lexicaphanic, for reasons before alleged, I go on to the style immediately adjoining thereto, that is to say, the *nebuloſe* or *obumbratory* style. By the assistance of this species of the bathos in prose, a plain subject is obscured, simplicity is clothed with pomp, and a nothingness of idea puts on the garb of mysterious learning and profound research. In this style is the definition which master Hobbes hath given us of a cause—" *Causa est summa, sive aggregatum accidentium omnium, tam in agentibus quam in patiente, ad propositum effectum concurrentium, quibus omnibus existentibus effectum non existere, vel quolibet eorum uno absente existere, intelligi non potest.*" "That is," saith *Dr. Eachard, "A causa is a certain pack or aggregate of trangams, which being all packed up and corded close together, they may then be truly said in law to constitute a complete and essential pack; but if any trangam be taken out, or missing, the pack then loses its packishness, and cannot any longer be said to be a pack." Similar thereto is the elaborate definition which the same author (master Hobbes) affordeth of an assertion or proposition. In common language, this may be termed the affirmation of one thing concerning another, and may be well understood. But a writer well skilled in the bathos, will think this the least qualification of his compositions, and nobly aim at somewhat more praiseworthy. In this spirit, a proposition is said to be " *Oratio constans ex duobus nominibus copulatis, quæ significat is qui loquitur concipere se nomen posterius ejusdem rei nomen esse, cujus est nomen prius.*" This is well likened to what Zacutus saith in his treatise, concerning a spoon, which he defines, *Instrumentum quoddam concavo-convexum, quo posito in aliquod, in quo, aliud quiddam diversum a posito ante positum fuit, et retro posito in os ponentis, concipitur is qui posuit primum positum in secundum, ex his positis aliquid concludere.* Wherein by the way, mark well, as a great beauty, the con-

* Works, vol. 2. p. 16.

cluding pun concluded by the said definition. Howbeit, these instances are notable in their way, yet they have nothing new in their style; seeing that more-multifarious examples abound not only among the ancients, particularly PLATO, ARISTOTLE, APULEIUS, and PLOTINUS, (setting aside the grammarians and philologists among the ancient Greeks,) but more especially, they are to be found among the schoolmen and divines of the middle ages. Nevertheless is Hobbes much to be praised for his keeping alive the embers of a style in his day almost extinguished; though I shrewdly suspect, considering how very seldom he has excelled in the nebulose or obumbratory species of the bathos, that he was driven thereto by the reproaches and attacks of his scholastic antagonist, Bishop Bramhall. That some instances may not be wanting of this style among the writers of the middle ages, I shall insert some brief notices which one or two of those authors have given us concerning their *ENS* or *τὸ ἐν*, and their *materia prima*. Specimens from the ancients above enumerated, I shall have occasion to quote in a future part of this my treatise. Speaking of *being*, or *existence*, the great Burgersdicius asserteth, (Inst. Met. L. 1, c. 2, § 11.) *Proprius actus entis, est esse. Nam omne ens est, et quicquid est, ens est. Sicuti et quicquid non est, non est ens. Intelligitur autem ESSE secundo adjectum, quod est ESSE simpliciter, non esse tertio adjectum, quod est τὰ ἐν; competit enim id et non enti et τὸ nihil, veluti cum dicitur, nihil est non ens, cecitas est privatio. Communio igitur entium quæ objectum est, communis illius conceptus est causa unitatis in illo conceptu, et sita est in communi ratione τὸ ὅτι ἐστιν*. All this might, indeed, if it were necessary, be sufficiently expressed by saying, that all beings agree in the common circumstance of existence; but, how obvious! how naked does this appear when set beside the preceding quotation! This author further observes, *Deinde cum ens sumitur ut participium, pertinet ad quæstionem τὸ ὅτι ἐστιν: at cum sumitur ut nomen, referendum ad quæstionem τὸ ὅτι ἐστὶν*. Hinc fit, ut ens quod aliquid est, opponatur τὸ nihil; sed non immediate. Ut enim substantia non est nihil, et tamen multa sunt, quæ neque nihil sunt neque substantia, ita quoque, licet ens non sit nihil quædam tamen dicuntur quæ nec ens sunt, nec omnino nihil, sed aliquid inter

ens et nihil interjectum, ut accidentia inter substantiam et nihil sunt interjecta. How delightfully unintelligible is this! nor indeed is it very dissimilar in style to the question which young *Montinus* was accustomed to agitate, *An præter esse reale actualis essentia, sit aliud esse necessarium, quo res actualiter existat?* Much of the same kind are the accounts we receive of the *materia prima*, or that which is generally called *matter*, when considered independently of its properties. Of this, although modern philosophy, with common assent, acknowledges utter ignorance, yet as properties cannot be conceived to exist without some substratum to support them, or subject in which they may inhere; and as this is all which is usually meant by *matter*, the idea is perfectly plain and comprehensible. For this reason an adept in the bathos will take care so to express himself, in delivering his conceptions on this subject to his readers, that it shall be extremely doubtful what is meant, or whether any thing be meant, or whether the writer knows aught about it, or whether the reader is intended to be instructed. And yet shall this be done with such a semblance of profound thought and deep research; and in such a crowd of learned terms of uncertain meaning, that as the poet saith, each one will exclaim,

“More is meant than meets the ear.”

In conformity to this rule, the schoolmen, as Sir William Blackstone observeth,* currently defined their *materia prima* to be *neque quid, neque quantum, neque quale, neque aliquid eorum quibus ens determinatur.* Adrian Hereboord moreover assures us, that “*Materia prima non est corpus, neque per formam corporeitatis, neque per simplicem essentiam: est tamen ens et quidam substantia, licet incompleta; habetque actum ex se entitativum, et simul est potentia subjectiva.*”

The great masters of this art, however, are neither confined to the ancient nor middle ages; they flourish also in our own time, and upon various subjects. Even I myself remember, when attending anatomical lectures for the purpose of discovering, (God willing,) whether the infinitesimal particles of the nervous system of the foetus in utero were affected with synchro-

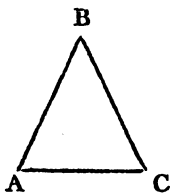
* Comm. III. 322.

nous and isochronous vibratiuncles, our instructor began with the external teguments of the dead subject, and the pathology thereof. Fearing that we should not be able to comprehend, that although corns were a disease of the scarf skin, yet warts were nervous excrescences from the true skin, he declared that he would so express himself, that we might never be at a loss hereafter to understand the difference; and to that end, assured us, that the veruca, or *ακροχορδαν*, was none other than a præternatural elongation of the villous process of the derma; while the clavus pedum, or *τυλος*, was entirely incarcerated in the superior tegument, and perfectly epidermose. And now we are upon the subject of anatomy, a very admirable passage in the nebulous or obumbratory style of description, occurs to my remembrance, which will still farther prove that we are not without some great masters in prosaic bathos, even in this our day. The late Dr. Fawcett, of Dublin, informs us, in his treatise on midwifery, lately published, sect. dviii. that “upon the fore and external part of the thorax, on each side of the sternum, lies a large conglomerate gland, the interstices of whose lobules being filled with fat, assist in raising it into a beautiful, round, smooth, projecting conoid tumour, known by the name of mamma.” This is doubtless a conveniently good exemplar of the style we are now discoursing of; but I much doubt whether the learned author did not write adipose secretion instead of fat, and insert what the negligence of his editor doubtless hath omitted, that is to say, the property of compressibility or elasticity, which, as every one knoweth, is competent thereto in the young subject. In the same spirit of learned abstruseness, is the definition of a compound leaf by the laborious Mr. Ray. “But to render things clear,” saith he, “I take it to be needful to define a compound leaf, which I shall do thus: *A part of a plant which is made up of PINNULAE, SURCULI, or RAMASTRI, connected on each side, to a middle rib, growing gradually shorter and shorter toward the top of the middle rib which also terminates in a leaf, the foot stalk and middle rib having its supine superficies different from its prone, viz. either flat or channelled.* Thus defining a compound leaf, I exclude several sorts of compound

or pinnate-leaved plants from being *phylitides* or *hemionitides*," &c. Letters to and from Mr. Ray, p. 290.

But haste we now to other instances, in other authors, and on other subjects, that no endeavours of ours may be wanting to instruct our readers in the perfect knowledge of this important part of fine writing. A nobleman of our day (Monboddo) of great learning, and one of our most perfect examples of the bathos in composition, who, among other things, has most perfectly proved, to his own satisfaction, that a state of nature among men is neither pacifical nor bellical, but quadrupedal and caudal; that a great many gentlemen well known among his literary acquaintance, never had more than one eye, which they found equally serviceable with our two; that their progeny also were like themselves, monopous; that men have constantly degenerated in mental and bodily faculties ever since they left off galloping up and down upon all fours, lashing their sides with their tails, and feeding, like good king Nebuchadnezzar, on the grass of the field,—this great man, I say, who has been at the pains of instructing the world in these important and indisputable particulars, assures us also, in a philological treatise, "that the man who opines must opine something; therefore, the subject of an opinion is not nothing." To render this assertion still less liable to controversy, he gives us the authority of Plato to the same purpose. (Nota bene, of authorities I shall discourse more fully hereafter.) Another learned gentleman of congenial soul, (Hermes Harris,) whose works undoubtedly furnish the completest instances of this species of the profound, which modern literature can any where supply, having to define a conjunction, and settle its classification, tells us, "that it is a part of speech devoid of signification itself, but so formed as to help signification by making two or more significant sentences to be one significant sentence. Some of them, indeed, have a kind of obscure signification when taken alone; and they appear in grammar like zoophytes in nature, a kind of middle beings of amphibious character, which, by sharing the attributes of the higher and lower, conduce to link the whole together." This gentleman had already defined a *word* (or part of speech) to be "a sound significant." But what common reader would suppose

that this collection of high sounding phraseology meant neither more nor less, as Mr. Horne Tooke* observes, when put into common expressions, than that "a conjunction is a sound significant, devoid of signification, having, at the same time, an obscure kind of signification, and yet having neither signification nor no signification, but a middle something between signification and no signification, sharing the attributes both of signification and no signification, and linking signification and no signification together!" This is of a truth truly philosophical language, and "a perfect example of analysis;" but somewhat too similar indeed to the *to or* and the *to nihil* of *BURGERSDICIUS*. Very skilful also was this same gentleman [Mr. James Harris] in that well-known practice, the *explanatio ignoti per ignotius*, or the explanation of a plain word or sentence into an obscure one. Thus, "'tis a phrase often applied to a man," says he, "that he speaks his mind; as much as to say, that his speech or discourse is a publishing of some energetic motion of his soul." So again, "for what indeed is to assert, if we consider the examples above alleged, but to publish some perception either of the senses or intellect?" In a still more profound style of phraseology does this author prove, that the time present is neither the time past nor the time future. "Let us suppose, says he, for example, the lines A B, B C,



I say, that the point B is the end of the line A B and the beginning of the line B C. In the same manner, let us suppose A B B C to represent certain times, and let B be a *now* or *instant*; in such case, I say, that the instant B is the end of the time A B, and the beginning of the time B C, I say likewise of these two times, that with respect to the *now* and *instant* which they include, the first of them is necessarily past time, as being pre-

* Letter to Dunning, 19, the *Skeleton of the Epea Pteroenta*.

vious to it, the other is necessarily future as being subsequent." Highly delighted, as he well might be, with this ingenious device for proving so important a proposition, he introduces, in another place of the same treatise, a variation of this mode of proof. "In the first place," says he, "there may be times both past and future in which the present has no existence; as for example, in yesterday and tomorrow." Again, "the present, now, may so far belong to time of either sort, as to be the end of the past, and the beginning of the future, but it cannot be included within the limits of either. For if it were possible, let us suppose C the present *now* included

A	B	C	D	E
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within the limits of the past time A D, in such case C D, part of the past time A D, will be subsequent to C the present *now*, and so of course be future. But by the hypothesis it is *past*, and so will be both *past* and future at once, which is absurd. In the same manner we prove that C cannot be included within the limits of a future time, such as B E." Now saving, that by the assistance of his first diagram, he has proved that the present time, the *to wit*, *must necessarily*, and in the latter diagram that it *necessarily must not* be included within the limits of the past and future, nothing can exceed the bathos excellence of these passages. Many other apposite examples, this rare treatise, which the author, in the true nebulous phraseology, hath entitled *Hermes*, might easily furnish; but I content myself with one other, which the casual opening of the book hath just presented to my eye. Reader, "What is, to work, and know what one is about? 'Tis to have an idea of **what** one is doing; to possess a *Form internal* correspondent to the *External*; to which *External* it serves for an *Exemplar* or *Archetype*." Herein note also the profundity of the capital letters; and if thou needest further illustration, and other exemplars or archetypes of the true nebulous or obumbratory style of prose writing, I refer thee to the other treatises of the same profound author; of whom, more hereafter.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FEMALE CONSTABLES.

IN 2 Hawkins's Pleas of the Crown, p. 97, is the following passage: "But it hath been said, that a custom in a town, that the inhabitants shall serve the office of a constable by turns according to the situation of their several houses, is not good; for that by such a course it may come to a *woman's* turn to be constable as inhabitant of one of those houses; yet we find such customs allowed to be good in later books; and it seems that the consequence of the reasoning above mentioned may well be denied, since such women in such case may procure another to serve for her."

However doubtful that law might be in Hawkins's time, it received judicial confirmation in the case of the king against Alice Stubbs and others, 1788, reported in 2 Term Reports, 395; wherein, after long argument, it was decided *directly* that women might be chosen OVERSEERS of the poor, and *obiter* that they might be appointed CONSTABLES. A woman (said the advocates for the appointment) is capable of serving almost all the offices in the kingdom—such as queen, marshal, great chamberlain, and constable of England. Dyer 285, duke of Buckingham's case.

High sheriff of the county: thus, Ann countess of Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery, had the hereditary office of high sheriff of Westmoreland, and exercised it in person. At the assises at Appleby she sat with the judges on the bench. Harg. Co. Litt. 326. a. n.

Commissioner of sewers: Callis ub. sup.

Governor of a workhouse: 2 Ld. Raymond, 1014.

Keeper of the gate house prison of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster: 3 Keb. 32. cited in 2 Str. 1115.

Sexton, 2 Str. 1114.

Returning officer for members of parliament: 2 Str. 1115

Constable: Hawk. loc. cit.

This latter case was particularly specified and acknowledged by judge Ashurst, in delivering the opinion of the court. The following *jeu d'esprit*, which I cut out of one of the newspapers

of the day, will be probably new to your readers and seems worth preserving.

FEMALE PARISH OFFICERS,

As determined by the Court of King's Bench, A. D. 1788.

The decision which establishes, that women are eligible to be overseers of the poor, and of course to serve other parish offices, may be considered as a grand epoch in the history of women. It is long since women have rescued their sex from the imputation of ignorance; they now make a very distinguished figure as prose and poetical writers, and some as philosophers, critics and politicians. They supply the theatres with their best plays, and have fairly established an equality of genius with that of men.*

But it was reserved for the present week to determine how far they were capable to be intrusted with the management of public concerns—and the parishes will, no doubt, soon reap great advantages from Mrs. Churchwarden, Mrs. Overseer, and Mrs. Constable of the night.

Women of quality! are of all others the best fitted for these employments: they have a great deal of time which they know not how to employ, and for the office of *constable* they are particularly well qualified. The principal objection *men* have made to this office, is, that it requires attendance at the watchhouse *all night*. Now we know, that women of quality are generally up all night, and therefore have only to make a watchhouse of the great hall, and they will be always ready in case of disturbance. In quelling riots their influence must be very great—no *man* would ever venture to strike a woman—and I am persuaded that in all cases of disturbance at night, madam the constable, has only to show her authority, and the most stubborn will respect it.

In point of *guttling*, of which parish officers are much and and I fear justly accused, a prodigious saving must be made by the election of female officers, who would be content at their parish meetings with a dish of tea and a rubber at whist. “Such of the ladies as choose,” as Macheath says,—but let that pass.

*Some, it might be added, as painters and sculptors, such as Angelica Kauffman, Maria Cosway, Madam Le Brun, and the honourable Mrs. Damer.

The ladies have very cordially entered into this scheme, and some of them already talk pretty loudly of *close confinement, laying by the heels, committing, sending to hard labour, &c.* The poor certainly will be gainers; those girls who are unfortunate enough to make a slip, will have all due compassion shown them.

In a word, it is hoped, that this decision is only a step towards a more general admission of ladies into public offices—why they should not be members of parliament has never been accounted for. We must remember how adroit some of them lately were at canvassing for votes; and every man must know that they would make excellent orators, commanding a prodigious flow of words on any subject, which is the very essence of modern oratory. As to *principles*, they certainly would be as constant as the men, and the only objection perhaps might be, that *secret influence* would prevail. The speaker's office, requiring silence, might still be filled by one of the men.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CEO EST LE TAMER D'UNE SHREW!

FROM the beginning of the world to the present day, it has been a matter of much reflection in theory, and much difficulty in practice, how to control the wilfulness, the perverseness, the caprices, and the extravagance of a wife, and prevent her from ruining the peace, and consuming the property of a husband. I say in civilized countries, for I fully agree to the fashionable criterion of national civilization; namely, that the more indulgence is shown by the laws and manners of a country to the females, the more advanced is that country in the general circumstances implied in the term civilization. Not that matrimonial liberty, or a flattering attention to the wants, real or affected, of the softer sex has any connexion with painting, poetry, architecture, or chemistry; but they are to a certain degree and for certain causes so far concomitant, as to be in some sort exponents of each other. All the arts that ameliorate and adorn the condition of mankind, must have some influence on that sexual inter-

course of general society which tends so directly to improve the temper, as well as to embellish the mind and the manners.

I say in civilized countries, for in uncivilized countries there are two methods adopted of keeping the influence of women within due bounds. In the eastern and southern nations, the men have had recourse to polygamy; if one wife prove ill tempered or refractory, they take another; so David, who (although a holy man, according to the estimate of divines) had no bowels of compassion either for man or woman, when his own sensual or vindictive propensities stood in the way, condemned his wife Michal to barrenness, for affronting him by a very just and well deserved reproof, though given, it must be confessed, with some degree of feminine asperity.

In the colder climates, to the north and west, where this resource has been generally disapproved, our sturdy ancestors formerly resorted to the wholesome discipline of the rope's end, or a cudgel; most manfully preserving domestic order *manibus, pedibus, stickibusque*.

Thus judge Blackstone says, v. 1, p. 444, "The husband also, (by the old law) might give his wife moderate correction. For as he is to answer for her misbehaviour, the law thought it reasonable to intrust him with the power of restraining her by domestic chastisement, in the same moderation that a man is allowed to correct his apprentices or children; for whom the parent or master is also liable in some cases to answer. But this power of correction was confined within reasonable bounds, and the husband was prohibited from using any violence to his wife, *aliter quam ad virum, ex causa regiminis et castigationis uxoris suae, licite et rationabiliter pertinet*. The civil law gave the husband the same or a larger authority over his wife: allowing him for some misdemeanors, *flagellis et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem*, for others only *modicam castigationem adhibere*. But with us in the polite reign of Charles the second, this power of correction began to be doubted; and a wife may now have security of the peace against her husband; or in return a husband against his wife; yet the lower rank of people, who were always fond of the old common law, still claim and exercise their ancient privilege, and

"the courts of law will still permit a husband to restrain a wife of her liberty, in case of any gross misbehaviour."

The old law thus laid down by Blackstone, is fully confirmed by the writ of *supplicavit*, in Fitzherbert's *Natura Brevium*, 179. If a wife had cause of complaint for want of proper maintenance, she might sue her husband before the ordinary of the Ecclesiastical court: if on account of abuse and ill treatment, she might get a *supplicavit* out of chancery: the words are, *Quod ipsum B coram te corporaliter venire fac' et ipsum B ad sufficien' manucaption' inveniend', &c. quod ipse p'fat' B benè et honestè tractabit gubernabit ac dampnum et malum aliquod eidem A de corpore suis alit' quam ad virum suum ex causa regiminis et castigationis uxoris sue licitè et rationabiliter pertinet, non faciet nec fieri procurabit.* That is, you are hereby commanded to cause B, (the husband) personally to appear before you and give sufficient security that he will well and honestly treat and govern his wife A, and that he will not do, or cause to be done, any bodily harm to his said wife, other than is necessary for her lawful and reasonable government and castigation.

The doctrine thus laid down in the "olden time" and still practised by the common people, has received the legal countenance of a very learned judge. About twenty-five or thirty years ago, an indictment was tried before judge Buller at the assizes at Exeter, against a man for beating and abusing his wife: the facts were proved: the counsel for the husband had no resource, but to insist on the ancient laws of the country, as to the right of the husband to cudgel his deary, *regiminis et castigationis causâ*: "Oh but (says the judge) granting all that, it cannot apply to the case of a man beating his wife with a club." Pray, my lord, says the learned barrister, if a man may not use a club for the purpose, what kind of a stick is it lawful for him to apply? Why (says his lordship) some excuse might have been made, had he beaten the woman with a stick as thick as my thumb! The next morning the ladies of Exeter sent a very polite and respectful *round robin* to the judge, praying that he would be so good as to furnish them with the precise dimensions of his *lordship's thumb*, that the instrument of discipline *regiminis et castigationis causâ* might not hereafter exceed the legal size.

Whether the fashionable attentions of French manners and the laws in favour of wives in England, raising and protecting interests separate from their husbands, have not been carried too far, and done injury upon the whole to female influence, is a question that well deserves to be discussed. Perhaps it is not to the advantage of the sex, to be viewed too nearly before marriage, or expect as a matter of course an habitual indulgence, even to their follies, their foibles and their caprices: and most assuredly many prudent young men, (in Europe that is to say) refrain from the matrimonial connexion, from a dread, not quite unreasonable, of the great power a wife has over their interest and their happiness. But however this may be, we have certainly done right in permitting some of our old law to fall into disuse; and among the rest, the legal mode of TAMING A SHREW; a contrivance, that might furnish a better plot for a comedy, than the worn out story of Catharine and Petruchio.

The very well argued, and well considered case of Manby against Scot, (1663) Sid. 109. was for many years thrown into the back ground, but of late the general principles then laid down, have again come into vogue. Judge Hide's argument in that case, in the Exchequer chamber, reported in 1 Mod. 124, is a most furious invective against disobedient and extravagant wives, who, if having no goods of their own to live on, depart from their husbands and will not submit themselves as they ought to their lords and masters, "let them live on charity, or starve in the NAME OF GOD." There are, however, as it should seem, two remedies very fortunately provided by the law for refractory wives; that is in England; in this happy country, we know there is no such description of persons, nor any necessity for exerting matrimonial authority, where the sex universally are equally dutiful as matrons and beautiful as virgins.

"One kind of divorce between husband and wife, is, when "an action of trespass is brought against them, and the husband only appears, and process issues against the wife, until "she be waived and outlawed; she can never purchase her pardon "and reverse the outlawry unless the husband will appear, so, "that if he please, he is divorced. 14. H. 6. 14. a.

"If the wife be outlawed by erroneous process, and the husband will not bring a writ of error, he may by this way be rid of a shrew, and that doth countervail a divorce. 18. E. 4. 4. a.

"And thus it appears," says the learned judge, who seems to dwell with great complacency on these resources, "that the law provides a remedy to *tame a shrew*." A remedy for which there is so little occasion in this country, that I have ventured to send it to you as a curiosity worth preserving.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—POSTHUMOUS CHARACTERS.

As every practice which tends to mingle virtue and vice, or truth and falsehood, and to confuse and perplex those moral distinctions in different characters, which serve as a barrier to evil, and a protection to good, must be detrimental to the felicity of mankind, in proportion to their prevalence, it cannot be wholly undeserving of attention to investigate the extent of their harm, and not, perhaps, altogether useless, to endeavour to prevent their recurrence, or palliate their effects.

That an indiscriminate *eulogy of the dead* is an evil of this description, will appear obvious to every one, who regards truth with higher reverence than falsehood, and who prefers the happiness of society to individual gratification. It is flattery of an object incapable of vanity, and seems offending the ashes of the departed by a personification of human passions and foibles of which it has ceased to participate. He who bestows on a living character encomiums for moral or intellectual qualities which he does not possess, incurs the imputation either of want of sense or of virtue, as he is supposed too stupid to discern the true characters of men, or too unprincipled to feel abhorrence to wickedness. As such a man, whichever motive may actuate him, is commonly denominated a flatterer, so with equal reason, may we give the appellation of imposture to him who eulogises the dead, for estimable qualities of which they were destitute. The veracity of the *former*, in such matter, gradually wears away, and the world understands him only as uttering empty

sounds, which express no sincere opinion, or known truth; whilst the assertions of the *latter* are implicitly believed by those ignorant of the individual, because they are solemnly averred, and are never contradicted by those convinced of their fallacy, because they are imagined to proceed from duty or affection. Hence the harm which results from flattery of the living is very diminutive, by comparison with that uselessly heaped upon the dead; the propensity of mankind to envy and detraction seldom suffers them to award to vice the honours due only to virtue, or to give to folly the meed of wisdom. Like the king and the clown, they are opposite and distinct characters, nor can the latter borrow the aspect and garb of the former without in the end being exposed to ridicule and contempt.

It may with reason excite our surprise, that posthumous flattery should be so abundantly heaped on the unworthy, while living merit lacks the praise which genius and virtue might exact from the liberal, but which it disdains to solicit from the ignorant and sordid. That which is least required, is, however, most willingly bestowed, and caprice oftener apportions recompense than reason. With the dead envy also dies; competition becomes extinct, and hatred drops her malignant head. What is affirmed of them is seldom denied, and nothing is withheld which is known will prove useless; exaggerated praise is by consequence freely given to those whom it cannot excite to vanity, and elevate to prosperity; which cannot disparage our consequence, or jar with our interest. Such praise, then, when undeserved, seems to spring rather from selfish than liberal and disinterested motives; to be produced by the consideration that he will not be imagined envious who gives, spontaneously, exaggerated eulogy on the unsentient dead. Many, however, there are who bestow panegyric where its qualities are absent, from motives more praiseworthy, though not less injurious, from affection, gratitude, or benevolence.

“But where,” exclaims a grateful friend, “is the impropriety, or as you would infer, the turpitude, of dressing the dead with virtues, some of which may be artificial and foreign to their characters? If envy is dead it cannot be excited, if hatred is extinct it cannot be exasperated? To throw some vir-

tues, therefore, over the nakedness of vice, to cover its deformity, is certainly rather worthy of commendation than censure, when that which is thus given to the dead would be of little utility to the living: besides, it is mostly caused by the exuberance of love, the violence of grief, or the duty of gratitude; and is entitled to tolerance at least, only as it soothes and cherishes such amiable affections." Such an appeal would not be destitute of weight, if opposed to any other considerations than the imperative observance of *truth*, and the desirable preservation of sincerity. Truth we ever hold sacred and inviolable, from conviction of its necessity, and from a solemn impression resulting from divine inculcation; nor should even its *apparent* violation be deliberately committed, but for the most evident and urgent purposes of good. In reply, then, to the above inquiry, I would ask, what good end can be attained by decorating the memory of a deceased friend with unmerited panegyric? To him the fragrant breath of flattery is as idle and indifferent as the murmuring of the wind through the hollow tomb which covers his ashes. Human praise is grateful to those alone who have not ceased to be mortal, and when it is profusely heaped upon the dead, as an ostensible object, there is reason to suspect, that in reality it is only intended to enhance the importance and flatter the vanity of the living. Human panegyric should not only be the reward of virtue, but it should never be prostituted to the *unworthy*; and when we offer it with sincerity at the shrine of merit, let the object be endowed with sensation, and conscious of his recompense. Or even if we could suppose, as kindred souls sometimes fancy, his spirit should hover over us, in its pristine purity, divested of corporeal imperfection, regarding the actions of men, how would he not blush, or shrink in conscious purity, from the song of praise, when composed of falsehood, and mingled with flattery? The conception is repugnant to our best feelings, and discordant to our nicest sensibility.

When an abuse becomes prevalent, it rarely happens that it does not destroy the object for which it was originally intended to compass. The knave, from the frequency of his frauds, soon ceases to be trusted, and the liar, from his constant violation of

truth, to be believed. The stranger, who reads an elaborate delineation of a modern character, whether on marble or on paper, is struck with admiration and surprise by such sublime perfection, until apprised of the *custom* of the country, when he suddenly reverses his opinion, and imagines he cannot form too *object* a notion of the character of the *dead*. Fictitious eulogy must necessarily beget, in time, incredulity of belief; and thus, even the memory of the virtuous incurs an indiscriminate and common obloquy with the wicked, to varnish whose defects truth was violated, and virtue stripped of its merited fame!

It must, notwithstanding, be confessed, that the motives which induce to flattery, so useless, so absurd, and so hurtful, are often of a commendable nature; yet the general rule still obtains, though friendship or affection may sometimes offer disinterested encomiums, and express sincere sorrow. A widow may mourn a husband, affectionate and loving, and, in the freshness of grief, directs every thing to be said of him that is amiable and good. The gratitude of a friend may bestow on his patron or benefactor every possible virtue, because he himself has received benefit from his generosity or kindness; but the husband of the one, and the benefactor of the other, may be, and oftener are found destitute of virtue and genius, than incapable of vice or folly. Such unmerited encomiums on the dead, from their extreme prevalence, and absurd complexion, have come to be denominated, ironically, *newspaper characters*, as expressive of the degree of belief usually given to such turgid productions!

Let it not, however, be imagined, that I would proscribe the tribute of duty, of affection, or of gratitude; and there are very few whose obsequies are celebrated, that have not some claim to one of those feelings. Nor do I advocate the inscription of vice on the tombs of the fallible and weak, whose errors I could desire more perishable than humanity itself! I would recommend *truth* as the ornament of the epitaph, as well as the eulogy of the sepulchral tenant. Experience and charity induce us to believe that the number of human beings is very small who have not some predominance of virtue, let it be recorded, for though diminutive, it is fragrant to the soul; fewer still there

are who are not tainted by some vice, which it is better that oblivion should cover, than monumental record expose it to the world! Where no good can be faithfully narrated of the dead, it appears preferable to say nothing of their character; that he was born, lived, and died, without accomplishing a solitary action sufficiently worthy for mankind to imitate or admire, will, though a laconic lesson, be replete with instruction, and fruitful in reflection, to a sedate mind; whilst the omission of his foibles will silence the derision of infidel folly, and cicatrize the wounded feelings of humanity.

It seems, therefore, an object entitled to our regard, to endeavour to abolish the *fashionable mode* of eulogizing the dead, for qualities at war with truth and their real characters; and to restore that faith and confidence in human assertions and narratives, without which the intercourse of man would be a chaos of incertitude, and the bands of society would grow too loose to preserve connexion and coherency.

P. S.

August 30, 1811.

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BENJAMIN WEST, Esq. was born in the year 1738, at Springfield, Chester county, Pennsylvania, in America. His ancestors were a branch of the West family who were distinguished in the wars of Edward III. In the reign of Richard II they settled at Long Cranden, in Buckinghamshire, where they resided till about the year 1667, at which period they embraced the quaker principles, which were then in the infancy of propagation. It is believed that the first of the family who adopted quakerism was a colonel James West, an officer much distinguished in the battle of Worcester, and by his attachment to the republican party, which at that time prevailed over the monarchy. A letter from the celebrated Hampden to this gentleman is still upon record.

In the year 1699, the greater part of the family removed with William Penn into Pennsylvania, on his second visit to that province; and his grandfather and grandmother (on his mother's side) accompanied that great and benevolent man in the first visit he made to that new country in the year 1681.

In the year 1714, Mr. John West joined his brothers and relations in Pennsylvania, where he married, and the present Mr. West is the youngest son of ten children which he raised in that country. Mr. West's love for painting shewed itself at an early age, and at sixteen, with the consent of his parents and friends, he embraced it as a profession. In the town of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and the cities of Philadelphia and New York, he painted many portraits, and several historical pictures, with considerable success, till he attained the age of twenty-one, when the produce of his industry, and the predominate desire of acquiring excellence in historical painting, carried him to Italy, the great depository of the ancient and modern arts, and the most favourable school for genius.

In the year 1760 Mr. West left the city of Philadelphia and embarked for Leghorn. War was then raging between England and France, and the ship in which he sailed stopped at Gibraltar, till a proper force could be appointed to convoy it to the place of its destination. The first in command to that convoy was captain Meadows, of the Shannon frigate, who, during the passage to Leghorn, rendered Mr. West and two of his companions every attention which the civility and politeness of a gentleman could bestow, and which laid the foundation of that friendship which has subsisted ever since, between Mr. West and captain Meadows, now lord Newark.

From Leghorn Mr. West proceeded to Rome. From the house of Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, of the factory of Leghorn, he procured recommendations to cardinal Albani, and others of high distinction in that city. Through this recommendation he was introduced to Raphael Mengs, Pompeo Battoni, and most of the celebrated artists in Rome; and was yet more fortunate in the intimacy he formed with Mr. Wilcox, the author of the much esteemed Roman Conversations. The kindness of this gentleman, and that of the late lord Grantham, then

Mr. Robinson, procured him an introduction to all that was excellent in the arts, both of the ancient and modern school; and the distinguished taste of those liberal and enlightened men, united to their own classical information, laid the foundation in the mind of Mr. West, on his first entrance into the seat of his profession, of that sublime and philosophical taste which has enabled him to enrich England with the various productions of his pencil.

The sudden change from the cities of America, where he saw no productions but a few English portraits, and those which had sprung from his own pencil, to the city of Rome, the seat of arts and taste, made so forcible an impression upon his feelings as materially to affect his health. The enthusiasm of his mind was heated with what he beheld, and oppressed at once by novelty and grandeur, the springs of health were weakened, and he was under the necessity of withdrawing from Rome in a few weeks, by the advice of his physician, or the consequence might have been fatal to his life.

Mr. West returned to Leghorn, and was received into the friendly protection of Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, in whose house he remained several months. He experienced likewise the most flattering attention from the English consul and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Dick, since sir John Dick, and was received with distinguished hospitality by the governors of the place, and others of the Italians. His mind was thus relaxed by friendly intimacy and society, which, together with sea bathing, restored him to health and to the prosecution of his studies in Rome. He here fixed his mind upon the most glorious productions of ancient and modern art, and the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Poussin, engaged most of his attention; but he was again compelled to withdraw from his studies, owing to the loss of health, and to return to his friends at Leghorn. The air and society of this place again restored him, and by the advice of those in whom he most confided, he proceeded to Florence instead of Rome. He here recommenced his studies with increased ardour in the galleries and the palace Pitti, and was a third time arrested in his progress, and relapsed into an illness which confined him more than six months to his bed and

room, during which time he was under the necessity of submitting to a surgical operation in one of his ankles, where the fever had settled. In this delicate operation, Mr. West was greatly indebted to the skill and attention of the celebrated surgeon Narona, to whom we have often heard him confess that he owed the preservation of his leg, if not his life.

During the long confinement occasioned by this painful malady, our young artist received marked attentions from sir Horace Mann, the English minister at Florence, the marquis of Cherini and Riccardi, the late lord Cowper, and many of the British nobility. The love of his art, and the emulation of excellence, triumphed over every pain of body and oppression of mind; and in the severest paroxysms of sickness, Mr. West never desisted from drawing, reading, and composing historical subjects. He had a frame constructed in order to enable him to paint when obliged to keep his bed, and in that situation he amused himself by painting several ideal pictures and portraits. When he was sufficiently recovered to bear removal, and to be carried out to enjoy the fine air of the Boboli gardens, his youth and an excellent constitution united, so that nature soon made a complete restoration of his health; and in order to confirm and establish what was so happily begun, he was recommended by his friends to travel. A gentleman from Leghorn, an Englishman of considerable talents and classical education, accompanied him to Bologna, Parma, Mantua, Verona, and Venice, in which cities he made himself acquainted with the paintings of the Carracci, Corregio, Julio Romano, Titian, and the other celebrated masters of the Venetian and Lombard schools, the chief productions of whose pencils were to be found in the above mentioned cities.

After completing a tour which enriched his mind with the fruits of observation, and invigorated health by change of place and diversity of object, Mr. West returned to Rome, having been absent from that city more than twelve months.

He painted about this time two pictures; the subjects were Cimon and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Medora. He composed likewise several other subjects from the poets and historians, all of which were viewed with much complacency by the professors

of art, as well as by most of the connoisseurs. But the enthusiasm and industry with which our young artist pursued his profession again made ravages on his health, and illness was again attacking him. To secure, therefore, this primary blessing, he embraced the opportunity of an English gentleman's departure for London, and united with him in that journey to visit the native country of his ancestors. He availed himself likewise of this opportunity to revisit Parma on his way from Italy, in order that he might finish his copy of Corregio's celebrated picture (the St. Gerolemo) which he had left incomplete through illness on his first introduction to it.

From Parma he extended his tour to Genoa and Turin, inflamed with a curiosity to examine the esteemed pictures of the Italian and Flemish masters, which those places are distinguished for possessing.

Having now taken an extensive survey of the treasures of modern Italy, and completed himself in those schools, as far as observation concurring with genius and industry has a tendency to complete the artist, Mr. West was desirous of a yet wider survey, and grew unwilling to quit the continent till he should have exhausted whatever was left worthy of inspection. The French ground was still untrodden; he therefore proceeded through Lyons to Paris, in which he remained till he had made himself acquainted with the best productions of the art, which France could at that time boast. He passed most of his time in the superb palaces of that city and its environs, in which the paintings of most repute were congregated, and in August 1763 he arrived in London.

We have thus traced Mr. West in his continental progress, and have omitted nothing of importance during his stay in Italy. It was now his turn to take a survey of the state of the arts and of the modern collections in Great Britain; for which purpose, in the autumn of the same year in which he arrived in England, he visited Oxford, Blenheim, Bath, Storehead, Fonthil, Wilton, Langford near Salisbury, Windsor, and Hampton-court. This tour, performed, like those in Italy and France, for the purpose of completing his knowledge of the paintings of the eminent masters, introduced him to all the works of art in the above men-

tioned places, particularly the picture by Vandyke of the Pembroke family at Wilton, and the Cartoons by Raphael at Hampton-court.

Having completed this excursion, it was the intention of Mr. West to return to America, and take up his residence in the city of Philadelphia; thither to import the knowledge which he had collected in the various schools which he had visited, and to practise his profession with as much honour and emolument as the slender patronage of America could afford. It is unnecessary to investigate the causes which retarded his departure, and which shortly afterwards induced him to fix upon England as the sphere to be occupied by his genius, and enriched by the various productions of his pencil. The arts which had been long languishing in this country from the want of patronage and encouragement, received upon the accession of his present majesty the most distinguished notice and approbation. The time was now arrived in which the English artist was to step forward, in order to challenge comparison with those of Italy and France, and, exempting himself from the servility of mannerism and the constraint of schools, to lay claim to a palm of higher and more durable merit. The country which supplied all Europe with many of the luxuries, and most of the conveniencies of life, whose merchandize occupied an extent unequalled by any other nation of the globe, was now about to add to her other means of wealth a new source of commerce, and, along with her hardware, her woollens, and broad cloths, to traffic in pictures and engravings with those countries from which she had been so long contented to be supplied. To the politician and the economist, who question the influence and use of the fine arts in society, and who allege that they lock up a great portion of the wealth of the country in mouldering and unproductive canvass, it will be sufficient answer to refer them to the receipts and entries at the custom-house: they will there find what a channel of commerce has been opened to other countries, and what a prodigious saving has accrued to our own.

In April 1764, the exhibition of painting, sculpture, and architecture opened for the inspection of the public, at the great room in Spring-gardens. By the express wish of Mr. Reynolds, afterwards sir Joshua, and Mr. Richard Wilson, our young ar-

tist was induced to send thither the two pictures painted at Rome, and a whole length portrait of general Monckton, which he had painted during the winter in London, for that distinguished officer himself. The favourable reception of those pictures by the artists and the public, together with the earnest intreaties of his friends, induced Mr. West to remain in England. In the course of that year the amiable lady with whom, previously to his departure from Philadelphia, he had contracted an affection, left that city in company with his father, and joined our young artist in London: they were immediately married, and settled in the metropolis.

The artists who united in 1760 to form an exhibition of their works at the great room in Spring-gardens, became incorporated in the year 1765. Mr. West was immediately chosen a member, and appointed one of the directors. He drew at their academy in St. Martin's-lane, and became one of their constant exhibitors, till the opening of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, which was established under the patronage of his present majesty, in the year 1768. Mr. West was graciously named by his majesty as one of the four artists to wait upon him and submit to his inspection the plan of the institution. This plan happily received the royal approbation, and the king commanded the deputation to take every step in their power to accelerate the establishment. The names of these gentlemen, besides Mr. West, were, Mr. Chambers, afterwards sir William Chambers, Mr. Moser, afterwards first keeper of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Coates.

In the year previous to this event, Mr. West had been honourably mentioned to his majesty by Drummond, the then archbishop of York, on his finishing for that worthy prelate the picture of Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus. In order, therefore, most effectually to serve Mr. West, the archbishop introduced him, together with that picture, to the king; a circumstance which gave his majesty his first knowledge of Mr. West, and so favourable an opinion of his talents, as to determine his royal master to employ him. His majesty was pleased to commission him at that time for the picture of Regulus, which was the first painting exhibited by Mr.

West on the opening of the Royal Academy in 1769. And here we cannot avoid remarking, what our readers will perhaps consider as worthy of observation, as we ourselves think it of astonishment and national gratitude, that, from the exhibition in Spring-gardens in 1764 to the exhibition of last year, Mr. West has not omitted a single year in the exposition of his works for the public entertainment and instruction. We flatter ourselves, moreover, that it will be highly serviceable to our readers, and particularly to artists, and all such as take an interest in the arts, to present them with a correct and authentic catalogue of the pictures, and their subjects, which Mr. West has painted during that period; when it will be found to constitute a whole which, as proceeding from the pencil of an individual, has no parallel in the annals of painting, if we consider the number, size, and extent of their composition in figures, and their great diversity of matter.

Mr. West, in his tour through France and Italy, had frequent reasons to lament the degraded state to which he found the arts reduced, as well as the degenerated patronage in those countries, in comparison with that which had formerly raised them to their greatest dignity in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The imbecility in the choice of subjects, which he found the pencils of professors employed to execute, were of a piece with the degraded minds of those who commissioned them. The legendary register was ransacked, and became the fountain from which the genius of the painter drew; while the mechanical arrangement of academical figures, converted into saints, angels, cupids, and seraphim, forming contrasted groups on earth and in heaven, as well as in purgatory and hell, exhibited throughout Italy, the ultimate of fallen patronage and degraded art. In France the debased state of painting and patronage was yet more deplorable: there it was humiliated to cherish and stimulate the lascivious passions, and the gayeties of frivolity and show. At Rome, indeed, Mengs and Hamilton; and at Paris, Greue, Vernest, and Vien, were exceptions to this degraded taste; and in England, the manly exertions of Reynolds and Wilson, and the original genius of Hogarth, with several others, had con-

ferred upon the arts a portion of that lustre, chastity, and dignity, which did themselves and their country honour.

To delineate historical events in painting with perspicuity and dignity, is one of the most impressive powers which is given to man. Historical painting has been justly called the *epic* of the art, as it demands the greatest sublimity of genius, and the strictest accuracy of judgment, the most extensive knowledge of nature and her works, as well as of the best human productions in poetry and science; and, above all, it requires that rare quality which has been denominated so well by a modern writer, "the philosophy of taste." Painting speaks a universal language; the poetry of a nation is frequently locked up in the language of that nation; the music of one people does not always please the ears of another; but painting being a copy of general and unchangeable nature, must, according to the justness and accuracy of its representations, appeal in a uniform manner to the feelings of all mankind. How necessary must it therefore be, that such a powerful instrument of good or evil should fall into proper hands, and be employed for worthy purposes. In that philosophical and moral point of view, Mr. West has ever considered the department of the art which he had embraced as a profession, and in this sense he ever understood and wished to employ it. He had observed, that the early efforts of painting in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, were directed to the same pious and beneficent ends as poetry; that they were employed to instruct men in their duty towards God, by delineating passages from scriptural events, as transmitted by prophets and apostles. He therefore contemplated, whilst studying his profession, its real utility when enlisted under the banners of morality and philosophy; and he likewise observed, that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries its powers were cherished by a proud patronage and a princely liberality, to call forth what would most dignify religion, philosophy, and morality, and that it did by these exertions raise itself to such excellence and glory, that whole states, communities and individuals, were proud of their illustrious men in the arts, and emulous of possessing their works. To the encouragement of this generous passion many fortunate circumstances had concurred. The mu-

nificent patronage of the house of Medici, at Florence, and its influence under Leo X, in the pontifical seat at Rome, advanced those efforts which had been making in the arts for the three preceding centuries, to the highest perfection, in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael. The wars and intestine commotions with which Italy was soon after distracted, together with the imbecility in the minds of those who succeeded in the following centuries, caused that proud patronage to decline, and with it the art of painting. Those who then directed the powers of the pencil lavished its efforts and attention on legendary tales, till the more discerning part of mankind became wearied with its imbecility, and disgusted by its productions. Mr. West observing the degraded state of painting in Italy and France, and its employment to inflame bigotry, darken superstition, and stimulate the baser passions of our nature, resolved to struggle for a recovery of its dignity,—for its moral and pious uses, and to lay out his emulation and industry to restore to it a portion of its former splendour. The patronage of his majesty happily concurred with this his primary desire, the encouragement of Drummond the then archbishop of York, the honourable Thomas Penn, and the energies of his own mind. He was thus enabled to give to the world the pictures of Agrippina, Regulus, Hannibal, Wolfe, and Penn. In these pictures are exhibited feminine and conjugal affection to departed greatness, invincible love of country, heroism, and a rectitude of justice. The fine prints from these pictures engraved under the inspection of Mr. West, by Erlum, Green, Woollett, and Hall, were spread by a commercial intercourse throughout the civilized world; and the subjects being real facts founded in history, exhibited to man's view what dignified and ennobled his nature, so that the more discerning part of the public in England, France, Italy, Germany, and America, became awake to their real powers.

This victory of the painter will always be recorded in the arts; it was, in truth, a conquest over those many difficulties which had so long fettered painting. It broke down and put to flight those licentious abuses of the art, at the same time that it dissipated the prejudices, which had long prevailed, that modern dresses could not be admitted into pictures, of which heroism

and dignity were the characteristics. By the painters of the last century all subjects were made to bend to the Greek and Roman dresses. This practice was convenient when no more was looked for in a picture by the employer or the painter than the effect to be produced in the folding of the draperies, and the distribution of the light and shade.

From the era of these pictures of Wolfe and Penn, for an era it undoubtedly forms in the art of painting, we must fix a revolution in the dressing of figures in historical pictures, not only in England, but in Italy, France, and other countries, where the art of painting is cultivated. Mr. West has ever considered that the purpose of all art is to promote virtue, and that it is the duty of every man to leave the world better than he finds it; that the chief duty of the historical painter is to instruct mankind in honourable and virtuous deeds, by placing before them the bright examples of their predecessors or contemporaries, and by transmitting the memory of their virtues through a long succession of generations. Such are the objects of painting which have inclined the good and wise in all countries to esteem the character of Mr. West, and to appreciate with justice those historical compositions with which he has enriched the world. It was for this that Mr. West was so honourably distinguished by the first men in arts and science, as well as by the lovers of arts in Paris, when he went abroad with his youngest son to visit the national gallery of the arts in the autumn of 1802. He was received among them as a man who had conferred an honour on his country; and they bestowed upon him the appellation of the "Reviver of the Dignity of Historical Painting;" adducing as examples the pictures of Regulus, Wolfe, Penn, &c.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

BY B. WEST, ESQ. PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS picture may justly be considered as forming an era in the Art of Painting, since its revival in Great Britain. The painter has selected an illustrious event of English history, and treated it with a correspondent dignity.

The death of Wolfe is not the death of a common man: it is the death of a hero in the moment of triumph; magnanimous and tranquil; and submitting with resignation to that fate which sealed, with his own blood, the superiority of the British name, and the triumph of his country's arms.

We see him expiring on the heights of Abraham, in North America, in the midst of heroes like himself, surrounded with every marked appendage of American warfare, and with all the characteristics of Britons in the year 1759.

If we descend to a more particular examination of this illustrious work of art, we must observe, in a proper analysis of its composition, that it is divided into three groups; being the proper number to be employed in all historical compositions, as best suited to sustain the necessary balance and harmony of the figures that are introduced.

These groups are firmly bound and connected together by the figures and action in the back ground. The centre group is composed of the dying hero; the surgeon administering to his wound, and the officers hanging over him with compassionate tenderness. The second group is composed of some other principal officers, amongst whom is general Monckton, the second in command; the general is severely wounded, but all concern of his own wound seems absorbed in compassion for the fate of his superior officer.—From this group the triumph of the day is announced to the dying hero.

There is one figure which must not be passed over without notice: it is that of the American chief. This figure serves to particularize the scene of action, and mark it for North America; at the same time he exhibits a most impressive singularity of feeling as contrasted with the other officers. There is nothing of sorrow or compassion in the face of this savage; he gazes intently upon the countenance of Wolfe; with an eager wonder and satisfaction at observing his fortitude under his wound, and curious to see how a GREAT MAN WOULD DIE! Simple death seems to this man an occurrence unworthy of regret; but the death of a great hero inflames his curiosity, but without exciting his compassion.

The third group is composed of the grenadier and his comrade. Nothing can be more complete than the figure of the grenadier; his sorrow is not the more tranquil and dignified sorrow of an officer; it is the unrestrained sorrow of a magnanimous heart lodged in a subordinate bosom; it is the blunt, honest, unpolished regret of a British soldier.

The countenance of Wolfe, upon which all eyes are fixed, has been rendered with great success by the painter.—It is marked with the triumph of victory shining through the agony of death; his face has nothing of the contortions of pain, it is expressive of sublime heroism, and a most noble resignation.

The "Death of General Wolfe," will long be recorded as a victory by the painter over some of the most stubborn prejudices of the art. From the era of this picture we must fix a revolution in the dressing of figures in historical composition, not only in England, but in Italy, France, and other countries, where the art of painting is cultivated. It dissipated the prejudice which had so long prevailed, that modern dresses could not be admitted into pictures of which heroism and dignity formed the characteristics.

Over a prejudice so rooted and established, which the public had adopted, and artists and men of taste united to confirm, the pictures of Wolfe and Penn have been triumphant; and the British hero and American legislator in these pictures, stand confessed by all as equal to the Greeks and Romans. Falsehood being thus chased away, an axiomatical truth of painting has been established by the labours of Mr. West, that the dress of a picture has no influence over the passions of the mind: it may add to the picturesque, and be made ornamental, but it gives no movement to the energies of the soul. This innovation has been extensive and undisputed, and no painter in Europe is now bold enough to dress his figures in a picture contrary to the costume of the age and country in which the event that he delineates took place.

Bell's Magazine.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

During that scene of sanguinary war which deluged Switzerland with blood, and laid waste the most fertile plains of northern Italy, Venoni, a Swiss patriot, who resided on the borders of Savoy, in returning from one of the many bloody battles of the times, discovered a French officer, severely wounded, at no great distance from his home, whither he humanely conveyed and protected him until he recovered. In requital of his kindness, the officer seduced his only daughter, and bore her from the distracted parent forever! Upon this fact have I founded the following ballad.

VENONI; OR, THE MAID OF SAVOY.

PART I.

The maiden encounters the hermit near his cell, supposed to be upon the banks of the Susquehannah—Solicits his assistance.

MAIDEN. Rev'rend hermit, gray with age,
Do not bid me hence depart;
Canst thou not my grief assuage,
Canst thou heal the wounded heart?

HERMIT. Maiden, though with age I'm gray,
Yet have I a feeling heart;
Rest thee on thy toilsome way,
Thee I'll never bid depart.

MAIDEN. Now the sun, behind the hill,
Sinks beneath the blazing sea;
Tell me, hermit, is there still
Left a ray of peace for me?

Will the storm of frenzy cease,
Will the fever of the brain
Settle into tranquil peace,
Nor disturb my soul again?

See my feet with thistles torn,
Warm the gelid earth with gore;
Pity, lest my heart, ere morn,
Shall not live to vibrate more.

I cannot the gloom explore,
Earth must be my only bed;
If thou shut thy humble door
Earth must pillow my poor head!

Wilt thou, hermit, see me die,
Wilt thou let me perish here;
Shall I on the cold ground lie?
No, I see the starting tear!

Not the blushing of the morn,
Not the starry gems that shine,
Can the azure skies adorn,
As that tear those cheeks of thine.

Yes, the tender tear that breaks,
In the eye of Pity shines,
Heaven-born Sympathy bespeaks,
Brighter than Golconda's mines.

He who offers kind relief,
Sheds the tear for others' wo,
Never shall the tear of grief,
Or corroding anguish know.

HERMIT. Now the sun, behind the hill,
Flames upon the golden sea;
Yet believe me, maiden, still
There's a ray of peace for thee.

Frenzy's storm shall quickly cease,
Soon the fever of the brain
Settle into tranquil peace,
Nor disturb thy soul again.

Though thy youth of life is drear,
Soon thy sorrows shall be past;
And a ray of joy appear,
To revive thy hopes at last.

So the early morning wakes,
And the pregnant tempests low'r;

So the sun's effulgence breaks,
To revive the evening hour.

Far beyond the distant poles
Does the God of storms preside;
Though the tempest fiercely rolls,
He thy wandering way can guide!

Though thy bark of life be tost,
Billows cannot overwhelm;
No, thou never canst be lost
While thy God is at the helm.

Yes, thy feet with thistles torn,
Soon shall press my humble floor;
Thou, dejected and forlorn,
Thou shalt never wander more.

Where the Susquehannah's tide
Rolls majestic, serpentine,
Where the forest's tow'ring pride,
Rises in the lofty pine;

Where the oak, tremendous, grows,
Spreads his leafy honours round;
Where the fragrant sweet briar blows,
Bursting fragrance o'er the ground;

There is old Alvermio's cell,
There the sweet abode of peace;
Thither, maiden, haste and dwell,
There thy sorrows all shall cease.

There the friendly taper's light,
Lambent through the darkness, see;
As it cheers the waste of night,
So shall joy enliven thee.

There the cheerful fire shall blaze,
Rising from the spacious hearth;
There its warm enlivening rays
Give thy fainting hopes new birth.

Spread upon an oaken board,
Soon the humble meal shall be,
Such as what the woods afford,
Cull'd with anxious care by me.

* * * * *

See, upon the river's bed,
Midnight mists begin to rise,
Maiden, haste to rest thy head,
Haste to close thy weary eyes;

Till the blush of rosy light
Breaks upon the orient sky,
And the chilly damps of night
From the spreading sun beams fly.

From a peaceful bed of rest,
With the mounting sun we'll rise,
Peace shall give our meal a zest,
Peace shall sparkle in our eyes.

MAIDEN. Never from a bed of rest
Shall the wandering wretch arise;
Peace ne'er give her meal a zest,
Peace ne'er sparkle in her eyes.

Thou thy tender aid hast giv'n,
To a friendless wretch like me;
Yes, thou art a friend to heav'n,
Heav'n is sure a friend to thee.

Therefore, to thy cell I'll go,
Eat with thee the humble meal;
Grief perhaps will cease to flow,
Slumber o'er my senses steal.

Many weary months have pass'd
Since my heart has learn'd to weep;
Since my mind, distracted, last
Felt the soothing pow'r of sleep.

Sleep that makes the wretched blest,
 Bids the soul forget its wo;
 Sleep that makes the tortur'd breast
 All its agony forego.

Patience, offspring of the skies,
 I, perhaps, may learn of thee;
 Patience in those aged eyes,
 Hermit gray with years, I see.

Teach me when afflictions break
 O'er my soul, to kiss the rod;
 Virtue never to forsake,
 But to own the hand of God.

Then indeed my wo shall fly,
 Then my soul be soothed with sleep;
 Then my breast forget to sigh,
 Then my eye forget to weep.

(In the cell.)

HERMIT. Welcome to the hermit's cell,
 Welcome to the hermit's cheer;
 Here thou may'st forever dwell,
 Banish every sorrow here.

Now the healthful meal is o'er,
 Now we'll quench the friendly fire;
 Weary maiden sigh no more,
 But to yonder couch retire.

To thy dread Creator's care,
 All thy soul and hopes commend;
 Then thou'lt sweetly slumber there,
 Slumber till the darkness end.

PART II.

Sunrise—After some moral reflections on the beauties of Nature, the hermit commences the relation of the story of his retirement.

HERMIT. Beaming through the eastern skies,
 From the rough Atlantic main,

See the genial sun arise
To pursue his course again.

As he leaves his transient grave,
Day's effulgence to renew;
Mark the undulated wave
Blaze upon th' admiring view;

Hear the ever joyful lark
Loud his matin anthem pay;
And the twitt'ring sparrow, mark,
On the dew-bespangled spray.

While the sky its liquid blue,
To the sun's effulgence yields;
Mark him drink the fragrant dew
From the bosom of the fields.

Maiden, lights not this thine eye,
Will not this thy grief beguile;
Canst thou view the smiling sky,
Nor bestow one grateful smile?

MAIDEN. I these glorious charms can see,
And no touch of pleasure know;
Grandeur has no charms for me,
Nothing, save the pomp of wo!

Yet, with awe, can I behold,
With a grateful heart admire
Yonder arch of dappled gold,
Yonder ball of liquid fire!

HERMIT. Yonder ball of liquid fire
Soon shall reach the western wave;
'Neath the billows soon retire,
Sinking to a transient grave!

Though within a transient grave,
For a fleeting hour he lies,
From the bosom of the wave,
He tomorrow morn shall rise!

When our sun of life goes down,
When our day of years is o'er,
When our fleeting breath is gone,
We, on earth, shall rise no more.

Though on earth no more we rise,
Maiden, still the truth is clear,
Far beyond yon distant skies,
Shortly we must all appear.

Through the sea of death we go,
Billows! but a transient grave;
Though awhile they overflow,
Soon we leave the shallow wave!

But the dreadful fear is there,
Shall eternal sunshine dwell,
Or the billows of despair
Drown us in their dreadful swell?

Shall the storms of anguish cease,
Life in endless glory glide;
Shall the profluent stream of peace
Roll its everlasting tide?

Let not this thy breast alarm,
Trust to Heaven's unchanging will;
He can rouse the angry storm,
He can bid the storm be still!

MAIDEN. I will hush this rude alarm,
Trust to Heav'n's unchanging will;
Trust to him who rears the storm,
Bids the angry storm be still!

He can, through the storm, indeed,
Shield me from the piercing blast;
He my wandering soul will lead
To eternal peace at last.

HERMIT. Come, recount thy ev'ry wo,
With undaunted bosom, o'er;

Let not tears of sorrow flow,
Sorrow shall afflict no more!

In the hermit's humble cell
Sorrow never dare intrude;
There thou may'st forever dwell,
In a peaceful solitude.

Say what country gave thee birth,
Say what country is thy home;
O'er the cold, unfeeling earth
What misfortunes made thee roam.

MAIDEN. Since the tempest now is o'er,
Since the wrongs I've borne are past;
Since I am exposed no more
To Misfortune's cruel blast;

Sheltered in thy humble dome,
I will every grief dispel—
Switzerland was once my home,
Mother of immortal Tell!

HERMIT. Author of consummate bliss,
Shall I such a blessing see?
Is a mercy, like to this,
Still, intended still, for me?

Thus to serve a maid, who came
From the native shores of Tell,
Switzerland, that lost her name,
When her hard earn'd freedom fell!

Switzerland, that bravely fought
For the greatest, noblest good;
Times with blood and carnage fraught,
With undaunted soul withstood!

Shall I now an exile see
From that country once so fair?
Heaven, my gratitude to thee,
Words are pow'rless to declare!

Maiden, let me view that face,
Let me find each semblance there;
In that visage let me trace
Features of the mountain fair.

MAIDEN. Hermit, why this ecstasy,
Why weeps pleasure in thy eye;
What is Switzerland to thee,
Rev'rend hermit, what am I?

HERMIT. As my daughter thou shalt be,
Thou shalt never from me roam;
Switzerland is much to me,
Switzerland was once my home!

Aged sinews do not fail;
Daughter! O! the mournful thought!
Maiden, hear my tragic tale,
Tale with dreadful anguish fraught.

Pardon, thou immortal friend,
That remembrance pains me still;
All submissive, do I bend
To thy never erring will!

MAIDEN. I will hear thy tale from thee;
Let me listen once to thine,
Hermit, it will strengthen me
To relate the whole of mine.

In the raging storm of grief,
Ah! how welcome a compeer;
To impart a kind relief,
Softly sooth the wborn tear.

Hermit, as thy tale is told,
- It shall steal a tear from me:
And as I my wrongs unfold,
They shall call a tear from thee!

HERMIT. Maiden, thou my tale shalt hear,
Tale of yet unequalled wo;

It will bid the glist'ning tear
From its mournful sources flow!

On the borders of Savoy,
Did Venoni's cottage stand;
Cruel strangers now enjoy
Aged Venoni's fruitful land.

Maiden, wherefore didst thou start,
Old Venoni's name to hear;
Wherefore, from thy tender heart,
Rises to thine eye that tear?

Now thy face thy soul betrays,
Troubled with a strange alarm;
Wherefore now this earnest gaze
On Venoni's feeble form!

MAIDEN. I have heard Venoni's woes
Partly, from Savoy I came;
O! my heart! (*aside*) my sorrow flows
But to hear Venoni's name.

Hermit, now pursue thy tale,
Let me all his anguish know;
If the source of tears should fail,
Sighs shall louder speak my wo!

HERMIT. Though I built my humble dome
In Savoy, that spot of earth,
Switzerland was once my home,
Switzerland that gave me birth.

O! thou sacred shade of Tell,
Where wast thou, in that dread hour,
When thy friendless country fell
'Neath the yoke of tyrant pow'r?

Sure the lightning of thine eye
Had appal'd the stoutest heart;
Made the conquer'd legions fly
From the Switzer's angry dart!

Maiden, when war's deadly rage
First assail'd my native land,
Freedom's glorious war to wage
Did I join the daring band.

Now the clanging trumpet blew
Through the air its angry breath;
Now the waving banner flew
O'er our legions, threat'ning death!

By the mighty shade of Tell
Every dauntless warrior swore,
Gallia's legions to expel,
Or to see his cot no more!

Now the num'rous hosts of France,
Terrible as dunest night,
Like the whelming storm advance,
Fiercely, to th' unequal fight.

Now our dauntless, little band,
All their fiercest fury meet,
All their mighty force withstand;
Gallia's legions back retreat!

Fancy paint the glorious picture;
Hear the clarion loud proclaim,
Daring Switzerland is victor;
Stamp it on the roll of fame!

Now no more the cannons rattle,
Now no more the falchion flies;
And the horrid din of battle
Into deathlike silence dies.

From the toils of war we rest,
From the bloody field retire;
Glory warms each martial breast,
Fill'd with patriotic fire.

PART III.

The hermit concludes his story—Discovers in the maid of Savoy his child—
A stranger enters the cell—Conclusion.

HERMIT. As I pass'd, a wounded foe
Full before my eyes appears—
Tell me, maiden, wherefore flow
From thine eyes, again, those tears?

MAIDEN. From mine eyes these falling tears
In successive torrents flow,
For thy sad recital wears
Traces of succeeding wo!

Well I know the times of glory,
When France fled with deep appal;
Well I know the mournful story,
Switzerland's untimely fall!

HERMIT. Switzerland's untimely fall
From my lips thou wilt not know;
'Tis not of my story, all
Is the tale of private wo!

Private wo! alas! to me,
Switzerland no portion bore—
Heaven, I would submit to thee,
I will never murmur more!

When I've done the mournful task,
Let thy pity be express'd;
Maiden, it is all I ask,
It will sooth my troubled breast.

Pity, O! delightful sound!
Pity is the sov'reign balm;
It can sooth the deepest wound,
Tempests of the soul can calm.

When the wounded son of Gaul
Met me on that fatal day;

Then did tears of pity fall,
Then I own'd her potent sway.

Pity, offspring of the sky,
Mover of the gentle heart;
Never from my bosom fly,
Never from my soul depart!

Low the son of Gallia lies,
Bathed, alas! in blood and grief;
Pity for thy foe, he cries,
Yield thy country's foe relief!

Life I would not have thee save,
For I have thy brethren slain;
Let me die as suits the brave,
Not ignobly on the plain!

Lo! my wounded breast I bare,
Switzer, draw thy vengeful knife;
Let it find a scabbard here,
Let it steal my wretched life!

Though thy wounded breast is bare,
Never shall Venoni's knife
Find a bloody scabbard there,
Never rob thee of thy life!

Not ignobly on the plain,
Son of Gallia, shalt thou lie;
Though thou hast my brethren slain,
Friendless thou shalt never die!

Yonder stands Venoni's hut,
Never was Venoni's door
'Gainst the wretched stranger shut,
'Gainst the wretched or the poor!

Placed upon Venoni's bed,
Stranger, thou shalt calmly rest;
There recline thy weary head,
Sooth the anguish of thy breast!

Maiden, when my friendly care
Had his bleeding grief allay'd,
Wretch! he plung'd me in despair,
He my only child betray'd!

Lost Louisa! hapless girl,
Still thy fate do I deplore;—
Heaven will sure his vengeance hurl,
Ferdinand shall rest no more!

Far away he bore my child,
I, alas! can tell not where;
With her loss distracted, wild,
Died her mother in despair!

To my country's aid, again,
Wild I flew, and wildly fought;
But for welcome death, in vain,
'Mid the battle's rage I sought!

In an ocean of our gore,
Switzerland, alas! was drown'd;
Switzerland exists no more,
Switzerland cannot be found!

To this spot, where all are free,
Did I cross the troubled main;
In this land of liberty
No destroying tyrants reign!

Here I raised my humble cot,
Here resolved to spend my days;
Not to murmur at my lot,
But to pass a life of praise!

Oft beneath the pine tree's shade,
With my harp beside me hung;
I my country's woes have play'd,
I my private wrongs have sung.

Listen, now, dejected maid,
Listen to the woes I've sung,

Oft beneath the pine tree's shade,
With my harp beside me hung.

How sad is the cot that Venoni once held,
His fields they no longer look fair;
Louisa has flown, and Venoni impelled
By his woes, tills the fields of despair!

The hills of Savoy, and each echoing vale,
Would reverb'rate his bliss on the air;
Louisa then fled, ah! distressing the tale,
Venoni to plunge in despair!

The wife, with whose virtues Venoni was bless'd,
Was tender, maternal, and fair;
Louisa then fled, and her mother, distress'd,
Has perish'd, a prey to despair!

His dear native plains poor Venoni has left,
And barren his fields, once so fair;
Louisa is lost, and Venoni bereft
Of hope, is a prey to despair!

Maiden, why those lab'ring sighs,
Why renew the tender tear?

MAIDEN. Beam forgiveness from those eyes,
And behold Louisa here!

HERMIT. Said'st thou, maiden of Savoy,
Didst thou mean my darling child?
Bosom, madden with thy joy,
Brain, with ecstasy run wild!

MAIDEN. Hush! tumultuous trembler, hush!
Cease to flutter so, my heart;
Gush, delightful torrents, gush,
And a sweet relief impart!

Didst thou say, 'my darling child!'
Is there pardon, then, for me?
Go not, swelling bosom, wild
With this flood of ecstasy!

O! how sweet to be forgiv'n!
HERMIT. O! how glorious to forgive!
Mercy, lovely child of Heav'n,
Shall, with me, forever live!

All thy wand'rings, now, are o'er;
Daughter, to the hermit tell,
Since we now shall part no more,
What thy fatal flight befel.

MAIDEN. Father, from that direful hour,
When I left thy sheltering arms,
I within the traitor's pow'r
Lived, till left for other charms,

To America we came,
I to hide my shameful head;
Here the villain, void of shame,
From the lost Louisa fled!

Friendless and forsaken now,
From the city did I roam
Toward the friendly mountain's brow,
Where the Switzer seeks a home.

Hither as I wander'd, torn
With affliction and alarms,
Kind Heaven has, in mercy, borne,
Borne me to a father's arms!

HERMIT. In that tender father's arms,
Guarded in his fond embrace,
Daughter, all thy dire alarms,
From thy wounded bosom chase.

(Enter Stranger.)

Stranger, why approach my cell?
Daughter, why that starting tear?

STRANG. Say, does here Venoni dwell?

HERMIT. Weary, wandering stranger, here.

STRANG. Powers of bliss! Louisa here!
 Ere the dear delusion flies,
 Let a soft, repentant tear
 Tremble in my weeping eyes!

Come, Louisa, come, my wife!

MAIDEN. Ferdinand, thy wife, did'st say?

STRANG. Yes, Louisa, now my life
 Shall thy former wrongs repay!

MAIDEN. This is joy beyond my thought!

STRANG. Dear Louisa, now my breast,
 With remorse, relentless, fraught,
 May enjoy a hope of rest.

HERMIT. What can mean these lab'ring sighs;
 Wherefore does the joyful tear,
 Bursting from my aged eyes,
 On my furrow'd cheek appear?

'Tis that Heaven has mercy sent,
 Bids again Venoni live!
 Since then, youth, thou canst repent,
 Know, Venoni can forgive.

Daughter, haste the harp to bring,
 Tune its dulcet lays to joy;
 We may now the pleasures sing,
 Which we knew in fair Savoy!

CORRESPONDENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

You will pardon, Mr. Editor, the liberty I now take in requesting information from some of your correspondents conversant with mineralogy. The point on which I wish to be informed is this: whether the moss which we discover on rocky substances does not petrify and form a component part of the

solid stone. Nothing is more common than to discover moss in different stages of petrification. That which appears bright and green is easily removed from the rock by the hand; that of a more livid complexion is with difficulty removed by a knife; and that which has a still paler cast would endanger the blade if we should attempt its removal by such means. Beyond this, we often discover spots upon the rock which bear the vestiges of moss, partaking of all the solidity and firmness of the stone itself. I was hence led to conjecture, that this was the process of petrification by which the moss formed a constituent part of the solid rock. My sole object, sir, in making this request, is to solicit the attention of some gentleman acquainted with mineralogy, for the information of one who does not hesitate to acknowledge his entire ignorance of the subject. I have no other apology to make for this intrusion, than plainly to confess my ignorance, accompanied with a desire to be informed.

Yours, &c.

AN INQUIRER.

MY GARDEN, NO. II.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

THE warm weather last month, occasioned such a drowth in "My Garden," I could not find a single flower or weed, to grace or disgrace your miscellany.

La Poesie est la musique de l'ame, et sur tout des ames, grandes et sensibles.

VOLTAIRE.

On Erie's banks where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song.

CAMPBELL.

I HAVE long wished some superior bard would arise in this country and teach his fellows to think for themselves. Few of our poets of the present day can aspire to the praise of originality. They content themselves with reading, revising, transcribing, and presenting in other words the "rapt thoughts" of

the Europeans. One would suppose it would be totally different, as this country exhibits the most sublime, the richest, the most beautiful scenery; her daughters present the most perfect forms, the most enchanting countenances; we enjoy in peace and plenty, the supreme blessing of a republican government; in short, a combination of every advantage that should inspire the latent soul of poetry. But to form an original poet, it requires a keen ambition for immortality; a mind that can discern, select, and combine the most elegant images, and an exquisite sensibility to the beauties of nature. I hope some such orb will soon arise, to irradiate with his brilliant rays, the gloom which at present enshrouds our horizon. Not that I pretend to insinuate that we are totally destitute of genius. We possess a Barlow, a Humphreys, and a Dwight, whose talents would not have disgraced the Augustan era. But Barlow has been too much seduced by the splendid but monotonous diction of Darwin; Humphrey's works are far too inconsiderable; and Dr. Dwight has embarked in scripture, a sea in which even the lofty genius of Cowley foundered. I think, therefore, we have yet to look for that prominent bard, who shall stand as sublime amongst our poets, as Milton, Homer, and Virgil, amongst those of the eastern world.

An epic poet ought to be a person well acquainted with all the literature of his age, as he has a stupendous fabric to rear, far too weighty for uncultivated genius. In all the minor species, excepting dramatic, I think no person less likely to become a great original, than one who has read much. The striking passages of every author remain imprinted on his mind even when the source whence they are derived is forgotten. When writing he will doubtless recur to those hoarded stores of memory, and while he supposes he is inventing novel and beautiful images, he has only imitated the splendid passages of various authors.

Of much value we have not as yet had any emanations of dramatic genius. Perhaps we should not expect native tragedies, as to die for love is almost exclusively the right of princes, and we, as yet, have been honoured with no blood royal. But I see no reason for the dearth of comedy, when this country abounds with every variety of character. What an excellent contrast would the manners of the luxurious planter, and those of the enter-

prising sons of Newengland afford. Every day we see the vivacious Frenchman contrasted with the phlegmatic German, the cold Englishman with the hot headed Irishman, and the haughty Spaniard with the cringing Italian:—

For here the exiles meet from every clime
And speak in friendship, every distant tongue.

With such excellent materials in the hand of Genius, I do not doubt, but we shall one day be presented with some beautiful comedies, and should this rouse them in the least from their lethargy the author is satisfied.

Another theme remains as yet untouched. It is well known that in the western part of this country, dwell a wild savage race. Inured from their earliest infancy to endure the severest hardships; taught nothing but the nervous enterprising arts of war or hunting; their characters imbibe much of the wild colour of their amusements. Not enervated in the lap of Ease or couch of Luxury, they undertake, and accomplish the most daring adventures. But it is unnecessary for me to descant largely on an indigenous subject, as any diffuse speculation would far exceed the limits of this paper; and I merely wish to point out a few particulars, which would afford exquisite descriptions almost original in poetry.

What an excellent subject for a pastoral or narrative poem would their evening meetings afford, when the yellow gleam of the setting sun shines on the woods and mountain heights, and the Indians amuse themselves by dancing round the sparkling fire, or seating themselves on the grass when they relate their various exploits. When, still as midnight, they rushed like the mountain torrent down, spreading death and destruction through the affrighted enemy, and avenging their slaughtered friends in the most sanguinary manner. Swifter than the wind, they pursued the wild beasts to the inmost recesses of the forest, over the wildest mountains; or dashed like an eagle down the most tremendous precipices. Their energetic manner of relating, their ardent gestures, the wild plumes waving o'er their forehead, and their savage appearance altogether, strike conviction into the breast of the auditor, of their power to execute the most dangerous enterprizes.

Some very pathetic stories might be invented from the accounts of the destruction of our frontier villages by the savages. The inhabitants, perhaps, are enjoying the beauties of an evening scenery, "when heaven and earth in golden splendour shine:" they are suddenly alarmed by the dreadful screams of the war-whoop, and in a few moments numbers are consigned to the shades by dreadful deaths: the aged father lamenting the death of an only son, his whole support; the mother distracted for the loss of her infant child; the husband furious for the murder of an amiable, a beautiful wife; and various other affecting circumstances would present a combination of the most moving scenery: to contrast the picture, the heartrending view of their burning cottages, through the distant trees, and the savages dancing before the flames, like the dark cloud of an approaching evening storm.

The dreadful sublimity of their battles is well known: battles similar to those of no other nation, which present images that have no consonance to those of Homer, which have been so eternally imitated.

Their speeches likewise exhibit a species of oratory almost entirely new. They are a series of bold, beautiful, or pathetic images, using wilder personifications, as Dr. Blair observes, than a modern epic poet would dare employ. Southey has accounted for it in the following lines, which, to suit my observations better, I have altered a little in the beginning:

Hence the Indian's speech
Partook the savage wildness. ——— For
Amid such scenes as these the Indian's soul
Might best attain full growth: pine-cover'd rocks
And mountain forests of eternal shade,
And glens and vales, on whose green quietness
The ling'ring eye reposes; and fair lakes
That image the light foliage of the beech,
Or the gray glitter of the aspen leaves,
On the still bough thin trembling.

Campbell has availed himself of this characteristic, in that most beautiful work, *Gertrude of Wyoming*. The speech of Outalissi is superior to any poetical oration in the English lan-

guage. Every line breathes the true soul of poetry. Every line presents us specimens of "bold personification" or of affecting scenery. How feelingly does the aged chief recur to the joys of De Waldgrave's former life, and the misery of his present condition! How beautifully does he mention the destruction of his whole tribe, and the unburied condition of their cold remains!

A little requires to be said concerning their mythology. It is curious to observe, that among pagan nations, while they remain uncivilized, and pursue nothing but the gloomy arts of war and rapine, their deities are always of the malignant kind; and as their manners become more refined, the attributes of their deities become more beneficent. This is strikingly exemplified in the religions of the Peruvian and North American Indians. The former, who were far advanced in civilization, worshipped the sun, who was represented as a kind benevolent deity: the latter, whose minds still remain in gross ignorance, adore divinities of the most horrible passions, worshipping them only through fear.

Almost every circumstance of their religion is so well known, that it is needless to enter into particulars. I shall, however, conclude with the following lines of Pope, containing their ideas of the future state of happiness:

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way:
Yet simple nature to his soul has given,
Behind the cloudtopt hill a humbler heaven;
Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold;
To be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

TYRO.

Trenton, N. J.

THE MORAL WORLD.

ON the eve of Saturday, and during the intervals of Divine service on Sunday, we speak from experience, that it is a most salutary discipline to peruse the *great* authors upon grave topics. He, who is habitually a saunterer, or a sinner, will, nevertheless, derive great benefit from the attentive perusal of the powerful page of a Barrow, a Hooke, a Jeremy Taylor, a Warburton, and a Johnson. Moreover, he who is careless of moral and religious truth, and is so much of the worldling, as to be studious of nothing but his temporal interests, will find in the leaves of many a sermon, and in the lessons of many a monitor, examples of eloquent and brilliant composition. For examples of eloquent and brilliant composition such as cannot fail to assist ambition at the bar, or in the senate. Let the careless by way of experiment, peruse the following. EDITOR.

ON those who are placed in situations of power, in which the lives or the property of others are entrusted to their superintendence, submitted to their will, or committed to their protection, it is more particularly incumbent to be strenuously active in discharging the duties of their station, not more for their own good, than the good of others, whose happiness depends on their integrity, vigilance, and exertion. Those, who are classed in subordinate stations of trust, ought to show their diligence in obeying the commands of their superiors. Thus menial servants, and others in the same humble situations, ought to manifest their diligence and fidelity in regarding the orders, executing the commands, and attending to the interests of those who are placed over them. In the parable, in the gospel, we find that the servant who was condemned, was wicked and slothful; and in what did his wickedness consist but in his sloth, which, while it caused him to be unprofitable to his master, proved destructive to himself.

The world in which we are living, and indeed, every part of the universe, which we behold, is a school of industry; in which we see none of God's works idle, but each performing the post assigned to it, with perfect regularity. How incessantly active are the heavenly bodies, rolling their orbs, and dispensing their influences. Are not the vegetative powers of the earth, constantly in action? Is not the air and ocean constantly in motion? Nay, if we wish for examples of industry in the inferior creatures, may we not find them in the bee and the ant, and various other creatures, which may well reproach the improvidence, and shame the slothfulness of man? Have not the best and greatest men in all ages, been the most industrious? Have they not most strenuously applied their active powers to those ends for which they were designed? Have

we not a perfect example of perfect diligence in our Saviour, than whom no man was ever so industrious in doing good? He was never idle. His mind and his body were ever constantly employed in alleviating pain, or dispelling ignorance, and in executing that good work of instructing mankind in the way of righteousness, for which he was sent into the world. Let us, therefore, each in our several stations, and according to our several capacities, endeavour to make the best use of those faculties which God gave us to improve by exercise; and of which we are greatly blind to our own good, and adverse to our own happiness, if we neglect the improvement.

We have, in the course of these speculations, constantly endeavoured to show the moral and physical necessity of industry; its tendency to promote the happiness of individuals, and the general good of society; to promote the ease and satisfaction of our minds, and to prevent the corruption of our hearts. In the frequent use which we have made of the word industry, we have employed it in a good sense, as implying the exertion of our active faculties, whether mental or corporeal, for the attainment of some virtuous end, whether moral or temporal, whether conducive to our own welfare, or the welfare of our fellow creatures. But there is a spurious and bastard sort of activity, which goes by the name of industry, which resembles the true industry in the activity of the person, but not in the object for which it is employed, or the end to which it is directed. The true industry, or the exercise of our active powers, whether moral or corporeal, in that way which is agreeable to reason and acceptable to God, is always an object of our moral approbation. But that exercise of the active principle, which is made subservient to purposes, which reason condemns, or God forbids, always deserves our censure rather than our praise.

There are some persons who are not deficient in activity, but who are constantly active to no purpose, who take the utmost pains about things which are trifling or contemptible, too frivolous to merit our regard, or too worthless to repay the labour of pursuit. To direct our active powers towards the attainment of trifles, is, in fact, to neglect the attainment of better and more serious things. But there is another species of industry, which is not occupied only in the pursuit of trifles, but in attempts to execute what is really vicious and mischievous, contrary to the will of God, and adverse to the happiness of man. To do evil sometimes requires as much pains as to do good; and there are individuals, who will often exert great pains in doing evil and take no pains in doing good. What vigorous, what indefatigable exertions of mind and body will men often employ, in order to perpetrate some nefarious project of revenge, or to accomplish some unworthy views of ambition, avarice, or lust. What diligence do we sometimes observe those, who, in other respects, deserve the reproach of idleness, exert in the pursuit of diversions or amusements? Will not the gambler sit up, night after night, without rest, and almost without refreshment? How many hours will men patiently devote to frivolous, to ob-

scene or wanton spectacles, when they would think themselves severely punished if they were required to spend only half the time in devotion to their Maker? While we say this, we are far from insinuating, that any diversion or amusement, when innocent in its kind and harmless in its tendency, is, if taken in moderation, inconsistent with the spirit or incompatible with the duties of religion; but this we say, that men should not make diversion or merriment, shows or festivals, their sole pursuit, to the neglect of weightier matters and more lasting interests.

There is a time for all things; a time to work, and a time to play; but it certainly behoves us to devote the larger portion of our time to serious pursuits becoming our station; becoming us as rational beings, designed for a happy immortality; and, instead of making recreation the business of our lives, we should use recreation to mitigate our cares, or increase our relish for business. Pleasure is increased by the recollection of pain; and grave study or hard labour adds greatly to the delight of occasional relaxation. What painful and unceasing exertions will some make to advance themselves in the world, to attain affluence or distinction! How vigilant, how indefatigable are men, when ambition or avarice, or lust, incense their passions, stimulate the will, and inflame the blood! What efforts will some make to corrupt the simple, or seduce the innocent! How diligent are others in making mischief, in subverting the interest of their rivals, or marring the fortune, or the reputation of their enemies! But this mischievous kind of industry, which, for the well being of society, is more frequent than it ought, is that which infallibly leads to present regret and future misery; which will, in the end, generate self disapprobation, uneasiness of mind and bitterness of heart, and alienate us from the favour of God, without which no true pleasure is to be found. Such is not the industry which becomes the servants of our Saviour. The industry best fitted for us is the active employment of our faculties in those things, which right reason commands, and God directs. Such industry will be found most beneficial to us, conducive to our present good and our eternal happiness. As this life is so short and uncertain, it behoves us more especially to adapt the exercise of our faculties to the attainment of the good things which the gospel promises to those who obey its precepts. Now the state of a christian is not a state of idleness, for no one ought to be so industrious, as no one can have objects placed before him more worthy of his activity. Hence the Apostles always represent the christian life as one of hardy toil and unabating industry. Hence we are required to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling; to walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.

The scriptures represent to us but one way of attaining the favour of the Supreme Being, and that is by continual endeavours to do his will. Thus St. Paul enjoins us to abound in the work of the Lord, since God will apportion his favour to our labours. In order to do the will of God more effectually, we are required to study it, proving what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

As we are the disciples of Christ, it more especially behoves us to be zealous of good works, knowing that he who doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done. Our Saviour is placed before us as the pattern of every virtue which we are to labour to imitate; and, in imitation of his example, and in obedience to his injunctions, we are to practice the most fervent devotion to God and the most unfeigned charity towards men. Nor are we to be weary in well doing, for, in due season, we shall reap, if we faint not. Patience is another virtue recommended to us by our Saviour's life and doctrine; patience, in submitting without fretfulness, to whatever God's will imposes on us in sickness or misfortune. What does the christian doctrine enjoin more than the most rigid self denial in all our appetites and passions? It requires us to keep the strictest watch over ourselves, not to let the inferior part of our nature, our animal appetites and lusts, usurp the rule over us, but to keep them in subjection, and rather to part with any thing as dear as an eye, or a hand, rather than let it be to us an occasion of sinning. This is the work required of a faithful servant of Christ, and surely it is one of no easy execution, but in the execution of which we shall have need of the most patient, the most persevering industry. Hence the difficulties in the christian life are represented in scripture by terms which strongly indicate the necessity of the most strenuous endeavours on our part, if we wish to attain salvation. It is likened to a wrestling against flesh and blood; to running a race; to a striving for the mastery in the ancient games; to the toils of warfare. St. Paul uses similar figures of speech to describe his own hard and vigorous labours in the christian ministry. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. At the close of life, he exclaims: I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.

Agreeably to this representation of the real difficulties attending the christian life, and obstructing our way in the practice of holiness, we are desired to enter in at the strait gate; to labour for that meat, which endureth; to give diligence, to make our calling and election sure; to gird up the loins of our mind; to be diligent, that we may be found in peace, without spot, and blameless. St. Paul, in particular, enjoins us, with all the energy of his eloquence, to stand, having our loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast plate of righteousness, and our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel. But if the difficulties of the christian life be great, and the practice of the christian virtues a painful labour, the reward is proportionate, fitted to stimulate our industry, and to make us despise the present in hope of the future. For God will reward us not only according to our works, but far beyond the measure of our deserts. Even in this life, if we be losers in wealth, we shall be great gainers in happiness, by being good christians. For, is it not a truly pleasurable feeling to be conscious, as truly good men always are, and always must be, of possessing the favour of God, and of being special objects of his love and protection? Hence, we shall enjoy that calm satisfaction of mind and

heart, which passes all other delights. When this life is over, what comparison can there be in point of blessedness between him who has been diligent in observing God's will, and another who has been active only in violating it; when the one shall go away into punishment, and the other into life eternal?

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following production, from an American pen, which accident threw into my hands, justly merits a place in your useful repository of literature. It was written a few evenings before Twelfth Night, in a sea-port town of Maryland, where that festival was intended to be celebrated. The sentiments, the images, the style, the flowing sweetness of the versification, at once bespeak the fancy and the genius of no ordinary poet. No young man of sensibility can peruse it without feeling its beauties, and wishing that his own mistress possessed, or, indeed, without ascribing to her those personal attractions, and that constellation of internal charms which the author has bestowed upon his favourite fair one. The person at whose house the party was to be had, is an elderly widow lady, and is elegantly and very appropriately represented in the piece as the goddess of wisdom.

JUVENIS.

Baltimore, June 16th, 1811.

IN the slumbers of night, when the dreams of my soul
Had burnished creation with gold,
And the sweet emanations of Fancy had stole,
Their magical fictions to mould,

Methought that I rov'd through the regions of light,
Where the goddess of wisdom appear'd,
Displaying a diadem, brilliantly bright,
At the foot of a throne she had rear'd.

Like the visions that beam on the young poet's eye,
Were the beauteous nymphs of her train,
Who the throne and the diadem view'd with a sigh,
All ambitious distinction to gain.

As oft in a wreath there are blossoms beheld
With which none in radiance can vie,
So three in the fairy-like circle excell'd;
They "were lovely to soul and to eye."

Like the Graces they seemed, from Paradise sent,
Or sylphs from the regions of air,
Array'd in benignity angels had lent,
With forms such as air-spirits wear.

The goddess, with loftiest majesty crown'd,
'Mid the nymphs of her retinue shone,
As they glitter'd by charm of enchantment around,
Like Virtue in Beauty's bright zone.

She gaz'd on them fondly, and soon it was known,
The three, who so matchless were seen,
Were the mystical number, from which, for the throne,
She intended selecting a queen.

The first that she call'd, like the nymph of the morn,
Came with blushes suffusing her cheek,
And I thought her awhile, for the diadem born,
That no farther the goddess would seek.

Till she beckon'd the next, who so lovely to view,
My mind with conviction impress'd,
That to her, and her only, the honour was due,
And that she with the crown would be blest.

When the fairest, like Modesty, timidly came,
To fix the admiring gaze;
She had nothing about her that any could blame;
Not Envy could sigh at her praise.

Her form not so stately or tall as the first,
Was cast in an exquisite mould;
Symmetrically turn'd, its proportions were just
What Fancy had sigh'd to behold.

A thousand expressions, evanescent as air,
In her eyes of cerulean did glow,
As though Nature her magical mirror kept there,
The various passions to show.

Affection was seen with an azure kind group,
And among them was Pity divine,

But the loveliest there was sweet-smiling Hope,
And Love with his mutable sign.

Her hair of bright auburn, in many a braid,
Encircled her frontlet of snow,
Diffusing a transient and tremulous shade
O'er beams that illumin'd below.

No countenance there such genius bespoke,
'Twas an index to intellect true,
Which constantly changing, as constantly took
The mind's ever variable hue.

The goddess, I saw, from a smile most benign,
Would dispose of the diadem now,
For where more divinely, I thought, could it shine,
Than on so resplendent a brow.

But scarce had my mind to the thought given rise,
Ere I saw that I was not alone;
For the nymph of so sweet, so bewitching a guise,
Was proclaim'd by them all for the throne.

Here I woke from the vision, so sweetly serene,
And found that Affection had wove
The crown I'd beheld; and the throne I had seen
Had been built in my bosom by Love.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STANZAS ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

*Dum fortuna favet, vultum servatis, amici;
Cum cecidit, turpe vertitis ora fuga. PETRONIUS.*

LIGHTLY borne on dewy pinions,
Morning chas'd the shades of night,
And, through all earth's glad dominions,
Shed her beams of orient light.

The tender oziers, softly bending,
Fragrant airs the valley fill;
And the glorious sun ascending,
Tips with gold each verdant hill.

Some light clouds, but swiftly flying,
Still would shroud his beams awhile;
But Phœbus, their attempts defying,
Chas'd them with a radiant smile.

"Far, far hence be every sorrow,"
Nature gayly seem'd to say;
Let what will arrive tomorrow,
"Peace and joy shall reign today."

Yet ere noon the empire gaining,
Show'd her splendid dazzling form;
See, the beauteous prospect waning,
Clos'd with a tremendous storm.

Roseate light around me streaming,
Thus life's early morning dawn'd;
Hope, with Fancy's colours beaming,
Wav'd before her magic wand.

Wrapt in fairy scenes of pleasure,
Lightly pass'd each cloud of pain,
And I found a boundless treasure
In the gems that deck'd the plain.

But dark clouds around me stealing,
Ere youth's frolic morning past,
Check'd each gay and sportive feeling,—
Mark'd the gathering whirlwind's blast.

Soon by tempests black surrounded,
Darker grew th' impending storm,
Till Despair my prospect bounded
With his dread gigantic form.

Long ere manhood's noon approaching,
Trac'd my cheek with worldly care,

Cruel griefs, with speed encroaching,
Pal'd the roses blooming there.

Yet away all base complaining;
Hush'd be each repining sigh;
Though life's fair orb be swiftly waning,
Never shall the spirit die.

HENRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STAR-LIGHT.—AN ELEGY.

Now night serene, and solemn silence reign;
The stars, dim twinkling, shed a dubious light
On the smooth bosom of the swelling main,
And give its billows faintly to the sight.

The barque, light-bounding, cuts the silver wave,
As the stern sailor plies the bending oar;
Sweet Echo leaves her solitary cave,
And murmuring winds along the pebbled shore:

While from the east a gentle evening breeze,
Wafting the fragrance of the varied year,
Wild and melodious, through the sighing trees,
Breaks, in soft whispers, on the charmed ear.

No jarring sound the tranquil hour alarms;
No clash of elements the mind assails;
No brazen trumpet harshly brays to arms,
Nor widow'd fair her murder'd love bewails.

All Nature, lull'd in solemn stillness, seems
To cheer the mind which care and grief oppress;
Mild and beneficent, Hope's starlight beams
Seem streaming forth, to soothe the soul's distress.

Ah! what have I with scenes like this to do!
 No placid calm my troubled bosom feels;
 Me, rude Misfortune's eager fiends pursue,
 Nor Hope one scene of future joy reveals.

To me more dear the wildly-wasting storm
 Howls dreadful; and the whirlwind's sullen roar,
 Swelling with rage each beauty to deform,
 And earth to chaos once again restore.

Ah! why forever in my heart must reign
 Unnumber'd cares, which time will ne'er assuage?
 Why must I find no short recess of pain,
 Nor joy one moment all my soul engage?

O thou, whose power the raging tempest sways,
 Whose will alike the troubled mind can calm;
 Deign hence to drive Despair's dull lurid blaze,
 And o'er my soul to shed Religion's holy balm.

TANCRED.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TEARS OF LOVE.

DIFFUSING life, and sportive glee,
 And bidding frost and tempest cease,
 The spring returns—but not to me
 Returns the smile of former peace.

The fairest flowers in vain may grow;
 They cannot please the eye of Care;
 The sweetest airs in vain may blow;
 They cannot soften dull Despair.

Oh, thou! whom I have lov'd so long!
 For whom alone I wish'd to live!
 Receive the tribute of this song,
 The last, to thee, I e'er shall give.

Sadly its plaintive numbers flow,
Unmindful of applause or art;
For they record no fancied wo,
But breathe *the sorrows of the heart*.

They sing of years of silent grief
Endur'd by this devoted breast,
When hopeless, reckless of relief,
I sought no joy, and knew no rest.

They tell of many a changeful scene—
Of transient raptures—anxious fears—
Of jealous pangs, and bliss serene,
And fond Affection's hallow'd tears.

They breathe of more than words could speak,
Of faith, of constancy to thee—
But where, alas! where shall I seek
Some emblem of thy faith to me?

The fickle winds, the waning moon,
The clouds that vanish as they move,
The morning flowers that close at noon,
Are not more fleeting than thy love.

Then, *fare thee well!*—Since we must part,
My pray'r shall be, that thou may'st find,
To charm to rest that wand'ring heart,
Some happier, more congenial mind.

No falt'ring, weak regret, no sigh,
Shall whisper that I still am thine;
The calm, cold glances of that eye
Shall meet a glance as cold from mine.

Hush'd in the silence of my breast,
Each soft, each ling'ring wish shall be;
And there, through life, with mem'ry rest,
Sacred to beauty, love, and thee.

Philadelphia, May, 1811.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG LADY.

OFt have I seen a budding rose,
Fearful its beauties to disclose,
Beneath a leaflet softly steal,
Its lovely blushes to conceal.

But soon as Sol's bright beams prevail,
Its peerless beauties to unveil,
Suffus'd with blushing smiles it glows,
A graceful, gay, unrivall'd rose.

Thus by each pleasing grace refin'd,
With sprightly wit and virtue join'd,
Maria from the world, aside
Her bright perfections strove to hide.

But Time, his favourite to display,
Exulting hails her natal day;
Bids every latent grace expand,
Embellish'd by his forming hand.

WANDERER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO ZEPHYR.

GENTLE zephyr, hither haste,
Waft this kiss, so warm and chaste,
Swift to her whose charms display
The radiance of the risen day.

On her balmy-breathing lips,
Where the glossy humbird sips
Nectar'd sweets replete with bliss,
Zephyr, press this ardent kiss.

While her ruby lip you press,
Softly whisper this address:
"Lovely, sweetly-smiling fair,
Take this pledge of love I bear."

But if thou, on rapid wing,
From her a soft return will bring,
To thee an altar I will raise
And consecrate it to thy praise.

WANDERER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO DELIA.

O how lovely smiles the morning,
The hills and vales and streams adorning!
Delia, your beauteous smiles display,
A fairer harbinger of day;
And from your lovely eyes expire
A milder light—a softer fire!
Art thou (descended from above)
The softly-smiling queen of Love?
Or Hebe, blooming, blithe and gay,
Whose youthful charms can ne'er decay?
Or Thetis, silverfooted queen,
Upspringing from the azure main?
But if a mortal frame you wear,
How fair, O how divinely fair!

WANDERER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WRITTEN ON THE NATURAL BRIDGE, UNDER THE NAME OF
MISS C. OF RICHMOND.

Lo, the gay sun, resplendent orb of day,
Drives from yon mountain tops the clouds away!
Thus, from the brow of Pain and face of Wo,
Where the soft tears of silent Anguish flow,
Your cheering smiles shall banish every pain,
And waft the smiles and graces back again.

WANDERER.

VARIETY.

A Frenchman, being generally gay, thinks that you are not so happy as he, and says flattering or pleasing things to console you. An Englishman, being often melancholy, imagines that you are happier than he, and will sometimes say vexatious things, in order to reduce you to his level.

THE decorations of the hall of the legislative body at Paris are neat, but the basso relievo of the head of Liberty, under the seat of the president, has scarcely any relief. On saying to the concierge, *Mon ami, votre liberté est bien flatte*, he answered, smiling, *Monsieur, c'est d'après nature*.

THE hymn of the Marsellois was composed by Rouget de Lille, an officer of engineers. Like Dryden's ode, it was said to have been written in one night. When the French entered Brussels it was sung by a chorus of ten thousand; and the effect may be imagined, as it is one of the most martial and spirited airs in the world; but now disused, as unhappily connected with sanguinary scenes, remote from its first intention.

A traveller has no right to introduce into a publication the names of private persons, or even of public men, whom he has seen in moments of intimacy. It is not only a flagrant breach of delicacy, and of hospitality itself, but operates dreadfully to the disadvantage of future travellers, by excluding them from the best houses and the best society. If a traveller give anecdotes with the names of persons, he is sure to entail neglect upon subsequent travellers, especially his compatriots. The practice is likewise useless, as well as indecent, as any amusement or instruction received in private society, and still more a reproof or exhortation, may be as well conveyed without personalities. The practice of French travellers in America has been highly blamable in this respect; but they, unhappily, do not stand alone.

THE dress *à la sauvage* was introduced during the revolution in France. The fair wearer had no shift, but wore silk stays in net-work of a flesh colour, so as rather to heighten than conceal her charms.

DURING the peace, or rather the *truce* of Amiens, Bonaparte seemed delighted to see so many English at Paris; he expressed his satisfaction to the British envoy, and added, "We are the two most powerful and civilized nations in the world. We should unite together to cultivate the arts and sciences, and ensure happiness to the human race." I have been assured, by an aid de camp of Bonaparte, who dined at his table after the signature of the preliminaries of Leoben, that this extraordinary man then said, "So much for the Austrians; the English alone remain. Our perpetual wars with that gallant people are much to be regretted. Why do not the two nations form an alliance, and divide the world between them?"

MONTESQUIEU was fond of reading the Arabian Nights, as a complete relaxation from serious studies. An eminent oriental scholar at Paris expressed to me his surprise at the favour shown to that work in England, not reflecting that, after the productions of Shakspeare, it is the most original and creative work in the whole circle of literature.

A GENIUS, forward and early ripe, seldom, in the end, answers expectation. Virgil has observed the same thing of land, which throws forth corn too strong at first:

Ah! nimium ne sit mihi fertilis illa,
Neu se prævalidam primis ostendat aristis.

GEORG. II. 252.

THE character of a universal scholar is apt to dazzle the sight, and to attract ambition. But a greater progress is made in literature, when every man takes his part, and cultivates that portion thoroughly, with all his powers.

Laudato ingentia rura;
Exiguum colito.

GEORG. II. 412.

WHEN Milton visited Italy, it is well known that he was violently enamoured with one of the beauties of the south. In more than one sonnet he conveyed to the lady the eloquent expression of his flame. COWPER has admirably translated from the Italian one of these poetical billet-doux. It is addressed to Milton's favourite friend Charles Deodati, and has never before appeared in print in America.

Charles, and I say it wondering, thou must know
 That I, who once assum'd a scornful air,
 And scoff'd at Love, am fallen in his snare:
 Full many an upright man has fallen so.
 Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
 Of golden locks, or damask cheek; more rare
 The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair;
 A mien majestic, with dark brows, that show
 The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
 Words exquisite of idioms more than one,
 And song, whose fascinating power might bind
 And from her sphere draw down the labouring moon,
 With such fire-darting eyes, that, should I fill
 My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

THE character of Frederick *the Great*, as he was called, is now more justly appreciated than by some of his servile courtiers, or French cotemporaries. Dr. Beattie, who had no great reverence for this potentate, has thus branded him:

EPITAPH ON FREDERICK THE GREAT.

[From the French, by Dr. Beattie.]

His every human talent misemployed,
 And men at once delighted and destroyed;
 Savage in action, but a sage in rhyme,
 Each virtue sang, and practised every crime:
 The scorn of Venus, but of Mars the pride,
 He fill'd his country and the world with strife:
 Thousands for him in Honour's bed have died,
 But from *his own* not one e'er sprung to life.

THE following *non-descript* of the Hibernian breed is said to be no bull, but a horse. An English gentleman, who paid a

visit to Ireland, requested a friend of his in Dublin to lend him a horse; on which he received the following note:

“Dear sir,—*Inclosed* you have my black horse, and you are welcome to ride him as long as you please.”

EPIGRAMS.

Bestride an ant, a pigmy, great and tall,
Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall.
Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
All torn; but yet, with generous ardour, cries.
Behold, base, envious world, now, now laugh on;
For thus I fell, and thus fell Phaëton.

ON THE PICTURE OF HOPE.

In azure robes is Hope depicted fair,
To signify she feeds her fools with air.
The wiser, by her glittering anchor know
That gold's the surest friend we find below.

ON A MUSICAL LADY AT CALCUTTA.

In Indian realms, ye critics, say,
Of tuneful souls possess,
Where famish'd tigers roam for prey,
Whose music is the best?

The bard's, who, striking vocal strings,
Made beasts attend his lay;
Or hers, which, when she plays and sings,
Would fright even beasts away?



Edwin.

J O S E P H I N E.

Late Empress Queen of France & Italy.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1811.

No. 4.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE,

LATE CONSORT OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, AND STYLED EM-
PRESS OF FRANCE AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

*With her Portrait, elegantly engraved from an undoubted ori-
ginal miniature.*

JOSEPHINE LA PAGERIE, was born at Martinique, according to some accounts, June 24, 1768, but according to others, which, in fact, from the age of her children, and other circumstances, seems more probable, some years earlier. At the age of twenty-two she married the viscount Alexander Beauharnois, likewise a native of Martinique, though, like herself, brought early to Europe, and educated in France. Madame la Pagerie and her husband were both descended from noble but obscure and reduced families, who had transplanted themselves to the West Indies, to repair their shattered fortunes; in which the parents of Josephine so far succeeded that she was possessed of considerable property; while Beauharnois was poor, and in debt. He was likewise some years younger than his wife; so that this marriage, though it might originate from love on the one side,

was probably concluded from interest and necessity on the other.

The viscount was, at that time, second major in a regiment of infantry, a place which he had obtained, not by his military talents, but by his intrigues and assiduous attendance at Versailles in the antichambers of favourites and ministers, and his intrigues with their ladies, with whom he had acquired the reputation of being a most agreeable and accomplished dancer.

Soon after their marriage, Monsieur and Madame de Beauharnois were introduced at court, and presented to the king, Louis XVI, though they in general associated principally with those persons and their ladies, who afterwards figured most conspicuously in the French revolution. Talleyrand, Charles and Alexander La Methe, Besumetz, La Tour Meaubeuge, and others of that class, were the persons most visited by Madame de Beauharnois and her husband.

At the time of the meeting of the states-general, M. de Beauharnois was chosen a deputy by the nobility of the bailiwick of Blois, and in this assembly, which was afterwards called the national assembly, disregarding all the benefits he had received from the bounty of his sovereign, he took a decided part against the court, and appeared its implacable enemy. Though his powers of oratory and elocution, when he ascended the tribune in this assembly, were not such as to obtain much attention to his harangues, his friends, La Fayette and La Methe, procured him to be elected the president of it in June, 1791, and as such he signed the proclamation addressed to the French when Louis XVI. was arrested at Varennes. In October, the same year, he made his peace with the court, and was promoted to be an adjutant-general, in which rank he served under General Biron, when the French troops, in April, 1792, were defeated near Mons. He was the warm friend of La Fayette as long as he was popular, and afterwards joined his enemy and successor in popularity, Dumorier; and, when he was proscribed, courted Coustine; whom, when proscribed in his turn, he succeeded in the command of the army of the Rhine, which command he, contrary to the wishes of the jacobins, desired to resign, but was forced to retain it until August, 1793, when the represen-

tatives of the people suspended him from all his functions, and ordered him to retire above twenty leagues from the frontiers. He was soon afterwards, with his wife, arrested as a suspected person, and, on the 23d of July, 1794, sent to the guillotine, as an accomplice in the imaginary conspiracy of the prisons. The day before his execution, he wrote a long letter to his wife, in which he recommended to her, in the republican style of those times, his children, and, in particular, not to neglect to vindicate his memory and reputation, by proving that *his whole life* had been consecrated to serve liberty and equality. This revolutionary hypocrisy of a man, who had been for twenty years a courtier, and for four only a patriot, is surprising, when it is considered that, at that time, liberty and equality were very fashionable words in republican France; and M. de Beauharnois, no doubt, intended to die, as he had lived, a fashionable man. It is, however, said, that, when he ascended the scaffold of the guillotine, he exclaimed, "If I had served my king with the same zeal and fidelity as I have done his murderers, he would have rewarded me in a different manner."

During the revolutionary career of general Beauharnois, his wife Josephine lost many of her former friends, either by emigration, as the two brothers La Methe; by proscription, as Talleyrand and La Fayette; or by the guillotine, as Barnave, Sillery, and Flahault.

General Beauharnois was beheaded five days before Robespierre was deprived of the authority he had so ferociously exercised, and was himself guillotined. After the fall of that sanguinary tyrant, seals were put upon all the papers of the revolutionary tribunal, which were delivered to the committee of public safety. Among these papers were found thirty-six lists of persons who were arrested, or suspected, and in the thirty-six following days were destined for the guillotine. Madame de Beauharnois' name was inserted in the twenty-fifth of these lists. If, therefore, Robespierre had not lost his power and his life at the time he did, she would certainly have ascended the scaffold in her turn: nor could Barras, who afterwards protected her, have saved her, as his name was contained in the ninth list, and he would therefore have suffered before her.

Madame de Beauharnois recovered her liberty on the 24th of Thermidor, or 12th of August, 1794, having been released by Legendre, frequently called the butcher, both from his violent revolutionary habits, and from his being actually the son of a butcher. He *kindly protected* her for some time in his house, where she made the acquaintance both of Madame Tallien and of Barras, who, to the great disappointment of Legendre, caused the seals to be taken off her house *rue de Victoires*, and to *protect* her in his turn, occupied an apartment in her house until he exchanged it, in October, 1795, for the Luxemburgh; and in March, 1796, perhaps finding his taste for her attractions diminish, he procured for her a husband in his friend and abettor, Napoleon Bonaparte, on whom he, at the same time, as generally believed, conferred, as her dower, the command of the army of Italy, where the military talents of Napoleon prepared the way for the attainment of that astonishing greatness at which this extraordinary man has arrived.

Whilst Madame de Beauharnois, in company with Barras, consoled herself for the loss of her husband, Madame Tallien, a beautiful woman, but whose character is represented to have been as depraved as her form was perfect, was the then fashionable idol of the gay, licentious, and giddy Parisians. Those two female friends of Barras soon became rivals in the scandalous chronicles, in which were recorded their mutual efforts to outshine each other; to make conquests, and to exhibit their more than half naked persons and successive lovers at the theatres, in the public walks, and assemblies. Madame Tallien, however, had obtained and kept the precedence in the Parisian popularity and favour, and was the most fashionable idol of those times; but when, by the peace of Campo Formio, or still more by the revolution of the 18th of Fructidor, or 4th of September, 1797, Bonaparte had silenced at least, if not reconciled his enemies, the flatterers of his fortune caused his wife to share in his triumph, and forced Madame Tallien to renounce, or at least to admit, a competitor upon the throne of fashion.

Bonaparte, during the whole progress of his ambitious career, appears to have acted with the greatest generosity and fidelity towards his Josephine, until his late extraordinary di-

voiced. When he proclaimed and crowned himself emperor of the French, he crowned her empress likewise; and when he afterwards assumed the title of king of Italy, and crowned himself with the iron crown of Charlemagne, he at the same time crowned her queen. In all his journeys, and in his latter campaigns, when set out for the army, he has taken her with him, at least to the frontiers of France. When he left Paris to head his army in his late expedition against Austria, she accompanied him as far as Strasburg, and remained there some time before her return to the capital. What induced him, after the successful termination of that expedition, to divorce her, does not appear as yet to be known with certainty, except we give credit implicitly to the reason he has himself assigned—his wish for an immediate heir to inherit the extensive dominions he has acquired: yet, even in this act, he appears to have treated her with at least the pageantry of respect and honour, and apparent affection. The proceedings relative to this divorce, and the ceremony employed on the occasion, are thus stated in the French official gazette:

Extract from the Register of the Conservative Senate of Saturday, Dec. 16, 1809.

The conservative senate, assembled to the number of members prescribed by article 90th of the acts of the constitution, and dated the 13th of December, 1799, having seen the act drawn up, the 15th of the present month, by the prince arch-chancellor of the empire, of which the following is the substance:—

In the year 1809, and the 15th of December, at nine o'clock in the evening, we Jean-Jaques Regis Cambaceres, prince arch-chancellor of the Empire, duke of Parma, exercising the functions prescribed to us by title the 2d of the 14th article of the statute of the imperial family, and in consequence of orders addressed to us by his majesty the emperor and king, in his private letter dated that day, of the following tenor:

“My cousin,

“Our desire is, that you repair this day, at nine o'clock in the evening, to our grand cabinet of the palace of the Thuilleries, attended by the civil secretary of state of our imperial fa-

mily, to receive from us, and from the empress, our dear consort, a communication of great importance. For this purpose we have ordered that this private letter should be sent to you. We pray God to have you, my cousin, in his holy and blessed keeping.

“Paris, 15th Dec. 1809.”

On the back is written, “To our cousin, the prince arch-chancellor, duke of Parma.”

We accordingly proceeded to the hall of the throne of the palace of the Thuilleries, attended by Michel Louis Etienne Regnault (de St. Jean d'Angely,) count of the empire, minister of state, and secretary of state to the imperial family. A quarter of an hour afterwards we were introduced to the grand cabinet of the emperor, where we found his majesty the empress, attended by their majesties the kings of Holland, Westphalia, and Naples, his imperial highness the prince viceroy, the queens of Holland, Westphalia, Naples, and Spain; madame and her imperial highness the princess Paulina. His majesty the emperor and king, condescended to address us in these terms:

“My cousin, prince arch chancellor,

“I despatched to you a private letter, dated this day, to direct you to repair to my cabinet, for the purpose of communicating to you the resolution which I and the empress, my dearest consort, have taken. It gives me pleasure that the kings, queens and princesses, my brothers and sisters, my brothers and sisters-in-law, my daughter-in-law, and my son-in-law become my adopted son, as well as my mother, should witness what I am going to communicate to you.

“The policy of my monarchy, the interest and the wants of my people, which have constantly guided all my actions, require, that after me I should leave to children, inheritors of my love for my people, that throne on which Providence has placed me. Notwithstanding, for several years past, I have lost the hope of having children by my well-beloved consort the empress Josephine. This it is which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to attend to nothing but the good of the state, and to wish the dissolution of my marriage.

“ Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the hope of living long enough to educate in my views and sentiments the children which it may please Providence to give me. God knows how much such a resolution has cost my heart; and there is no sacrifice beyond my courage, when it is proved to me to be necessary to the welfare of France. I should add, that far from having reason to complain, on the contrary, I have had reason only to be satisfied with the attachment and the affection of my well-beloved consort, she has adorned fifteen years of my life, the evidence of which will ever remain engraven on my heart: she was crowned by my hand: I wish she should preserve the rank and title of empress; but, above all, that she should never doubt my sentiments, and that she should ever regard me as her best and dearest friend.”

His majesty the emperor and king having ended, the empress queen spoke as follows:

“ By the permission of our dear and august consort, I ought to declare, that not preserving any hope of having children, which may fulfil the wants of his policy and the interest of France, I am pleased to give him the greatest proof of attachment and devotion which has ever been given on earth. I possess all from his bounty; it was his hand which crowned me, and from the height of this throne I have received nothing but proofs of affection and love from the French people. I think I prove myself grateful in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which heretofore was an obstacle to the welfare of France, which deprived it of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendants of a great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no degree change the sentiments of my heart. The emperor will ever have in me his best friend. I know how much this act, demanded by policy and by interests so great, has chilled his heart; but both of us exult in the sacrifice which we make for the good of the country.”

After which, their imperial majesties, having demanded an act of their respective declarations, as well as of the mutual consent contained in them, and which their majesties gave to

the dissolution of their marriage, as also of the power which their majesties conferred on us, to follow up, as need shall require, the effect of their will. We, prince arch-chancellor of the empire, in obedience to the orders and requisitions of their majesties, have given the aforesaid acts, and have, in consequence, executed the present *proces verbal*, to serve and avail according to law: to which *proces verbal* their majesties have affixed their signatures, and which, after having been signed by the kings, queens, princes, and princesses present, has been signed by us, and countersigned by the secretary of state of the imperial family, who wrote with his own hand.

Done at the palace of the Thuilleries, the day, hour and year aforesaid.

Signed, *Napoleon, Josephine, Madame, Louis, Jerome Napoleon, Joachim Napoleon, Eugene Napoleon, Julie, Hortense, Catherine, Paulien, Caroline, Cambaceres, (prince arch-chancellor,) Count Regnault (de St. Jean d'Angely.)*

Having seen the *projet* of the senatus consultum, drawn up in the form prescribed by the 57th article of the act of the constitution of the 4th of August, 1802; after having heard the motives of the said *projet*, the orators of the council of state, and the report of the special committee appointed on the sitting of this day; the adoption having been discussed by the number of members prescribed by the 56th article of the act of the constitution of the 4th of August, 1802, decrees:

Art. I. The marriage contracted between the emperor Napoleon and the empress Josephine is dissolved. II. The empress Josephine shall preserve the title and rank of empress queen crowned. III. Her dowry is fixed at an annual income of two millions of francs on the revenue of the state. IV. All the assignments which may be made by the emperor in favour of the empress Josephine, on the funds of the civil list, shall be obligatory on his successors. V. The present senatus consultum shall be transmitted by a message to his imperial and royal majesty.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE WRITINGS OF JUNIUS.

SWIFT somewhere sarcastically remarks,

——“ That learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer ever knew.”

This observation appears, when lightly examined, to contain nothing sufficiently marvellous for comment or quotation; but it does, in fact, possess a solidity of thought that entitles it to a particular analysis. When an author has rendered himself eminent, and his name is a term almost synonymous with admiration, we feel a certain pride and gratification in discovering beauties in his page unobserved by all other eyes. To admire what the pens of other writers have pointed out, seems a sort of covert confession that we are incapable of discovering any thing worthy of admiration ourselves. Hence we have recourse to new readings, plausible constructions, arbitrary explanations, and not unfrequently to a substitution of our own ideas, for those of our favourite author. Shakspeare has been thus unmercifully cut up, carved, and mangled by his critics. His commentators proceed on the ground, first, to admire at all events, and, secondly, to lay the peculiar stress of admiration on those passages which have never been admired before. Meanwhile the poor bard appears an overgrown baby, dandled in the arms of his critical nurses, who are teaching the luckless urchin to speak his mother tongue.

We often feel ourselves incompetent to pass an opinion on the merits of a man who has been the literary idol of the public. We have been so long disciplined to admire at hap-hazard, wherever the pen of such an author has been concerned, that when a particular passage from his works has been presented to us, the import of which we are unable to comprehend, we still admire, and think that there must be a meaning situated somewhere beyond the ken of our feeble intellects. This is the critic, who, in the language of Sterne, “surrenders up the reins of his judgment into his author’s hands.” Indeed, it requires

some nerve to interpose a cavil, when we are morally certain of raising such a formidable host of assailants.

Notwithstanding we are beset by such unfavourable constellations, we are compelled to hazard an opinion, that the author of Junius is indebted, for a great share of his popularity, to the impenetrable obscurity of his name. When his letters were first ushered into the notice of the public, his sarcasms and invectives were so galling, that some from motives of revenge, and many more from motives of curiosity, wished to become acquainted with the writer. The world became more inquisitive in proportion as inquiry became more hopeless; and from that time to the present, we have been pestered with assertions and conjectures of the author's name, contradictions, doubts, surmises, and downright disappointments at last.

The distinguishing cast of his invective we take to be clearly mechanical, and capable of being studied and imitated successfully by those who may wish to excel in that species of writing. Let us attempt to explain more definitely our opinions on this point. Glory, honour, and fame are the grand incentives to human actions, and what all mankind are in a greater or less degree panting after. Shame, scorn, and contempt, are what we are all as solicitous to avoid. To speak with the strictness of philosophy, both of these propositions are included in one. If all mankind are avaricious of glory, honour and fame, to say they are as desirous of shunning scorn, disgrace and contempt, is only repeating the same thought in different words. However, without troubling ourselves with an analysis on an immaterial point, it is abundantly sufficient for our purpose that this appetite is universal. Now, as Junius's object is to degrade the respective characters he handles, he turns this universal object of pursuit, with respect to them, upside down, and represents them as struggling to incur the scorn, disgrace, and contempt of their fellow men. He pursues this mode of assault with unusual industry, and this has given to his page that reputation of severity for which it has always been esteemed so remarkable. One or two examples will abundantly serve for the purpose of illustrating this principle. He recommends to his grace the duke of Grafton to "add the last negative to his cha-

racter, to retire from office, and to find consolation in the memory of *violated friendship*, in the *afflictions* of an accomplished prince, whom he had *disgraced and deserted*, in the *agitations* of a great country, driven by *his counsels* to the brink of destruction. Of his grace the duke of Bedford, he says, that "he was so little accustomed to receive any mark of esteem or respect from the public; that if a compliment, or expression of applause, should escape him, (Junius,) he feared the duke would consider it as a *mockery of his established character*, and perhaps as an *insult to his understanding*." "Governor Burgoyne, relieved from the apprehension of refunding the money, sits down, for the remainder of his life, *infamous and contented*." His grace the duke of Grafton is not censured "because he does *wrong by design*, but that he never does *right by mistake*; not that his *indolence and activity* have been equally *misapplied*, but that the guardian genius of his life should have carried him through every possible *change and contradiction of conduct*, without the *slightest imputation or colour of a virtue*."

Many powerful objections may be urged against this mode of writing, mechanical as it is. In the first place, it has a shameful falsehood for its basis. No monster ever yet existed who founded his glory on the contempt of his fellow men; who solicited disgrace, and blushed with shame when applauded for a good action. But the advocates of this style, to avoid the opprobrium annexed to a broad and unqualified lie, attempt to soften the expression, and call this *energy of language*. This is a term of profound mystical import, by which a man is enabled to save his conscience in the wreck of his honour, and to acquire the character of a nervous and original writer. He may, then, draw his monsters at leisure, call them by whatever names he thinks proper, and when an explanation is demanded, it is refused, because it all amounts to nothing more than *energy of language*!

Aside from the morality of this style of composition, it is liable to strong objections on another ground. It produces that hateful incredulity so much reprobated by Horace. A man must be the slave of credulity indeed, if he can believe, for a moment, such exaggerated, we beg pardon, such "*energetic lan-*

guage." The whole, then, appears to be the effusion of spite and ill nature, and is, when fairly considered, a tenfold more bitter libel on the author, than on the characters he asperses. We may, then, cease to wonder at the invisibility of Junius. Slander of a species so atrocious and aggravated as the present, is never destitute of plausibility of motive. A regard for the welfare of his country, an overweening anxiety to defend her rights and liberties, induces Junius to step forward and assassinate reputation in the dark. No mask has been worn with so much success as the present one. It engages the support of the great mass of the community, and enlists all their sympathies in its service.

The people look upon the victim, who is thus placed on the rack of a libeller's vengeance, without any fellow feeling for his torments. They have been taught to believe, that indignant justice demands such a sacrifice, and the invisible assassin, while he is thus gratifying his private malice, acquires the character of a patriot. Trial—proof—judgment of peers—are all mere empty sounds, and uttered by those only who wish to screen the guilt of a criminal from justice. Armed with such a powerful auxiliary as public favour, the libellous assassin steps forth under the protecting shield of darkness, and makes probity and genius the indiscriminate martyrs of his vengeance.

Whoever Junius was, we do not know, and it imports us but little to inquire; but there was certainly a bond of alliance between himself and Mr. Wilkes. This man, "who could, with the most solemn appeal to God for his sincerity," declare "lord Mansfield to be, in his opinion, the very worst and most dangerous man in the kingdom," could recommend Wilkes to the favour of the people, and state "that even his vices plead for him." In this eulogy we believe many will be disposed cordially to concur; this was the very cause, the secret charm that first attracted the notice, and afterwards the admiration of the mob. Other countries besides England have found the same recommendations in popular candidates.

Junius has been considered as a model of metaphoric chastity, and one of his recent admirers, has boldly challenged the most rigid scrutiny on this point. Without disputing the ge-

neral accuracy of Junius's phraseology, there is at least evidence enough that he was not absolutely perfect in the construction of his metaphors. In his letter to sir William Draper, he says, "It is you, sir William, who make your friend appear awkward and ridiculous, by giving him a laced suit of *tawdry qualifications*, which nature never intended him to wear." What is a laced suit of tawdry qualifications? We need not the evidence of so spruce a critic as lord Kaimes to inform us, that this passage is a jumble of the natural and metaphorical sense, inadmissible by the rules of fine writing. "The vices," says Junius, in his letter to lord Grafton, "operate like age, bring on disease before its time, and in the prime of youth leave the character broken and exhausted." This simile is faulty from the end. Vice, it is true, may bring on disease before its time; and in the prime of youth leave the character broken and exhausted: but what parallel is age capable of affording? Can age be said to bring on *disease before* its time, and in the *prime of youth* to leave the character broken and exhausted! It is a complete Hibernianism, or, more properly, a downright contradiction in terms. Junius, in his answer to Mr. Horne's vindication, remarks, "It is curious to observe by what gentle degrees the furious persecuting zeal of Mr. Horne has softened into moderation." "The flaming patriot, who so lately scorched us in the meridian, sinks temperately *into the west*, and is scarcely felt as he descends." It is a rule in correct writing, whenever a figurative expression is substituted for a natural one, that every part of the substituted passage should bear a strong and *close analogy*. Wherever there is a departure from this standard, illustration bewilders and confounds the sense. Let us try the integrity of this metaphor by this standard: "The fiery persecuting zeal of Mr. Horne," ("the flaming patriot who so lately scorched us in the meridian,") "sinks temperately *into the west*, and is scarcely felt as he descends." Here part of the metaphor, (*into the west*), is unanswered by the original, and we gape in vain to discover the analogy. It has too much locality, and we are left to wonder what Mr. Horne has to do in the west. At length we recover from our surprise, and find that the writer

was so enamoured with the descending luminary, that he forgot his sarcasm in the contemplation of his beams.

Nor will this passage derive any support from a parallel once cited, by a literary friend,* from Burke, in its justification. Burke says of lord Chatham, "that *when the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory*, from an opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, which, from that hour, became lord of the ascendant." Lord Chatham was, at that time, defending the rights and liberties of this western world. He was then in the decline of his existence, and it is unnecessary to add he was rewarded with the gratitude of our country. With what emphatical propriety did Burke give a locality to his metaphor, and say, that the *western horizon* was in a blaze with his descending glory!" A stronger example could not have been produced to condemn the passage of Junius, than the one cited in its vindication.

Junius's eulogium on lord Chatham has been quoted, re-quoted, and admired, as a specimen of the most beautiful and compendious panegyric. It consists of two lines—"Recorded honours shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and can support the laurels that adorn it." If honours merely had gathered around his lordship's monument, and thickened, our own minds would immediately have substituted laurels, and we should have been at no loss to have comprehended the metaphor. The word "recorded," however, expressly negatives that construction, and leaves us at an utter loss for a substitute. A construction, it is true, may be adopted; viz. that as a laurel is incapable of being "*recorded*," these "honours" must be supposed to mean monumental inscriptions. To say that an inscription gathers "*round* the monument," and "thickens" over the deceased, terms almost exclusively applied to foliage, has at best an uncouthness of phraseology. Junius, in the very next sentence, tells us, as plain as implication is capable of doing, that whatever construction his admirers may place upon the passage, such was not his—"It is a *solid* fabric, and will support the *laurels* that adorn it."

* Ogilvie.

Equally inexplicable is the preceding member of the paragraph. We are told that the fabric is a solid one, and are prepared to anticipate the superincumbency of some ponderous substance, that will put this solidity to the test. When we are informed what this something is, we pause to inquire how a monument, so wonderfully solid, differs from others, of more frail and frangible materials, that have actually been crushed by the weight of so enormous a mass? After having inspected all the drawings, and perused all the historical legends of monuments, we come at last to the grave conclusion, that the monument of lord Chatham could not, in this respect, differ from every other.

Junius, in his comments on the controversy between Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Horne, and with reference, to the latter gentleman, thus expresses himself: "It was the solitary vindictive malice of a monk, brooding over the infirmities of his friend until he thought they had quickened into public life, and feasting with a rancorous rapture on the sordid catalogue of his distresses." Here we deem it necessary, previous to any stricture on this passage, unequivocally to condemn that license of figurative language now so common, founded on this mistake, viz. transferring to one sense the properties only to be known or ascertained by a different one. Nothing is more common than to see such expressions as these: "What a feast for the eye," or "What a feast for the ear!" as if both of these senses were expert in the exercise of knives and forks. Shakspeare frequently offends against this rule in such passages as these: "With my ear I drank in delightful sounds;" and more especially in this phrase, "Unglue thy mouth, and let me taste," &c. Here it brings to the mind the nauseous idea of our tasting an emetic. Such expressions as "silver sounds," "golden tidings," are all inadmissible on the principle above stated. With regard to the present quotation from Junius, "a monk, brooding over the infirmities of his friend until he thought they had quickened into public life," does not, indeed, quite, though it does almost, represent a monk as an oviparous animal; it may be that he is only hatching the eggs laid by another. The latter member of the sentence, "feasting with rancorous rapture on the sordid cata-

logue of his distresses," is again liable to objection. We will not expatiate on the compliment paid to Mr. Wilkes in calling his distresses *sordid* ones; but the word "catalogue" is unquestionably a blunder. Is a "catalogue" a subject for a feast, or the several articles which that catalogue enumerates? We should certainly laugh at the curious taste of the man, who, on entering an ordinary, and calling for a dinner, while the dishes were smoking before him and tempting his taste, should overlook an opportunity so inviting, and with a rapture, immaterial whether rancorous or not, demolish a bill of fare which a servant had accidentally left upon the table.

Junius further, in his letter to the duke of Grafton, undertakes to exemplify the insignificance of his sovereign. He declares, that "when the party he wishes well to has the fairest prospect of success, if his royal inclination should unfortunately be discovered, it operates like acid, and *turns the election.*" Now what influence a drop of vinegar would have in turning the election of members of parliament, it is not our business to know, nor shall we deem it our duty to inquire: but it may be asked, in what manner a drop of acid turns an election? Here is another instance of a jumble between the natural and metaphorical sense. Many of our modern patriots are, we doubt not, ready to testify upon oath, and cite themselves as examples, that a drop of ardent spirits may sometimes turn an election, but that a drop of vinegar assuredly will not.

Without dwelling longer on the style of Junius, we may be allowed to question the beneficent result of that policy that confers on writers of this class such extraordinary tokens of respect and admiration. General comments on the tendency of the measures of administration, involving no attack on personal character, may be admitted without the name of the writer. No man has a right privately to complain, because his private character has not been assailed, and the public are competent judges of the propriety and justice of the strictures. But where the repose of private character is invaded—where every petty domestic anecdote is drawn from the hearth and the fire-side, exaggerated and misrepresented by malicious cunning,—is the name of the writer to be wantonly concealed? Would a man

who felt a proper sense of his own dignity, shrink from a responsibility thus spontaneously incurred, and refuse his name? Invisibility is the coward's shield, and who is incapable of inflicting a wound where no personal jeopardy is encountered? The only distinction between the hero and the assassin is, that the one exposes and the other conceals his person when he wounds his opponent. Junius says, in his answer to sir William Draper, that "as to him, it is by no means necessary that he should be exposed to the resentment of the worst and most powerful men in his country, though he might be indifferent to his. (Sir W.'s.) Though he would fight, there are others who would assassinate." Now, what evidence has this writer adduced to show that the habits and manners of his countrymen are so totally debased, that the intrepid and honest patriot is incapable of performing his duty without the danger of assassination? Is a knave in office rendered inaccessible to justice, not only by opulence, but by a band of myrmidons and assassins? Yet the apology that Junius advances for his invisibility goes to the full extent of this assertion.

On the other hand, how much more probable is the supposition, that this invisibility was merely assumed for the purpose of putting private characters to the rack with that security that guilty minds alone are solicitous to enjoy! As an evidence of this, let his controversy with Mr. Horne serve as a specimen. The charge advanced by Junius, now, since the party animosities of the day have been buried under the more ponderous mass of subsequent event, appears of a trifling, not to say of a contemptible nature. We must now forget Bonaparte, and the tremors of the civilized world for its safety, and transport ourselves to the time when "a zeal to support administration, and an endeavour to sustain the ministerial nomination of a sheriff," were thought objects of sufficient dignity to inflame. These are the two mighty charges advanced by Junius, and denied by Horne, who enters the field of public controversy, and defies him to the proof.

Let us explain a little the nature of the controversy which was then carried on. The ministry and the popular party were then at swords' points, and every thing was done by both which

had a tendency to inflame and to aggravate either. Horne was (and what is in our time a prodigy little inferior to a phoenix,) a popular champion equally enlightened and honest. This the subsequent tenor of his whole existence has demonstrated to be true. Instead of veering and shifting with the various turns, evolutions, and political tergiversations of his party, he has kept perseveringly on, sometimes with a minority, and at other times with a majority in his train, and yet neither the one nor the other has bent him from his purpose in the least. It is rare to find such a specimen of wrong-headed integrity as this character has presented. Messrs. Plumb and Kirkman were both the ministerial candidates for the office of sheriff, then vacant, an office not in the gift of the king, but of the people, and Mr. Wilkes was the popular candidate. Previous to this election, there was a controversy existing between Mr. Horne and Mr. Wilkes. Horne, who was always a man of warm passions, appealed to the public as his judges. Mr. Wilkes met his opponent on that ground, and we hazard but little when we say, that he encountered a man who for bold, pure and energetic English, dexterity of sarcasm, and ingenuity of argument, may compare with the proudest writer in the annals of English literature. Wilkes, in this controversy, did not find his *match*, in vulgar parlance, but an antagonist by far his superior both in force of argument and invective. This had an indirect influence on the popularity of Wilkes, and put his election for the office of sheriff in jeopardy. Wilkes, notwithstanding, eventually triumphed, and now Junius, his advocate, seeks an occasion for revenge. He addresses a letter to the duke of Grafton, who had been all along the target of his resentment, and congratulates him on the ministerial proselytism of Mr. Horne, than which no assertion could have been more unequivocally false. He illustrates this charge by what he is pleased to term Mr. Horne's "endeavours to support the *ministerial nomination of sheriffs*," and "with a new zeal in support of administration." Horne, with an honest indignation, repels the charge, calls for proofs, and denies that he ever solicited a vote directly or indirectly, or wrote a line for the ministerial candidates. All this Junius unequivocally admits, and cites nothing more than the letters of Mr. Horne above

spoken of in proof of his assertion. "It is from your letters I conclude," said he, "that you have sold yourself to the ministry." All this luminous train of deduction may, then, be briefly summed up. Horne's public controversy with Mr. Wilkes exposed the mock pretensions of that patriot so successfully, that the election of the latter gentleman to the office which he was labouring after, was put in imminent danger. He was the anti-ministerial candidate for the office, and of course his opponent was bribed by the ministry, either by promises or by money. Such is what logicians fitly denominate *drawing* a conclusion, as such a conclusion must be formed by some kind of compulsory process.

Now let us see the difference between a writer who honestly and intrepidly gives to the public his name, and he who uses the dastard security of darkness to conceal himself. Let it be remembered, that Junius advocated the cause of his friend Wilkes without any provocation from Horne, and further, that his controversy with him resulted, as he himself assures us, from the letters of Mr. Horne, which so materially injured the immaculate character of John Wilkes, esquire. Horne, with a laudable intrepidity, gives his name to the public, and states that Mr. Wilkes employed Thomas Walpole to solicit for him from the ministry a pension of one thousand pounds for thirty years; that he accepted of a pension from the Rockingham administration, a pension purely *ministerial*; that he threatened, in case of refusal, to write them down as he had done their predecessors; that these terms of conciliation were rejected by the ministry. For the truth of these separate charges, Horne boldly appeals to the duke of Portland, to lord Rockingham, to lord John Cavendish, nay, even to Mr. Walpole himself. Further, he even appeals to the hand-writing of Wilkes, which was then extant. Now here is a perspicuous, a definite charge of the most aggravated nature. It does not rest on the authority of Horne, although he gives his name to the public as a voucher, but likewise on those illustrious names we have mentioned. Here the matter is put in issue, and Junius himself, with all his malignity towards Horne, does not attempt to impeach the credit of testimony so decisive. He ushers in his reply with

the stammering accents of guilt, that "he takes the facts Mr. Horne refers to, (such as those above mentioned,) for granted, although, (to save his distance,) he says, he doubts not there is much exaggeration. He therefore admits the validity of the fact stated by Horne for a plain reason, because he dared not hazard his credit by the denial. Junius therefore admitted all these charges, and he had endeavoured to prove Horne a pensioner of the ministry for no other reason than his private controversy with Wilkes. Horne, on the other hand, states that Wilkes did offer himself to be bribed by the ministry, a fact which Junius admits. He states that the ministry did refuse to pay the money, a fact that Junius admits: that the ministry did afterwards pay him a salary, a fact that Junius admits: that Wilkes did solicit an embassy, a fact that Junius admits: that he did likewise solicit a government, a fact that Junius admits. Thus Junius, while he libels Horne for having become the pensioner of the ministry, on no authority at all, is publicly defending the character of one as a patriot, who, as he himself acknowledges, did offer himself to the ministry to be bribed, and that they very properly did not deem his character worth the expense of a bribe.

If we examine the character of this office-hunting patriot, we shall cease to wonder why he became the idol of Junius, or of the people. He was not, in the first place, cursed with exorbitant wealth, which learned writers maintain is so favourable to the principles of aristocracy. No stain of this kind alighted on his character. Bankruptcy had completely exempted him from all suspicions of an aristocratic nature. His love of liberty was, unquestionably, as ardent and sincere as his detestation of aristocracy. He had practical evidence that freedom was the first of Heaven's blessings, as he had already been immured in a jail, and learned, from that circumstance, the horrors of confinement. Men who draw their ideas, either of freedom, or slavery, from books, are not competent judges of either: they are apt to run into extravagant speculations, taking the high colourings of eloquent authors for facts, and thus to augment the blessings of the one, or the miseries of the other. Mr. Wilkes's collegiate ideas on these subjects having been sobered down and new

modelled by a jail, did not run into such wild excesses. Added to all these advantages, he was restrained by no cramp laws of religion or morality from the prosecution of his objects. Junius himself admits, that Wilkes was never thought of as a "*perfect pattern of morality*," and he does not pretend to vindicate his character, or pretensions to popular favour on that ground. But he maintains, with much strength of argument, that although Wilkes was not a moralist, he had suffered imprisonment, which he thinks purges off all objections of that nature. The people had, besides, a stronger security than all these combined, in the person of Mr. Wilkes, that he never would betray the trust and confidence reposed in him. It may be remembered, that he had already offered to sell himself to the ministry, and that they refused to become purchasers. Hence it was perfectly fair to infer that he would never make a voluntary tender of his services again. Junius explicitly denies that he is the partizan or defendant of Wilkes. No; he only employs the popularity of his pen to recommend him as a suitable character for public office, for which, as we have already seen, he declares that his vices plead for him. Horne was weak enough to imagine, that the previous conduct of the man ought to be scanned and examined before he was entrusted with public office. Junius says no, for if he afterwards does court the ministry, and forfeit the confidence of the people, why then he will forfeit the confidence of the people. In plainer English his argument amounts to this: support Wilkes now, in defiance of the evidence which his former conduct has given you; and if you are once more deceived, you have your deception for your pains.

Strange as it may seem, Junius has long borne the character of a constitutional writer. It is surely unnecessary to recur to that principle of the English law, by which, in all the acts of the king's administration, his personal irresponsibility is maintained. Junius is always directly at war with this maxim. He rarely ever mentions or alludes to his sovereign, but what Charles I precedes, or follows him. He calls him "by nature a good-natured fool—by art a consummate hypocrite." He declares to the duke of Grafton, that he "was worse than *all* the Stuarts, and *one* of the Brunswicks." He supports the cause of Wilkes,

because, in so doing, he "wounds the personal feelings of his sovereign." He remarks, that "when the character of the chief magistrate is in question, more should be *understood* than can safely be *expressed*," and under this reserve he states, that "exemption from punishment, the singular privilege annexed to the royal character, no way excludes the possibility of *deserving* it." He confesses, that in a given case, precisely the one which he advocates, "he could wish to see the forms of the constitution renounced, if there was no other way to obtain substantial justice for the people." He tells the king, explicitly referring to the case of Charles I, that as "his title to the crown was gained by one revolution, it may be lost by another." He states, that the first appeal of the people was to their representatives, the second to the king's justice, and that the last argument of the people will probably carry *more than persuasion* to parliament, or *supplication* to the throne."

All these horrible ideas, and many more of the same kind, are inculcated in the pages of Junius, and they derive additional importance from the times when they were uttered. The ministry was timid, weak, irresolute, unpopular. The people, inflamed by the libels of Wilkes and Junius, distrusted the integrity of their representatives. Sore and irritated by complaints unredressed, they were ready to follow almost any leader who would condense and point their horrible energies to vengeance. We have further to consider, that Wilkes, at that time, availed himself of the frenzy of the people to encounter the imbecility of the cabinet, and obtained a triumph in every battle. We have further to notice the unrivalled popularity of Junius, whose sentiments were regarded with oracular reverence. At a time like this he continually points to his sovereign and the block. He assumes a concealed meaning in his language, more awful and ominous than a bold and explicit declaration. It is well that Wilkes's love of office, so seasonably gratified, calmed and restrained every motive for further popular excitement.

It has often been mentioned, to the honour of Dr. Johnson, that the terrors of his pen silenced the invectives of Junius. One would apprehend that a story so incredible was hardly worth the pains of a contradiction. What had Junius to fear?

Did he possess such delicate and tender nerves, that while he was entrenched in his own obscurity, a sarcasm was capable of disturbing his repose? No; his attention was engrossed in the chase of other objects. The duke of Grafton, lord Mansfield, the duke of Bedford, and others of the ministry, were the game he was hunting after. And it is perfectly incredible that a man who could speak such language as Junius spoke to the ministry, and recommend the decapitation of his sovereign, was to be frightened from his purpose by a pamphlet! In all probability, Junius was more gratified by the notice than alarmed at the opposition of so able an opponent. This, however, does not rest on conjecture only. Dr. Bisset states, that the anecdote of Johnson's having silenced Junius, is entirely unfounded, and that Junius wrote for a long time after the date of the doctor's pamphlet.

We will not enter minutely into the question who is the author of Junius? Many have supposed Boyd the author; but the difference of style between the letters of Junius and those which professedly bear the signature of Boyd, and written on subjects of the same nature, is, abstracted from the youth of the man, sufficient to overturn his pretensions. We are led, therefore, to doubt the authenticity of those facts which Boyd's biographer has revealed, notwithstanding they assume an attitude so imposing. That serjeant Dunning, afterwards lord Ashburton, was the author, as has been repeatedly said, may, from a collection of weighty circumstances, be proved, almost to a demonstration, to be a falsehood. Edmund Burke clearly was not, for he never would, in the first place, have censured the Rockingham administration if he was; nor, in the second, have condemned the production of his own pen in a speech which he delivered in the house of commons. We do believe that Mr. Wilkes, if he were now alive, could give information on the point. Junius was, as we have seen, his advocate, and he, it seems, was in the habit of receiving private communications from that writer. No man is a better judge of style than Mr. Horne, (now Horne Tooke,) who is now living, who was himself one of Junius's most able opponents, and of course interested in such a discovery.

It is singular, that amidst all the conjectures and comments on this subject, Horne's opinion has never been consulted. Nor can we avoid a little suspicion, that sir William Draper knew who his opponent was. Junius, in his correspondence with him, uniformly acknowledges his ability as a writer, and testifies a reluctance to engage in the controversy. There is more amenity and politeness discovered in a single page of this writer when he attacks sir William Draper, than in any of his other assaults. A habit so different from the ordinary habits of Junius, leads us to the suspicion that there was some private understanding between them which sir William Draper was competent to clear up, if put upon his oath in a court of justice.

We will not, however, dwell upon this point, but if it is proper to hazard another conjecture amongst the many that have been so repeatedly hazarded to no purpose, we should conjecture that the honourable Gerrard Hamilton had better pretensions to this honour, (if honour it may be called,) than any other candidate. He was a man of unquestionable genius, as Burke testified, opposed to the administration. He was a man of reserved and cold habits, and of much apparent leisure, while he seemed mysteriously employed about *something*, and none knew what that something was. He was a classical scholar, familiar with the nobility, and had an ample opportunity to collect and hoard up those anecdotes which the page of Junius records. Any one who feels a curiosity on this point, and who is familiar with the pages of Junius, may consult the character of Hamilton, as drawn by the pen of the late Richard Cumberland, in his memoirs. The character coincides precisely with the one which we should suppose to appertain to the author of Junius.

The author of the Pursuits of Literature, who was himself an ardent admirer of Junius, favours this supposition. We refer to the poem from the pen of that writer, entitled, the Letter from the emperor Kien Long to George III, in which, or rather in a note to which, that opinion has been clearly and distinctly expressed. This stupendously important personage seemed more fascinated with the invisibility than with the style of Junius, much as he pretended to admire the latter. He is continually giving the world the most solemn assurances, that his name



From the "P.R.A. series."

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

also shall never be revealed; that conjectures on that subject must be idle, and worse than idle. All such miserable trash, we take to be nothing more nor less than a covert artifice of this author to set public curiosity on the scout. If such was his intention, he may now receive the negative gratification of knowing, that mankind have been graciously pleased to take him at his word; and as he had predicted the difficulty attending the discovery, they did not give themselves the trouble to inquire.

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE ARTIST.—NO. II.

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from page 255.)

MR. WEST'S love for the art of painting has been paramount to all things else; he cultivates it in himself as well as in others, and not a day passes in which he does not put in practice the golden rule of Apelles, "*Nulla dies sine lineâ.*" It is one of his principal gratifications to impart his long acquired knowledge to others, without any other reward but that of beholding their success. As a stimulus to himself to attain excellence, and for the purpose of instructing others, he has formed a select specimen of paintings and drawings by the great masters; he frequently consumes the hours of rest and midnight in determining the task of the succeeding day; and frequently by the same lamp paints the luminous points of his pictures, and always laments the necessity of sleep and relaxation. The sensibility of Mr. West's feelings has ever rendered to his God acknowledgment and gratitude for bestowing on him uninterrupted health; and to his sovereign every duty and testimony of affection which a grateful heart can give, for enabling him to pursue painting in its higher department; for without his royal munificence he would not have found patronage sufficient to procure subsistence for himself and family, even in this

country of opulence and liberality, whilst producing the works which he has painted.

So little are the higher excellencies taken into consideration, from the want of that knowledge which education gives, that an artist is scarcely bold enough to combine with propriety those essentials which constitute the excellence of historical pictures; whereas, that juggle of the art, which gives to such objects as the eye is in the habit of seeing, the appearance of deception, of that the uneducated mind can best judge, and to that it is consequently most partial. In appreciating the higher productions of the art, this defect of the public judgment is most observable. A glass exhibited in the act of falling from a shelf, or a hand or leg apparently projecting from the canvas, shall astonish and enrapture the town, while the more dignified and natural minutiae of chaste historical composition, are wholly unnoticed. It is thus that the coarse buffooneries of farce, and tricks of pantomime, are preferred by the multitude to the sublime and placid dignity of just representations of life, and unforced colourings of character. Not that these little extravagancies of genius are to be despised when they produce a natural effect, as the appendages of nobler composition; they are only contemptible when employed to gratify an erroneous taste, and excite unworthy estimation in the public mind.

That the patronage of the public should run wholly among portrait and fancy painters, and that the sublimest historical compositions should receive only a barren admiration from those of taste to appreciate them, and be gazed upon with stupid wonder by those who cannot, is matter of extreme surprise and regret; but, at the same time, it has been productive of an advantage in advancing the art of portrait-painting to the highest perfection, and supporting, in circumstances not only easy but opulent, a race of esteemed and distinguished artists. Affection, relationship, marriage, absence, departure, courtship, and the whole train of public and private passions, promote a constant interchange and circulation of portraits; the want is general, and the taste is general, for it is easy to judge of a likeness, and still easier to be pleased with it. That remuneration, not to say that subsistence-money, which the artist must

demand, obliges him; therefore, to throw open his doors to the purchasers of likenesses; and he is often compelled by necessity only to cultivate that department of the arts which, under happier auspices and a more favourable era of patronage, he would probably have changed for the higher walk of composition.

These observations are not, however, meant to attach to individuals; for there is no country in which are to be found gentlemen more competent to judge of all the excellencies to be combined in a good picture than in this; for in no country are to be found men more accomplished, liberal, and refined.

In the present biographical sketch, it is not our intention to speak of the genius and abilities of Mr. West in painting; we leave that to the public, and they will, and have done him justice. It is our intention to pursue him along his general course, and connect some review of the arts with him.

This account is meant to exhibit a tract of his movements in the profession for these last forty years. It has been done from motives to preserve, while in our reach, those points, and, as we may say, those *data* of character, which have attended a man so much distinguished, and in order to supply those who may hereafter think it worth their attention to give to the world the details of his life, with certain boundaries and land-marks to direct and shapen their course. But though it is not our intention to touch upon, or offer an opinion of his merits or demerits as a painter, yet we hold it not improper to impart what we know respecting his ideas on the subject of historical painting, and we flatter ourselves the pictures we shall mention will justify our publishing the observations which we have so frequently heard him express; and are persuaded that our readers will agree with us that they are founded on that perspicuity which appears so leading a feature in all Mr. West's compositions.

In his first discourse to the Royal Academy, on his being chosen president, (a discourse which he permitted to be published,) he lamented, when in Italy, to observe the decline of the art of painting in that country. The more he investigated the cause of such degeneracy, contrasted with the glory and splendor of the art a century and a half before, the more inclined

was he to impute it not only to the imbecile and corrupt taste of the patrons, but to the selfish manner of inculcating the principles of the art by those professors who elevated themselves to the dignity of masters, and erected their petty schools in every town and city. These institutions produced nothing but an insipid monotony and wearisome mannerism; the scholar was no more, and frequently something less, than the master, who, in his turn, was the pupil of some wretched mannerist like himself. The common terms when a painting was held up to invoke praise were, "*This is my scholar; this is my master.*" Mr. West was not slow to perceive that this was the sink in which the genius of that once eminent country was engulfed, before it had time to feel or exercise its powers. The professor was almost always the disciple of some such school as that over which he presided, and was retailing manner after manner, till the whole sunk into mannerism and insipidity. All the subjects, therefore, whether ancient or modern, had the appearance of being cast in the same mould, and were painted in strict and unerring conformity to the principles which the school, wherever it might be, and by whomsoever superintended, thought fit to inculcate. Thus nature, and the subjects represented through her, were made to bend to one wretched creation of beings, formed for men, women, and children, to represent Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and every modern nation throughout the world; whether they were designed to appear in the characters of heroes, legislators, saints, devils, or apostles: in short, whether meant for Madonas, queens, courtezans, or milkmaids, all were the same in form and feature.

It was the duty of Mr. West, in the station which he filled, to reprobate this mannerism, as well by precept as example; and it becomes us to remark, that, in the productions of his own pencil, he has imitated no master, but been content to draw his knowledge from a higher fountain, and instruct himself from the mistress of all art—general and unchangeable Nature. Let us investigate some of his pictures on the principles which he himself lays down; let us try him on those rules of perspicuity and philosophy upon which it is his pride to establish his reputation.

In his Agrippina we see the Roman matron, the granddaughter of Augustus, bearing in her arms the ashes of her husband Germanicus, her children by her side, the pledges of her husband's love, and the only object of concern to her maternal feelings; we see her in the midst of Roman ladies, and surrounded by a Roman people, with all their proper attributes.

In the Regulus we see the stern and inflexible Roman, deaf to all the ties of nature, but that of heroic devotion and love to the cause of his country.

In his Wolfe we see a British hero, on the heights of Abraham, in North America, expiring in the midst of heroes and of victory, with all the characteristics of Britons, in 1759.

In the Penn we see the legislator, with the simplicity and dignity of a man administering justice to others, and diffusing his bounties in the midst of savage tribes, and disarming their ferocity by his rectitude and benevolence; whilst himself and those about him rest in perfect security on the consciousness of their philanthropic intentions, and a persuasion that they are fulfilling the first duty of Christianity, in rendering to others what they wish to be rendered to themselves, and thus conquering the savage without one weapon to denote any other conquest than that which justice achieves.

In the picture of Alexander III, king of Scotland, attacked by a stag, we remark a Scottish people, fierce and brave in rescuing their king from the threatened danger.

In the picture of Moses receiving the law on mount Sinai, we see the Jewish sages with humility in the presence of God, whilst their lawgiver, with a conscious firmness, raises the tables into heaven for the *scriptum manum* of the deity.

In the picture of Cressy and Poitiers we behold the juvenile hero, his paternal sovereign, and the nobles with their heroic vassals, in proud triumph, their Gothic banners waving in the wind; and in the battle of Poitiers we behold the same hero, with manly demeanour, receiving the vanquished king, expressing an air of welcome, and treating him more as a visitor than as a captive; the conqueror is not seen in the reception of the

captive, nor the captive in his submission to the vanquisher; all is Gothic, and all is British. •

In the picture of St. Paul shaking the viper from his finger, in the chapel at Greenwich, we see that apostle, unshaken in the midst of bands of armed Roman soldiers, and the poisonous reptile hanging to his hand; the multitude of men, women, and children, cast on shore by the wreck of the ship, bespeaks the deplorable situation of such a mixture of sex and ages, composed of Jews, Romans, and islanders.

In the picture of the battle of La Hogue, we see all that marked the courage of the English and the Dutch on the memorable event of that sea victory; we see them sweeping before them the navy of France over a vast extent of ocean, and in the midst of fire and sword, of victory and destruction, the ferocity of battle is mitigated by the national humanity of the conquerors; in the same moment they destroy and save—they conquer and spare. In this battle all is perspicuity and deep research into the subject; the era is marked in every object that is represented; the men, the ships, the form of battle, are all described in the character of the age in which the event took place, without any manner but that which belongs to the subject, and the element on which the battle was fought.

In the interview between Calypso and Telemachus on the sea-shore of Ogygia, the passion, character, and propriety are equally preserved. The astonishment of Telemachus at the sight of the majestic goddess and her nymphs, is portrayed so masterly in the countenance of the young Ithacan, that the beholder reads his whole course of thoughts upon the canvas. Again, the stately goddess wears the look of welcome and joy at his approach, and her countenance at the same time expresses a deep inquisitiveness, an uneasy curiosity, a mixed indefinable suspicion, at the sight of his companion, the sage Mentor, who, wrapt in disguise beyond the penetration of an inferior goddess, stands some few paces beside Telemachus, deeply pondering on the snares which he knew would be set for him, and pleased with a kind of consciousness of his good intentions, in torturing the suspicious goddess with unappeasable curiosity; but the painter has, at the same time, given him

the diffidence and modesty which belonged to the assumed character of the tutor of Telemachus. How wonderfully are the composite passions here described, and made to come home to the bosom of the beholder! If we look at the island, all is likewise in character; it is the Ogygia of Homer and of Fenelon.

In the foregoing pictures Mr. West appears to have adhered religiously to his subjects, and to have bestowed upon them every attribute of character and propriety which belonged to them, free from all mannerism and constraint; and whether his subject be on earth, heaven, or hell, he follows it through every diversity of region, time, and place; a truth and an accuracy sufficiently attested by the great body of his works. When we see, therefore, the close reasoning of his mind in that extensive work of revealed religion, in his Majesty's chapel at Windsor; when we behold the antediluvian, patriarchal, mosaical, and revolutionary dispensations, conducted throughout with equal perspicuity and propriety of character, we must render to Mr. West that claim to composition which every artist and man of taste must acknowledge him to be entitled to, and assign him a rank among the first of those who have exercised a perfect freedom of pencil, and drawn from the original sources of nature and his own mind.

Having brought the biography of Mr. West nearly to a close, it has been suggested to us, that our account would be imperfect, unless it were connected with somewhat of a detailed history, (supplementary to the few hints we have given,) of the Royal Academy; a society which has chiefly flourished, and been supported in its highest lustre, under the presidency of this illustrious artist. In the present inquiry, therefore, we shall give a detail of the origin of the academy, and the views with which an institution commenced, which has obtained so much celebrity throughout Europe; we have resolved, therefore, to enter upon the subject with that minuteness which its importance so well deserves.

We shall consider this institution under its several presidencies, and conclude with some hints as to its reformation and future direction, which we trust will not be unacceptable to the

general body of artists. We shall commence our subject without any further preface.

The importance of the fine arts, as connected with the honour and prosperity of the country, had been acknowledged, and sensibly felt, by many persons of high rank and talent more than half a century ago; and considerable efforts have been made for the establishment of a national school. It is a just pride to the artists, that every attempt failed but what had its origin in their own exertions. It was they who first formed themselves into a body, which, however wanting in dignity and the principles of permanence, when compared with their present institution, must ever be considered as the origin of the royal academy.

From their own exertions was formed the Incorporated Society of Arts. Their first exhibition took place at the Great Room in Spring Gardens, in December, 1760. There they were incorporated, and continued to exhibit yearly with great success. Notwithstanding the prejudice arising from novelty, and the difficulties they had to encounter from the low ebb, not to say the depravity of national taste, such was the success of their exhibitions, that, in a very short time, they accumulated a fund of five or six thousand pounds; and though subsisting in this loose and detached state, without the patronage of rank, or the aid of wealth, they were enabled, from their own efforts, to open the most cheering prospects to their brother artists, and to hold out to the kingdom the institution of a school of national delineation, from which its taste might be corrected, and its commerce improved.

The tranquillity of this society was first disturbed by intrigues arising amongst themselves. In a struggle to obtain the government of this institution, two parties were formed, of the most opposite and hostile interests, headed by two architects. Mr. Chambers, afterwards Sir William Chambers, was at the head of one party; and Mr. Payne, a gentleman of considerable eminence in his profession, governed the other. Both of these gentlemen being in the directory, and each struggling for an ascendancy over that body, the interest of Mr. Payne prevailed at a general election, and the friends of the latter alone were admitted.

This was a fatal blow to the peace of the society; most of the distinguished artists withdrew; and that they might still enjoy the dignity and advantages of a corporate capacity, the present was viewed as a favourable moment for forming a new society, to be under the royal patronage.

In the communication which took place between Mr. Chambers and his present majesty, a proposition for a new academy was made, which was graciously received by the king, who was pleased to name four artists, who were to form a committee, and communicate with him personally, respecting the plan of the new institution.

The names of these artists were, Mr. Chambers, G. M. Mosser, F. Coates, and B. West. These gentlemen waited upon the king, and communicated the plan of their institution, in the formation of which his majesty engaged with the warmest interest and most active zeal. Communication was made to several eminent artists for their assistance in forming the laws to regulate the intended academy. The code, when nearly complete, was laid before the king, which received his royal sanction, and commands to be carried into immediate effect.

From the general body of the artists, academicians were created by his majesty. Their first meeting was in the month of December, 1768, (the anniversary of the institution as now holden,) when they chose their annual officers; and, having elected Sir Joshua Reynolds to the chair, recommended him to the approbation of the king. At the same time they chose their council, consisting of eight, their secretary, and keeper. The office of treasurer his majesty reserved to be filled upon his own nomination, and he was graciously pleased to appoint Mr. Chambers.

It is here worthy of remark, that the laws of the academy gave a perpetual seat and voice at the council board to the treasurer, but no vote, except he should be elected one of the members of the council.

Such was the origin of the Royal Academy.

In order that a society, formed under the express patronage of his majesty, should have those principles of permanence and independence in its constitution, which might exempt it from

the operation of those intrigues that had proved so fatal to the incorporated society, and secure its dignity and internal peace, his majesty judged proper, to prevent all external influence from endangering its government, to direct that none but professional men should belong to the institution,—with the exception of a few who were eminently marked for literature, and distinguished in certain branches of science. Upon this, Dr. William Hunter was elected professor of anatomy; Dr. Johnson, professor of ancient literature; Mr. Gibbon, professor of history; and Baretti, secretary of foreign correspondence; but none of these gentlemen had any voice in the government of the academy.

Under such auspices and arrangements the royal academy commenced. Something perhaps might be pointed out, both in the plan of its government, and internal administration, which must necessarily have sown the seeds of disorder, and provoked dissensions in the body; but of this hereafter.

It is not to be doubted that this institution was fostered and adopted by the king from motives of the purest patriotism, and a zeal for the arts, which had its source in a love of his country. It could not escape the observation of an enlightened prince, that, in a nation whose wealth and revenues were derived from commerce, and a preference obtained for its manufactures in the different markets of Europe, a national school of delineation was necessary, in which, by the cultivation and general diffusion of the elements of art, the taste of the manufacturer and mechanic might be corrected, and something of a higher quality,—a more improved utility, and dignified elegance, be ingrafted upon the produce of his labour. It would, above all, not fail to strike a sovereign, whose ambition was to govern in the hearts of his people, and elevate the British name and character to a pitch of dignity which should establish his reign as an era in the annals of his country, that nothing could be more essential to his true glory than the cultivation of those arts, which, under a pure administration, and a generous patronage, had a natural tendency to expand the mind, and improve the morals of his subjects, and add that last and most exquisite polish to

the manners of the people, which might be considered as the glory of civilization.

It was from views of this nature, so worthy the character of a patriot king, that his majesty had actively embarked in the formation of the royal academy, and laboured, even with the ardour of personal industry, to construct its scheme of government, and communicate to it those principles of growth and improvement which should advance it, in due season, to that point of excellence which might constitute it as a feature in his reign, and give it all the splendour of an institution excelling in arts, and the solid dignity of an establishment for national purposes.

At the very outset, his majesty had rejected every thing narrow and confined. His object was not to add a something to the train of greatness; to create an extra appendage to the equipage of royalty; to construct a servile academy of artists, to subsist upon his pleasure and measured dole of bounty, in a state as degraded as any of his menials. It was not these motives,—motives which have stimulated the pride of the petty princes of Italy and Germany, to set aside a vacant room in their palaces for the reception of a few needy artists, who were enrolled in their domestic train, and whose genius was as degraded as their situation;—it was not motives of this nature which actuated the mind of our gracious sovereign. The stream of royal bounty was not meant to be contracted in its channel; it was directed to fructify, and flow through the country at large; to wait upon the artist at his own door, in the most distant provinces; to call him from that obscurity in which he might otherwise have been condemned to toil, to that portion of public patronage of which he might be found deserving.

The whole nation was invited, by the example of the sovereign, to engage in the same task, and the liberality of his patronage exacted no other service from the artists than the improvement of the estate which he had committed to them. The only return he sought was the prosperity of their institution by their own efforts; the securing of its tranquillity, which was only to be obtained by a prudent and impartial administration; and its permanence, which must necessarily depend upon the unanimity which should prevail amongst the members of the body.

Thus have we briefly traced the origin of the Royal Academy, and the motives from which the august patronage of the sovereign originated; and it now remains for us to shew the progress which was made in the infancy of the institution, and the prospects which were opened of those beneficial effects which had been promised as the result of this establishment.

But as we have undertaken to review the proceedings of the academy under its different presidencies, it is but justice, in the first stage of our inquiry, to explain the state of the arts prior to the appearance of sir Joshua Reynolds in his profession, and, in order to form a just appreciation of his merits, to consider this institution in the state in which he was placed in the chair, the degree of improvement to which he raised it, and with which his presidency concluded.

The superior style of portrait-painting, introduced into this country by Vandyke, under the patronage of Charles the first, had undergone a material decline, from the distractions of the kingdom in that unfortunate period; and lapsing into more feeble hands, upon the death of that artist and his patron, it experienced a rapid degeneracy from the qualities which it once possessed. The arts, indeed, appeared to decline in a kind of regular descent, from Dobson, the successor of Vandyke, through Walker, Lely, Kneller, Dohl, Hudson, Ramsay, and Shackleton, to the close of the reign of George the second; and they were in a state of still further decay when Reynolds appeared in his profession.

It may be remembered, that this distinguished artist received the rudiments of his education under Hudson, but soaring beyond the tame and imperfect examples before him, his zeal carried him into Italy, for the purpose of studying the works of the great Italian masters; and by the principles of art which he acquired in this school, he returned to his native country with an improved taste and superior refinement in that branch of his profession which he peculiarly cultivated. It will ever indeed be the just praise of sir Joshua, that portrait-painting grew in his hands to an elevation of art which it had hitherto not attained; that he was enabled to invest it with qualities to which it had been a stranger; to give it a dignity and decision

of character,—something of the majesty of history, and the grace and amenity of landscape. This period we are ever bound to consider as the epoch in which was produced a refined style in portrait-painting, and a more general diffusion of taste with respect to the fine arts.

From this acknowledged preëminence of sir Joshua Reynolds, it is to the credit of the first academicians that they had the discernment to recommend him to his majesty, to be confirmed, by his gracious sanction, as president of their society.

When we consider the auspicious commencement of this presidency, supported at that period by the talents of a Wilson and Barrett in landscape-painting, a Gainsborough in landscape and portraits,—Coates in portrait crayons, West in history, together with Cipriani and Penney; a Bacon, and many others of eminence, in sculpture; sir William Chambers, Gwynne, and Payne, in architecture; all of whom were zealous to carry into effect his majesty's gracious views towards the infant academy; when we consider the commencement of a presidency under auspices like these, it is not to be wondered that a series of exhibitions, which laid claim to a more dignified character in art, and a splendour far exceeding what had hitherto appeared in the country, should have graced the infancy of the academy.

(To be continued.)

LIFE OF JAMES BARRIE, R. A.

MR. BARRY was born in the year 1738–9. He was an Irishman by birth, and his parents were settled at Cork, in Ireland. The original destination of his life was to the Roman catholic church; but Barry rejected, without much difficulty, the promises of popery for those of the pencil.

In the 25th year of his age, he left his native country upon one of the usual campaigns of a sanguine genius,—a trip to the British metropolis. Here, he reasonably imagined, if any where, the pencil was secure of patronage and employment. As an Irishman, and a man of genius, he obtained an introduction to the celebrated Edmund Burke, whose patronage and friendship

he secured in the best shape in which they could be bestowed upon him: we scarcely need mention that Burke was the avenue to his acquaintance with sir Joshua Reynolds, who domesticated him in his family, and gave every encouragement to his promising talents.

At the table of Reynolds, Barry much distinguished himself by a strength of original thought, and an uncommon fire and intrepidity of genius; for, at no part of his life was it the custom of Barry to be very diffident of his abilities, or to underrate himself in his art. In order to abate his vanity, and expand his taste and judgment, Burke procured him a supply of money for the purpose of foreign travel.

He visited Italy, we believe, in the year 1765. He was not, however, much qualified for a student; his methods of study were capricious and irrational; his self-confidence led him to false measures of himself; his temper was not conformable to the instructions of masters and professors; he was indocile, hot-headed, and stubborn; his time in Italy was divided between slothfulness and quarrels with cotemporary students, and what knowledge he did acquire, and assuredly he brought back much, was by sudden snatches of industry, and occasional irruptions into the province of science, begun with ardour, and too soon checked by habitual indolence.

He returned, in the year 1770, to England. We may not, perhaps, be exactly correct in dates; nor is it of importance. The patronage of Burke and Reynolds was again extended to him; the former laboured most assiduously in his cause, and introduced him to a wide circle of friends. His first celebrated painting, after his return from Italy, was "*Venus rising from the Sea.*" It was this work that brought him into notice; and we do not give our opinion rashly, when we pronounce it to be his best. It was in the true taste of ancient simplicity: it was executed with a chastity which would have done honour to the schools of Greece.

He was now elected an academician; but for any situation that required a character that should possess some associating elements, and a disposition towards acting in concert, Barry was wholly unfit. He was of a turn of temper rebellious and uncon-

trollable; his notions of independence were those of a savage; he was fierce, proud, and overbearing; and detested all that the forms of the society, and the regulations of his own little platoon, required to be put over him.

At this time sir Joshua Reynolds was president, and Barry, of whose genius both Burke and himself augured auspiciously, was appointed professor of painting upon the vacancy of Mr. Renny. In this situation he was, as usual, indolent, neglectful, and indisposed to all subordination and order: he was five years professor before he read a single lecture; the academy was disgusted; he bred a spirit of rebellion among the students, and was very near destroying the establishment. It was at length resolved to get rid of him by expulsion, and peace was once more restored to the society.

His general misconduct lost him the patronage of sir Joshua and Mr. Burke, and poor Barry, with a discredit brought upon him by his want of prudence, was turned loose upon society to shift for himself.

It is not our intention to give a regular account of his professional life. It has not much interest, though it is not without anecdote. We shall now only dwell upon those productions which have given him celebrity in his profession.

The world has generally agreed that his master-pieces are the paintings which are exhibited at the society for the encouragement of arts and manufactures. The origin of these works is said to have been produced by a suggestion of sir Joshua Reynolds, who, in the times of their intimacy, proposed that Barry should employ his pencil to adorn the walls of St. Paul's cathedral. To this there was an objection, from a suspicion in the minds of some people of great purity of conscience and delicacy in every thing that related to religion, that the proposed paintings would accord ill with that simplicity and rejection of exterior ornament which the protestant church required. Barry, whether convinced or not by the arguments, was obliged to drop his intention, and accordingly he undertook to paint, for the society of arts in the Adelphi, the celebrated pictures exhibiting the "Progress of Civilization."

These paintings are certainly the indications of a very strong and original genius. There is something very bold and sublime in the conception, and the strong and manly parts are finished with much art and industry. They are, indeed, occasionally depraved by a kind of eccentricity, a sort of tortuosity of mind, which infected his whole character; his greatness is not without extravagance; his sublimity is sometimes rather the fury than the perfection of invention. However, of the more lofty and decided parts of these works, we may venture to pronounce, that the excellence is so uncommon and original, and the defects comparatively so rare and minute, that they must ever distinguish the name of Barry among the British artists. We must not, however, acquit these pieces with praise, even qualified as this is: justice compels us to say, that in the minor, and what we would call the subsidiary parts of these pictures, there is a want of delicacy of pencil, of grace, of cultivated and refined taste, and likewise of that *indescribable something*, which, in painting, as in every other art, is the true inspiration and real mystery of genius.

The general character of this painter is to be collected from the above remarks. He was a painter who did not want genius, but industry to make him a master of his art. His strength lay in conceiving originally, and with manliness and good sense; but he wanted science and labour to execute as well as he thought; and, above all, he wanted humility; for he left a lasting complaint impressed on every one of his pictures, that he was too soon satisfied with himself.

He was chiefly famous for a manly coarseness and a vigour of imagination; but his science was depraved by eccentricity; his imagination was distempered by a rage of invention, which produced quaintness rather than novelty.

In respect to the moral character of Barry, it was not amiable. His temper was uncertain, and occasionally brutal; his oddities rendered it unsafe to mix with him; and they were so offensive, that they could not be submitted to, for the sake of his genius. In his person he was dirty and indifferent; in his deportment a savage; in his opinions fierce and obstinate; in his

general conduct various; always unpleasing, harsh, and repulsive.

Barry died on the 22d of February, 1806, at the house of a friend, Mr. Bonomi, of Tichfield-street.

BARRY'S CELEBRATED PICTURE,
THE VICTORY AT OLYMPIA.

THIS superb picture, of which we have given a sketch in this number of *The Port Folio*, is one of a series of pictures which Mr. Barry published, connected with his "inquiry into the real and imaginary obstructions to the acquisition of the fine arts in England." In the execution of the magnificent work which he undertook, it appears, as well from his own account of the pictures, as from his letter to the *Dilettanti Society*, that it was his intention to effect the great desideratum of art, viz. the union or association of the Grecian style and character of design with all those lesser accomplishments which the moderns have so happily achieved. Such an undertaking, so bold, so singular, and so unprecedented, reflects the highest honour upon the artist; but the public opinion, and future ages, must decide upon the success or failure of this very grand and laborious attempt.

The series consists of six pictures, on dignified and important subjects, so connected as to illustrate this great maxim of moral truth,—that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious designation assigned for it by Providence.

To illustrate this doctrine, the first picture exhibits mankind in a savage state, exposed to all the inconvenience and misery of neglected culture; the second represents a harvest-home, or thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; the third, the victors at Olympia; the fourth, navigation, or the triumph of the Thames; the fifth, the distribution of rewards by the society; and the sixth, Elysium, or the state of final retribution. Three of these subjects are truly poetical, the others historical.

The pictures are all of the same height, viz. eleven feet ten inches; and the first, second, fourth, and fifth, are fifteen feet two inches long; the third and sixth, which occupy the whole breadth of the great room of the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, in the Adelphi, at the north and south ends, are each forty-two feet long.

In the third picture, which we have selected as the best specimen of the artist's talents, he has happily chosen that point of time when the victors in the several games are passing in procession before the Hellanodicks, or judges, where they are crowned with olive, in the presence of all the Greeks. At the right-hand corner of the piece, the three judges are seated on a throne, ornamented with medallions of Solon, Lycurgus, and other legislators, and with trophies of the victories of Salamis, Marathon, and Thermopylæ. Near the foot of the throne is a table, at which the scribe appears writing, in the Olympic records of noble deeds, the name, family, and country of the conqueror; near this table, a victor in the foot-race, having already received a branch of palm, which he holds in his hand, is crowning by an inferior Hellanodick; next him is a foot-racer, who ran armed with a helmet, spear, and shield. Close following is seen a manly group, formed of two young athletic figures, bearing on their shoulders their aged father; one of these represents a pancratiast, the other the victor at the cestus. The old man is Diagoras of Rhodes, who, having in his youth been celebrated for his victories in the games, has, in his advanced age, the additional felicity of enjoying the fruit of the virtuous education he had given his sons, amidst the acclamations of the people of Greece; some of whom are strewing flowers round the old man's head, while one of his friends is grasping his right hand, and supposed to be making the celebrated speech recorded on this occasion,—“Now, Diagoras, die, for thou canst not be made a god.”

The climax of this domestic felicity is well pointed out by a child holding the arm of one of the victors, and looking up with joy in his countenance at the honours conferred on his grandfather. Near this beautiful group are seen a number of persons, the chief of whom represents Pericles, speaking to

Cymon. Socrates, Euripides, and Sophocles, are earnestly attending to what is said by Pericles, whilst the malignant buffoon, Aristophanes, is ridiculously laughing, and pointing to the deformity of the cranium of the speaker, which was unusually long. The painter has, in the person of Pericles, introduced the likeness of the late earl of Chatham. Next appears, in the front of the picture, a horse-racer; and close to him a chariot drawn by four horses, in which is represented, in basso-relievo, the triumph of Minerva over Neptune, emblematical of the advantages of peace. In the chariot is Hiero of Syracuse; and round the chariot are several persons with musical instruments, accompanied by many youths, forming a chorus, which is led by Pindar, singing one of his odes, which he accompanies with his lyre.

As, at one end of the picture, there is represented a statue of Minerva; so at the other is that of Hercules trampling on Envy; which are comprehensive exemplars of that strength of body and strength of mind, which are the great objects of Grecian education. On the base of the statue of Hercules, the artist has introduced his own portrait, in the character of Timanthus, holding in his hand a picture of the cyclops and satyrs, as related by ancient writers.

Behind the stadium, at a distance, is a view of the beautiful Grecian temple of Jupiter Olympus in the Altis, the town of Elis, and the river Alpheus, as truly characteristic of the spot on which the ceremony that forms the subject of the picture may be supposed to have been performed.

The procession approaching the distant temple with a sacrifice, leads the mind to contemplate the numberless blessings which society derives, and can only derive from the exercise of religious worship, and the happy opportunity it affords, on such solemn occasions, of pacifying the minds of a belligerent people, so composed as were the different states of Greece.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

AT length I was once more gratified with a sight of your periodical lucubrations, by receiving unexpectedly *The Port Folio* of 1810. It would not be accepted as a high compliment, that I was often amused and delighted; it would be withholding a deserved reward, not to mention that I deemed myself obliged by your interesting labours, with which you continue to please and instruct. Do you feel yourself disposed to receive in payment a criticism, on whose correctness you are to decide? If it is so, the blow strikes at once the editor and one of his meritorious assistants; if not, your gallantry and politeness will cover the blind assaulter with your mantle.

Self-delusion, it has been with no less ingenuity than truth observed, (p. 515, June,) makes us blind to our follies and vices: it does so too with regard to our errors. We do not often, by fixing our attention upon one single point, pay a sufficient regard to others, or lose these entirely out of sight. By this manner our conception of the object in view is partial: our judgment becomes so too, and truth makes place for falsehood, or becomes so blended with it, that it is not easy to discriminate which prevails. A critic may be deaf, but ought to be all eyes, so that his intuitive comprehensive view is extended at once not only to every part of the contemplated object, but penetrates deeply into its most interior recesses.

An aberration of this nature would be less excusable in a teacher, if the greatest men had not paid their tribute, in this respect, now and then to human frailty. It abates, thus, only a trifle of the usefulness of Dr. Abercrombie's Lectures, even if proved to yours and his full conviction, that he once erred. I was pleased with his interesting lectures, and am persuaded that by these he well deserved of his countrymen. The judgment displayed generally in his critical remarks, and the delicate taste of his illustrations, extort general approbation; while your high encomium, (p. 78, 79,) is deservedly bestowed upon the doctor; but, sir, in that place, if my criticism merits at all any

attention, I should have expected to have seen it noticed by the editor, except his politeness had prompted him to point it out to the ingenious author before it was printed.

My stricture is aimed at an *intended* parallel between two elegant extracts of Shakspeare and Thomson, (Port Folio, July, 1810, p. 33: Abercrombie's Lect. xi.) and, though born a Dutchman, and as such unequal to the arduous task of comparing and appraising duly the relative value of British beauties, I have from my youth so highly admired, and been so enraptured by the transcendent merits of the bard of Avon, that it would be in my opinion disloyal not to arm in his defence, when a foil is spread on their lustre.

Had the doctor been satisfied in giving the examples, and showing in what manner they ought to be read, they would have stood in harmonious unison with other parts of this lecture. His judgment that *a boisterous energy*, (though I am not much pleased with the epithet, as apt to make an unfavourable impression,) characterises the action described in the first, *calmness and simplicity* that of the latter, is equally correct: but I cannot acquiesce, that the first is "*a hyperbolical description of a man swimming*," much less that "*the absurdity of describing, in turgid language, so familiar an action as that of swimming, is conspicuous by contrasting Shakspeare's inflated with Thomson's simple and natural description of the same act.*" (p. 34.)

This seems to me an unhappy, an arbitrary contrast. Both passages do not contain a description of the *same act*, much less of the *act of swimming* in abstract. Both indeed are masterly descriptions, but of a very diversified scene. Look at Shakspeare, delineating, with his vivifying pencil, in bold lines, the arduous struggling of a vigorous youth, plunged in and subduing a tempestuous sea. You see him buffeting, with his lusty sinews, its roaring waves, throwing these foaming aside, and by stemming the surge's course, lifting himself above it, with redoubled alacrity, on the sight of the shore, and the deep sense of his threatening peril. All this is natural—is actually performed by many a rugged tar on the briny deep. Thomson draws a no less interesting picture of a serene calm, in a sum-

mer afternoon, after a storm of thunder and lightning, investing the fields with a glittering robe of joy, and reviving nature's smiles. These beautiful lines are enhanced by a simple and naïve description of the *bathing* of a sprightly youth in the *limpid* water of a *well known* pool; its bottom appearing to the eye; while "this pure exercise of health, the kind refresher of the summer heats," engaged in by the youth for mere amusement, is then recommended by the poet:

Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
By the bold swimmer.

Before you pronounce judgment, I beg you, sir, to weigh both passages, in evidence of my assertion:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge, most swol'n, that met him. His bold head
Bore the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms, in lusty strokes,
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

TEMP. Act ii. sc. i.

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge, and through *th' obedient wave*,
At each short breathing by his lips repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy *winding path*,
While from his polish'd sides a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

SUMMER, 1243.

Is my opinion erroneous? excuse, then, sir, my intrusion: if correct, and if the doctor joins in the issue, he is the most competent to heal the wound and repair the damages which such

an influential teacher may occasion to superficial readers, too prone to repeat *αὐτός ἴσα*. In every respect it shall be gratifying to me, if you and the doctor will accept the assurance of high respect with which I am,

SCRIBLERUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE PROPRIETY OF MAKING SACRED THINGS OBJECTS OF
THEATRICAL ADDRESS.

It is not, Mr. Editor, a subject unworthy of consideration, how far it is suitable or proper to invoke divine vengeance, or supplicate divine mercy, or, in short, to make any appeals to Heaven whatever in theatrical representations. A certain license is allowed in tales of fanciful distress, which, if rigid morality would not strictly approve, enlightened and candid judgment would not, with much austerity, condemn. Whatever affects the soul in the most powerful manner, and surely nothing does more than the awful penalty denounced against sin, and the high reward of the righteous, has been for time immemorial regarded as the common property of fanciful writers. Where the object of the author has been the amendment of the heart, the end was so laudable that it justified the means. Our Saviour himself spoke in parables, and the example of Dives and Lazarus is a strong precedent in favour of this hypothesis. If such things are admissible, or if the Divine favour may be supplicated to extricate us from circumstances of imaginary distress, a question may well be asked, why this becomes criminal by theatrical representation? An actor being nothing more than the mouth-piece of his author, does but give to the opinions and sentiments of another the grace and novelty of action to impress more forcibly on the audience precisely the same ideas. Cardinal Beaufort, in Shakspeare, appears upon his death-bed, and king Henry addresses him thus:

Lord cardinal, if thou thinkst on Heaven's grace,
Hold up thy hand; make signal of thy hope.
He dies and makes no sign.—O God forgive him!

This passage has been admired by the most austere and pious critics, and it may be demanded, what renders such passages, then, unfit for dramatic representation? Probably a solution may be found in this answer: *Such representation brings the scene too near to us to be probable.* When we read, we have only the sense of seeing employed in such business, and this is employed on a mere *narrative of the fact.* There appears, then, nothing incredible that the Divine Mercy should be supplicated in the season of distress; for we know it has often been. But when these very ideas, admitted with so little difficulty in the closet, are represented as actually passing before our eyes, much stronger delusion is required. Hence the necessity of scenic decorations, and a custom suitable to the country, and the age when such incident is supposed to have happened. So much difficulty has the actor always to contend with in keeping the train of our sensations uniform and undisturbed. These solemn appeals to Heaven are of themselves so awful and impressive, that we cannot, for a moment, believe them real. We are recalled to ourselves; and it is worthy of remark, that, in this frame of mind, we judge of the actor's deportment; not from the character he assumes, for that has vanished, but under the influence of all the abhorrence excited, when we are awakened from our credulity. The actor then appears to speak in his *own person*, to invoke divine vengeance, or to supplicate divine mercy, without any assignable cause, and consequently to transform himself into a kneeling blasphemer, on the stage. Why is it deemed inadmissible that an actor should personate our Saviour on the stage? For two substantial reasons: one is, that the character is too high and holy for theatric representation, and of course all such attempts are blasphemous; another is, that our credulity is shocked, and all dramatic illusion dissipated in the very attempt. For both of these reasons all such appeals to Heaven are inadmissible. The cord of our sympathy is snapped by being drawn too far; and instead of associating the interest which the character represented had previously excited with his present distress, we tremble at the formal blasphemy of the actor. There is a point beyond which mimicry cannot go, and it loses the power of mimicry if it does. Certainly we do not restrict ra-

tional amusement to improper bounds, if we denominate this point to be the intercourse which we hold with the *Sovereign of the universe*.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CRITIQUE ON SKETCHES IN VERSE.

IN a former number we took favourable notice of a volume denominated *Sketches in Verse*. An omission of ours to one of the most obvious beauties of the work, will, we hope, apologise for intruding on the public again.

Arabic poetry is endued with properties appropriate and peculiar to the climate of the east. It is in some measure a description of the country where that poetry abounds. Any one who reads the song of Solomon with attention will be enabled to comprehend our meaning. When the royal lover tells us, that "the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, that the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, and the fig-tree putteth forth her leaves," we are immediately ushered into a climate propitious to the indulgence of pastoral delights. When the enamoured bard admonishes his fair one "to go her way by the footsteps of the flock, and to feed her kids beside the shepherd's tents," we are incidentally presented with the serene tranquillity of the inhabitants of this delightful climate, their simple pleasures and innocent amusements. When he says, "his left hand shall be under my head, and his right hand shall embrace me," we are taught how warmly the passion of love glows in the bosoms of the natives, in a region where the skies seem attuned to its influence. When the south wind is invoked "to rise and blow upon the garden, that the spices thereof may flow out," we behold the flowers of a climate redundant in fragrance and beauty. When Solomon is described as "coming forth out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,"

we are presented with a view of the soft, luxurious and effeminate manners of the inhabitants of those regions, shining in precious ointments. This is in some measure a picture of the climate, manners and inhabitants of Asia, even down to the present day.

Arabian poetry still bears many of these characteristic traits, which we have attempted to point out in the song of Solomon. Since the researches of that accomplished scholar, sir William Jones, this species of poetry has been rendered very popular. It has been translated and undergone a variety of English versions, and has been very successfully imitated by some eminent English writers. We are not among the number of those who delight in beholding the freedom of Asiatic poetry fettered and enslaved by English rhymes. When translated into numerous prose, it has a graceful, fascinating, and voluptuous ease of attire, entirely corresponding to the manners of the Asiatics. Such measured prose as D'Israeli's appears to us incomparably better to express the ease and freedom of an Asiatic dress. With rhyme we involuntarily associate the idea of labour, than which nothing seems more inconsistent with the general character of those natives. We therefore subscribe to an opinion that the author of the present volume quotes from Dr. Beattie on this passage from the song of Solomon: "My beloved spake and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." The doctor says, "Virgil himself would not versify it, for fear of hurting its harmony." Although we have the misfortune to doubt the justice of the reason advanced by that learned critic, that Virgil would fear to injure the harmony of that passage by its versification; yet we do believe that Virgil would not undertake this task for the reason above stated, viz. it adds a certain stiffness and restraint where freedom and ease are the peculiar and distinguishing characteristics.

We wish these observations to be considered generally, and by no means as having a special reference to the volume now before us; a construction which we unequivocally disclaim. The few short versions that our author has given us of this kind, we can, without any hesitation, pronounce to be incomparably better than several English versions, which we have seen of

sundry similar passages, and which have been highly applauded by English critics. Grace and freedom form the character of his verse, and there is as little appearance of restraint in the present instance as the laws of rhyme will admit. We thought the happy facility with which the author had accommodated the freedom of Arabian poetry to the restraints of rhyme, was a beauty so obvious as to demand a separate article of criticism by itself. The author, in allusion to the remarks above cited, says; "After such a remark from so correct and elegant a scholar, I fear my attempt may have the appearance of no small temerity." Now, with deference to his better judgment, we should have cited his very stanzas alluded to as decisive evidence that Virgil would not have been afraid of hurting the harmony of the passage of Solomon, above quoted, by versification. The truth was, the doctor was anxious to say a brilliant thing; and as he was not upon oath, was not peculiarly nice in his selection of language. We find nothing so wonderfully harmonious in the passage above referred to, nor can we discover more melody than there is in our author's version of it. Critics have an affectation of searching beyond the surface for a beauty. Not satisfied with what is apparent, they arrogate to themselves much wisdom and penetration in the discovery of what never had an existence. We wish that those gentlemen who are so captivated with Arabian poetry would change the style of their translations, and give us in high prose the effusions of the Arabic bards. Negligence, ease, voluptuous languor, form the character of such poesy, to which the restraints and fetters of rhyme are alien and abhorrent. The embarrassment we have pointed out enhances the merits of the volume under consideration, since the author has been able to execute so well what is in its nature so difficult to perform.

ON SNEEZING.

THE year 750, is commonly reckoned the era of the custom of saying, "God bless you," to one who happens to sneeze. It is said that in the time of the pontificate of St. Gregory the great, the air was filled with such a deleterious influence, that they who sneezed immediately expired. On this the devout pontiff appointed a form of prayer, and a wish to be said to persons sneezing, for averting from them the fatal effects of this malignancy. A fable contrived against all the rules of probability, it being certain that this custom has from time immemorial subsisted in all parts of the known world. According to mythology, the first sign of life Prometheus's artificial man gave, was by sternutation. This supposed creator, is said to have stolen a portion of the solar rays; and filling with them a vial, which he had made on purpose, sealed it up hermetically. He instantly flies back to his favourite automaton, and opening the vial, held it close to the statue; the rays still retaining all their activity, insinuate themselves through the pores, and set the fictitious man a sneezing. Prometheus, transported with the success of his machine, offers up a fervent prayer, with wishes for the preservation of so singular a being. His automaton observed him remembering his ejaculation, was very careful, on the like occasions, to offer these wishes in behalf of his descendants, who perpetuated it from father to son in all their colonies.

The rabbis, speaking of this custom, likewise give it a very ancient date. They say, that not long after the creation, God made a general decree, that every man living should sneeze but once, and that at the very instant of his sneezing, his soul should depart, without any previous indisposition. Jacob by no means liked so precipitate a way of leaving the world, and being desirous of settling his family affairs, and those of his conscience, he prostrated himself before the Lord, wrestled a second time with him, and earnestly entreated the favour of being excepted from the decree. His prayer was heard, and he sneezed without dying. All the princes of the universe being acquainted with the fact, unanimously ordered that, for the future, sneezing should be accompanied with thanksgivings for the preservation, and wishes for the prolongation of life. We perceive, even in these fictions, the vestiges of tradition and history, which place the epocha of this civility long before that of Christianity. It was accounted very ancient, even in the time of Aristotle, who in his problems has endeavoured to account for it, but knew nothing of its origin. According to him the first men prepossessed with the highest ideas concerning the head, as the principal seat of the soul, that intelligent substance governing and animating the whole human system, carried their respect even to sternutation, as the most manifest and most sensible operation of the head. Hence those several forms of compliments used on similar occasions among Greeks and Romans; "Long may you live!—May you enjoy health!—Jupiter preserve you."

HISTORIC ROMANCES—OR WONDERS IN REAL LIFE.

It is no reasonable subject of wonder, that the taste of the public, in a reading age, should be attracted to that style of narrative which is termed romance. It is a reasonable subject of astonishment, however, that the writers of the day have so puzzled themselves by having solely recourse to their fancy, when even the pages and records of history may furnish them with infinitely better subjects. In some of the state trials in France and Italy are contained narratives which, together with their romantic horror and atrocity, have annexed to them that superior interest which always belongs to truth. The following is a tale of this kind; it is no farther altered or added to by us than by taking it out of its quaint and antiquated style, and omitting some letters which only interrupted the action.

In the city of Vannes, in the province of Bretagne, in France, lived a gentleman of noble family and great wealth; his name was Monsieur de Caers-taing. By his lady, Madam de la Valle Blanche, he had two sons, the eldest named Quattresson, the youngest Valfontaine; the former being about twenty-eight years of age, the latter about twenty-three, and both of them accomplished according to their rank. Valfontaine, being on a visit to his uncle in the city of Nantz, became there acquainted with a lady of the name of La Pratiere, a young woman of exquisite beauty, and not inferior to him either in birth or fortune. Valfontaine, therefore, took the first opportunity of declaring his passion to this rich heiress, and was by the young lady referred to her father. It is needless, perhaps, to mention, that La Pratiere herself was friendly to his addresses. M. de Pennelle, the father of the young lady, entertained Valfontaine very courteously for two or three days, but when the young man mentioned his business, replied that he had other views for his daughter. The matter of fact was, that Valfontaine was merely a younger brother, and therefore did not answer the wishes of De Pennelle.

Upon Valfontaine's return to his father's house at Vannes, he acknowledged his love for La Pratiere, and solicited his interposition with her father. Both of his parents approved of his choice, but did not deem it consistent with their rank to descend to solicitation. They declined, therefore, this office. Valfontaine next applied to his brother Quattresson, and intreated him to make a journey to Nantz, and become his advocate with M. de Pennelle. Quattresson readily yielded to his brother's request; and his father so far seconded the purpose of the visit, as to give him a letter to De Pennelle, expressive of his consent to the union of their families.

Quattresson arrived at Nantz a short time before the family were going to their dinner. He delivered his father's letter, and was introduced by De Pennelle to his daughter. Her exquisite beauty produced a fatal impression on him. In a moment he forgot his brother, and resolved to supplant him.

Under some pretext La Pratiere accompanied him into the garden, probably because she expected that he had some letter from her lover.

Quattresson very eagerly accompanied her. After a pause of a few minutes, taking her hand:—"I, have something most important to communicate to you, but you must swear to be secret. It intimately concerns your future welfare, but I cannot communicate it to you on any other condition than that you pledge yourself by your honour and salvation to secrecy."

La Pratiere wondering at the strange nature of this request, for some moments stood mute, but at length remembering that Valfontaine was her lover, and Quattresson his brother, began to imagine that there was some contrivance between them, if they should not succeed with her father, to steal her away. Under this impression she granted his request. Quattresson then made a full acknowledgment of his dishonourable passion, lamenting his treachery as an invincible misfortune, and imputing it to her exquisite beauty. La Pratiere was for some time in too much confusion to stop him in this offensive discourse, but at length interrupted him. "Sir, to have offered this unkindness to a friend would have been treacherous and ignoble in the extreme; but I know not what to term it when the object of this perfidy is your own brother. I have only to add, that your insanity, for such, sir, I must term it, has totally overpowered me, and I would sooner be in my tomb than connect myself with one so destitute of all honourable feeling."

Quattresson, being not merely half a villain, resolved not to be repulsed in this manner; he accordingly made a polite bow to the lady, and without farther ceremony proposed himself at once to her father. He was encouraged to this, perhaps, by having learned the old gentleman's character from his brother. His expectation was not disappointed; Pennelle embraced the offer; desired Quattresson to leave every thing to his management, and promised him eventual success. Under this persuasion Quattresson took his leave, and returned to his brother, to whom he gave some false account of the state of things at Pennelle's, advising him to think no more of La Pratiere, as her father was decidedly against his proposals.

By some means or other, most probably by the communication of La Pratiere, Valfontaine soon learned the perfidy of his brother, and openly taxed him with it. Quattresson, denying it with his tongue, confessed it with his countenance. Valfontaine, however, fully satisfied of the honour and love of his mistress, and perhaps deeming her beauty a strong excuse, contented himself with the mere reproof of his brother, and thereafter thought no more of the subject.

Not so Quattresson; he hated his brother as a successful rival; he now hated him doubly, as one who had detected him in an act of infamy. La Pratiere, moreover, was still immovable. In this state of things he turned his whole mind to revenge. This purpose was still further confirmed by the union of La Pratiere with his brother, De Pennelle having at length given his consent.

As soon as he had resolved on the crime, he resolved on the means. One of his most dissolute companions was a young apothecary who attended his

family. This young man was as poor as he was profligate. Quattresson proposed to him to poison his brother, offering him a large reward. The villainous apothecary, after some reluctance, agreed to the proposal.

An opportunity was not long wanting to persons so determined on crimes. Valfontaine, about six weeks after his marriage, finding his body in an extreme heat, and his pulse in violent motion, sent for his apothecary, who having opened a vein in the morning, administered to him at night a composing draught in which was infused the deadly poison; Valfontaine sunk under its operation before morning. His wife and father were sorrowful in the extreme for the loss of their son and husband; Quattresson likewise assumed a melancholy countenance, and to all but the all-seeing eyes of God, seemed to lament the loss of his brother.

Three months were scarcely passed over after this atrocious murder, before Quattresson renewed his suit to La Pratiere, his widowed sister-in-law. She had already some suspicion that Valfontaine had died by the hands of his brother, and these proceedings confirmed her in that notion. Silently praying to the Almighty God to bring about justice, in his own due time, she contented herself with a sharp rebuke, and the most absolute and decided refusal to listen to his conversation. Quattresson still continuing his offensive addresses, La Pratiere at length withdrew from the house of her father-in-law, and sought refuge in that of her father. Her beauty and fortune soon procured her other admirers; and after a year's mourning she gave her hand to an honourable and virtuous gentleman of the name of Pont Chausey. Quattresson now vowed that his revenge should equal his former love; he accordingly avoided the sight of her as of a noxious animal, and to extinguish the memory of his passion, gave himself up to all kinds of profligacy.

Quattresson hearing that a poor peasant, of the parish of St. Andrew, about three miles from Vannes, had a beautiful daughter, resolved to see her and to make her the object of his seduction. He contrived to call at her father's cottage in one of his hunting excursions. He saw Marietta,—saw that her beauty exceeded her reputation, and he resolved instantly to make her his prey. Marietta was only sixteen years of age, and vanity and her mean condition very powerfully seconded the advances of Quattresson.

To make short of this part of our narrative, Quattresson succeeded with the young and thoughtless Marietta to the full extent of his criminal desires; but as the father and mother of Marietta, though poor, were honest, it became necessary to remove her from their humble roof. Quattresson again succeeded in persuading her to elope, and concealed her in a cottage of one of his father's vassals, about ten or twelve miles from Vannes.

Quattresson, having now satisfied one brutal passion, returned to another. His revenge against La Pratiere arose in double violence. He again sent for his former instrument, the ruffian apothecary, who had assisted him to poison his brother. The villain agreed to the proposal as soon as it was made.

They now waited only for the opportunity. The justice of Providence brought it about sooner than they had any reason to expect. La Pratiere becoming indisposed, Moncalier was called in to administer to her.

He advised that some composing draught should be given to her, and left her chamber with the purpose of making up this draught, and infusing into it a deadly but gradual poison. The vengeance of God, however, overtook him before the accomplishment of his murderous intention. He had just left the chamber door, and was in the act of bowing to the husband, who attended him on the staircase, when the bannisters being low and dark, and raising up too suddenly, he fell backwards over them. The stairs were like those in old houses, very deep, and in the shape of a well downwards; he accordingly fell to the bottom, and without having time to recommend his soul to his Maker, and to ask, even momentarily, a pardon of Heaven, broke his neck, and expired—an awful example of the divine vengeance, and of the death of the wicked.

One would have thought that such a calamitous accident would have awakened the terror of Quattresson. Not at all; it had no such effect. On the contrary, he rejoiced in it, as an incident which put him into additional security, by removing the witness and accomplice of his former crimes. Poor deluded wretch! as if the all-seeing eye of Heaven was not upon him, and as if Heaven wanted other means to accomplish its justice. His cup was not yet full; the bolt, however, was heating, and he soon received it on his head.

Quattresson now returned to his debaucheries, and very soon became satiated with the charms of Marietta. He now began to find her a burthen. Some whispers, moreover, of his intrigue had reached his father's ear, and he began to fear being disinherited. Marietta becoming pregnant by him, augmented his terrors. Under these circumstances he resolved to get rid of her, and no more expeditious way suggested itself to this wicked man, than murder. It was the shortest way, and, as he persuaded himself, the safest and the surest.

Having thus resolved on the purpose, he removed her from the house where he had hitherto concealed her, under the pretext that he wished her to be more comfortable, and better provided against the season of her delivery. He removed her to the house of one Daniels, a miller, who bore a character scarcely less abandoned than that of Quattresson himself. This fellow was a tenant of his father, and Quattresson having before made use of him on some licentious purposes, knew that he would undertake any thing for money.

Quattresson accordingly, a few days afterwards, opened his purpose to the miller; promised a reward, and implored him to do the business quickly and secretly. The miller, wicked as had been the former course of his life, hesitated at murder; Quattresson doubled his reward. The miller still hesitated, and proposed that for the same reward he would marry Marietta, and thus take the child upon himself.

Quattresson, however, from some remains of jealousy, would not listen to this expedient; he knew moreover, that Marietta would not become the wife of Daniels, as she believed that she was about to become that of Quattresson. In a few words, the miller's scruples were at length overcome, and he undertook to execute the dreadful purpose.

Daniels, to get rid of his suspense, resolved to execute the crime immediately. Accordingly, the night after he had undertaken it, he was particularly assiduous in his attentions to Marietta. Quattresson himself visited her that evening; hypocritically kissed her as he parted from her, and then took his leave in the full hope and expectation that he should never see her more. The fond and lovely girl wept at his departure. She thought that on such a night, (being rainy and stormy,) he might have staid with her. Quattresson, however, fearless of the storms of Heaven, rode briskly home, where he mixed in a gay party, as if his conscience and his heart had been perfectly at ease.

In the mean time the miller comforted Marietta; and giving her some warm wine, persuaded her to go to her chamber. Hither she accordingly went,—alas! never to return. She soon wept herself asleep, having first, according to her nightly practice, prayed God to pardon her sin, but without the resolution to abandon it. These are prayers which God can never hear.

Daniels awaited very impatiently till a late hour in the night, when thinking her asleep, he stole up to her door. He listened, and heard nothing but her breathing. He went into the next room, and getting through a window on a ledge, or house-ridge, he gained the window of Marietta's chamber. He softly removed a pane of glass, opened the window, and entered the room. Grasping the neck of the lovely girl with the one hand, and forcing down the bedclothes with the other, the hellish ruffian partly strangled and partly stifled her. The unhappy girl had at least the consolation of not knowing that Quattresson, her beloved Quattresson, was the cause of her death.

When the murderer thought the business finished, he mustered up courage enough to remove the bedclothes, and look at his victim by the light of his dark lantern. He found her dead, and in spite of his wickedness trembled, and was covered with a cold sweat: there was no time, however, to be lost. He put the body into a sack, and filling it with stones, threw it into his milldam.

Quattresson being informed of it next day, gave him his reward; which the miller immediately expended in flour, and augmented his trade. His business seemed complete, and both Quattresson and himself, in three or four weeks, forgot their crime and Marietta. Not so, however, the justice of Almighty God. He saw the crime, and had prepared the punishment.

The crime had been committed about two months, when some gentlemen, crossing the fields near the milldam, one of their dogs plunged into the water after a duck that was there swimming. The miller not being in his mill, the gentlemen encouraged their dogs. The duck to escape them

dived, and one of the dogs after it. The dog, upon coming up to the surface, neglected the duck, and swam round the place whence he returned to the surface, barking and making much noise. The other dogs soon joined him. The gentlemen threw stones and called to the dogs, but to no purpose. They now began to think there was something extraordinary, and were resolved to see what it was. In this instant the miller came up, and seeing how things were, implored the gentlemen to call the dogs from hunting his ducks. They told him that his ducks should be paid for, but that the dogs were not hunting his ducks, but something at the bottom of the pond, and desired him to let off the water, that they might see what it was. The miller trembled and changed colour; but concealing his agitation, suggested that such an expedient would be his ruin, as it was the summer season, and if the water were let off, he would have none to grind with. They offered to pay him whatever was reasonable. The miller, however, replied, that nothing could indemnify him, and intreated them to desist. The gentlemen, accordingly, with much difficulty, brought off their dogs, and by the aid of the miller, forced them into the mill.

The miller had not so well concealed his confusion, but that one of the gentlemen had perceived it, and began to entertain some suspicions, though he knew not of what. He resolved, however, to be satisfied, and hit upon an expedient. He followed the miller through the mill, and seemed to take an interest in his explanations of its machinery. He at length proposed to his companions, that as it was some distance to the town, and as the day was beautiful and the scenery delightful, they should dine in the mill. The gentlemen all agreed, and the miller was accordingly sent off to procure wine, &c. from the town, the gentlemen promising to take care of his house and mill till his return.

Having thus got rid of the miller, they resolved to execute the purpose which they had all formed. Accordingly, they proceeded to let off the water out of the dam; the dam was soon exhausted, and the sack and body of Marietta discovered.

The gentlemen had just taken it from the sack, and were examining it on the bank, when the miller was seen coming blithely along through a meadow. In a few minutes, however, he got a sight of them on the bank of the milldam, and his conscience informing him what they were about, he betook himself to flight. Two of the gentlemen pursued him, and brought him to the mill.

The remainder of this narrative is very brief. The miller was brought to trial, and condemned to be hanged. He accused Quattresson of having bribed him to the act, upon which Quattresson was likewise tried and condemned. Previous to his execution he acknowledged all his murders, and implored the forgiveness of Heaven.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE MOSAIC ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

MANY cavils have been made to the Mosaic account of the deluge. It is a fair and manly mode of considering the question, to avoid pompous declamation, and to come down to particular facts with that decorum and gravity the importance of the subject demands. To answer specifically an objection not specifically stated, is beyond the power of man. Hence we may remark, that both the advocates and the opposers of this system have too often dealt in general abuse; railing has been answered by railing, until the original question has been abandoned and forgotten. Some have endeavoured to show that the ark, whose length was three hundred cubits, breadth fifty, and height thirty, could not possibly admit of dimensions large enough to contain seven of all the varieties of animals then denominated clean, and two of all the animals denominated unclean. Before this conclusion is so hastily caught at, it may not be amiss if we intreat those gentlemen to pause and produce the authentic documents by which they are able to inform us of the precise length of the *ancient cubit*. Unless they do this, they prove nothing. Some writers have fixed the ancient Hebrew cubit at the rate of twenty inches and a half, and others at eighteen. Here is uncertainty, then, in the very threshold. But allowing this Hebrew measure to have been either way, there is no sort of evidence that the standard of Noah has been preserved in either case. In the first stage of the world, before population became crowded, it is perfectly fair to presume that the standard of admeasurement was larger than it became afterwards. Where the whole earth was open to the hand of cultivation, and population proportionably thin, we may well believe every thing to have been transacted on a large scale. There could have been no possible motive for dealing in the minute. The inhabitants then had no, or, if any, but very faint conceptions of national differences, and must have considered themselves as the progenitors of nations afterwards to be established. When this time did arrive, and the productions of the earth, as well as the earth itself, acquired a facti-

tious value by population and commerce, it is a legitimate presumption *that they shortened the standard of admeasurement, or, in other words, the cubit, and still retained the ancient name.*

We know that we differ from many able commentators, who believe that population before the flood, was more numerous than after. This conjecture they found on the longevity of the antediluvians. This of itself is an equivocal proof of the fact, and furnishes no safe foundation for conjecture. It does not appear at what period of life procreation ceased; but it is against all analogy to infer that this power was co-extensive with the existence of the patriarchs. So far as negative example can afford any light, it is in direct confirmation of our hypothesis. Lamech, the first polygamist mentioned before the deluge, had only four children by both wives. As there is no other instance of this kind before the flood, (a vice that was so common afterwards,) we may well presume that our animal appetites, subsequent to that period, were increased. Noah, at the age of five hundred years, had only three children, and, during the remnant of his life his wife was barren. There is, it is true, a catalogue of antediluvians mentioned who begat sons and daughters; but there is nothing further than this stated, and the great age to which their lives were extended is not enough to warrant the belief that population was redundant. And further, it is expressly stated, that "men then *began to multiply* upon the face of the earth." The example of Noah and his family, likewise, consisting only of eight persons, is another argument in our favour. If the earth was, then, the receptacle of so many millions of the human race, as it is now, is it credible that Noah and his family should be the only righteous persons then living? The instance of Lot is not a precedent in point: that was a particular city, where we may suppose a society influenced by the contagion of bad example. The same argument may, with strict propriety, be turned in favour of this hypothesis, namely, that the earth was corrupt, because the contagion of bad example could extend to the utmost limits of population, and amongst those but one man and his family were found righteous. Such seems a satisfactory solution of a thing otherwise difficult of comprehension.

However, whether these principles are correct or not, they do not interfere with the argument that the standard of admeasurement underwent an alteration.

The Hebrew language was not copious; it was then in its infancy; and may it not well be conceived, that in case this shorter standard was then resolved on, *they would rather use the ancient word so understood, than to adopt a new term?* We know that even in our day nothing is more uncertain than such standards, and yet we use the same words, though susceptible of so many modifications. The difference between a yard, a mile, a foot, not to mention the different coins, is, among different nations of the earth, now so various, as to become an object of *particular study*. And, probably, those very gentlemen who have all this to learn, can, without any sort of hesitation, fix the precise length of Noah's cubit. Considering, then, the different state of society between that time and ours, would it not be something little short of a miracle, if a standard was then determined on that should have been followed so implicitly as a precedent by future ages, when all other standards have been found so equivocal and inconstant?

But we have not yet done with this subject. Another important question remains. After these gentlemen, in defiance of such obstacles, have told us the precise length and breadth of Noah's ark, they have then to prove, that all the different varieties of animals then inhabiting the earth, were as numerous as they at present are.

We know this, that the desire of procreation is the strongest appetite amongst all living animals, raging in unequal degrees throughout all the various classes. We further know, (for this physical fact is capable of complete demonstration,) that where this cannot be enjoyed among animals of the same species, it is so strong as to suspend the natural antipathy which they bear to those of another. This boundary in the natural classification of animals, is only preserved where there is, among their own kinds, objects sufficient for indulgence. We further know, that among animals there are likewise unequal degrees of abhorrence; that one species will herd together with another, without any contest whatever. Now, we have to reflect, that among the ani-

imals preserved in the ark, there was a great disparity of species. Of beasts that were clean, (or those that part the hoof and are cloven-footed, and chew the cud,) there were seven males and seven females. Of those that were unclean, (or those whose description did not comport with the foregoing,) there were only two of the same species, male and female. It is obvious that this exception comprehends nearly all the wild and ferocious animals, equally the terror of man and beast, and which, among their own species, could not find sufficient for intercourse. The inference to be drawn is, that, in many instances, the distinction of species must have been broken down.

The same remark applies, and with equal force, to the birds, which we do not think necessary to illustrate more largely. Hence we presume has arisen that complexity and difficulty in the classification of animals, so much complained of by physiologists. Indeed the marks of affinity that we discover between the different species of fowl and beast, all favour this construction, and so far from opposing, are so many arguments in support of the Mosaic account of the deluge.

It is probable also, that this intermixture was designed by Divine Providence to answer wise and benevolent purposes. How few, if any, of all the beasts now possess the exterminating ferocity of the tiger, or the indefensible imbecility of the lamb! These we believe to comprehend the two extremes of injury and impotence. By the intercourse above alluded to, we may suppose the varying qualities of the different species to have been interchanged and imparted. We may suppose that the offspring was rendered more capable of self-defence, and with a less propensity to do an injury, thus combining and tempering the opposite qualities of the parents. The harmony of the brute creation might thus have been preserved, and additional security bestowed upon man. On any other principle than the desire of procreation, it would be difficult to explain how the different animals were preserved in their emancipation from the ark, and how the weak avoided the persecution of the strong. As they were preserved for that purpose, there is no impropriety in the suggestion that thi appetite was rather inflamed than abated. On this hypothesis, then, we shall find that the

security which man at present derives in the society of animals, so far his superiors in strength and agility, may be traced to this very dispensation of his Maker.

Wherever the Deity graciously permits mortal intelligence to explain his designs, we discover traces of infinite wisdom. This is sufficient to warrant us in the belief, that those parts still hidden by an impenetrable veil, are founded in the depths of certain although inscrutable wisdom and mercy.

H. P.

CORRESPONDENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

You will undoubtedly smile, Mr. Editor, when you are informed that your correspondent is communing with you on a subject of which he is totally ignorant. I attended, sir, the exhibition in the academy of fine arts, and was pleased and delighted with the charming varieties of light and shadow which the pencil presented. I was led from thence to reflect on the delicacy and importance of an art that could arrest a thing so subtle and transitory as a sunbeam, and make it shine and sparkle for ages yet to come. I was delighted to think that forms of matter, possessing such tenuity as rays of light, of a nature so subtle that they form the boundary lines between substance and space, were capable of being so disposed as to have all the permanence of a marble statue. We are taught, not only by inspiration but by the evidence of our own senses and perceptions, that the life of man is as fugitive and as precarious as a shadow. Yet we have lived to see the day when this shadow outlives the man, and we behold his face written in sunbeams when his body is mouldering in the dust. We become acquainted with forms of existence we have never seen, and have conceptions as vivid and distinct as those who have enjoyed their society and converse. I was therefore induced to look upon painting as the link that connected the living and the dead. I considered that the body literally vanished into a shade, and that this shade possessed a longevity far beyond the body. I was again led to reflect, that

these phantoms, when evoked by the pencil, bid defiance to the king of terrors, and deprived even the grave of that portion of its triumph over men, which it derived from oblivion.

In the midst of these sensations mine eyes alighted on the portrait of Washington Irving, Esq. from (as I understood) the pencil of Mr. Jarvis. Now, sir, wherefore it was, I am unable to say; but *so it was*, that this portrait delighted me. It could not be because the likeness was accurate, for the original I had never seen; neither could this result from motives of private regard to the painter, for his name at that time I did not know, and with him, at the present time, I am not acquainted. Of this art I know nothing, and my pleasure could not, of course, arise from any critical investigation of the painter's merits. But, sir, if Mr. Jarvis will consider it as a compliment to his pencil to be informed that a stranger was delighted with his piece, without being able to tell the reason wherefore, and who fairly avows his incompetence to the analysis of his own feelings, I frankly confess myself that one.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MR. WORGAN.

JOHN DAWES WORGAN was a young man born of English parents, who died at the early age of nineteen years. He was a candidate for the ministry, and it was his intention to have devoted his life to the service of his Redeemer. His appetite for knowledge was almost incredible. He was the author of several elegant Latin poems, and had made rapid proficiency in the Greek and Hebrew languages. He was likewise intimately acquainted with the Italian language, and has favoured us with several beautiful versions of Petrarch's sonnets. What renders his life still more interesting is his perfect exemption, not only from all the vices, but from almost all the foibles to which early genius has been so prone, that some writers have supposed them an inseparable and constituent part. In the midst of prospects

so flattering, and while futurity sparkled with a long succession of years and honours, he receives the summons from the grave. If his life was so endearing, how interesting was his death! All his thoughts were now absorbed in devotion. While life was flowing in torrents from his lungs, and suffocation was every moment anticipated, he casts an eye of affection towards his disconsolate mother, and exclaims, "My beloved mother, do not grieve, but rejoice. I am going from a world of sin and sorrow to never-ending joy. My Saviour hath, in answer to our united prayers, perfectly tranquillized my mind. O thou God of compassion, great are thy mercies to me." We hope we have said enough for the present, to interest the reader in his behalf. We shall hereafter give a sketch of his life more at large.

The following sonnet from Petrarch is a specimen of his talents. We shall occasionally devote a portion of our pages to other selections from his works.

SONNET, FROM PETRARCH.

Nor stars that roll on high their wand'ring train,
Nor barks that glide along the glassy flood,
Nor warriors, blazing on the tented plain,
Nor deer, gay bounding through the gloomy wood,
Nor tidings that delight the longing breast,
Nor dulcet warblings of the love-tun'd lyre,
Nor limpid founts, nor meads in verdure drest,
Made vocal by the virgin's beauteous quire,
Nor aught besides my grief-worn heart can prize,
Since she, the light and mirror of my eyes,
Sleeps in the dust. By speechless woes impell'd,
I call for Death,—blest bound'ry to my pain,
Still panting to behold those charms again,
Which, ah! 'twere best I never had beheld!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Boston, Sept. 7, 1811.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is an attack, sir, on the memory of Richard Cumberland, introduced into *The Port Folio* for the present month, by way of episode to "Comments on the Character of Dr. Goldsmith," that is to be commended but little for its temper and less for its correctness. When setting forth the praises of a favourite writer, dear to us from the charms of genius, and hal-
lowed by the gifts of inspiration, our literary idolatry is for the moment unmindful, that there are other gods; the Pantheon's vastness then holds but one object for the worship of taste; Memory is very conveniently enabled to comprehend the whole divinity of the character she contemplates, by letting every other slip from her embrace. Nay, sir, in the heat of our zeal, superstitious shall I call it? we sometimes unintentionally violate the rites of fellow votaries, outrage feelings full as fervent as ours, and profane objects equally entitled to general adoration.

These remarks are not meant to be applied to your ingenuous correspondent, to the disparagement, in the least, of his motives. If subject at all to their application, it is only so far as few or none are exempt. His enthusiasm alone inflames him into being unjust. Like all other enthusiasts, he only dresses the hero of his piece in every thing heroic, belong to what hero it may.

The ceremony of christening the doctor's second comedy at the club* to which it was brought by its parent, a bantling without a name, Mr. Cumberland has detailed to us with no common interest; and upon Goldsmith's remark, on this occasion, addressed to Mr. Cumberland, thus follow the comments your friend has been kind enough to communicate. "We have no doubt such was the precise opinion of Oliver Goldsmith. But how does Mr. Cumberland comport himself on this occasion?

* Not "The Literary Club." Of this Cumberland was not a member. See Boswell and Goldsmith's life, prefixed to the last Newyork edition of his works in six volumes 12mo.

In a strain of affected superiority he swells himself in his chair, and inserts this paragraph in his 'Memoirs.' I really felt for the distresses of the amiable poet." As to the swelling in the chair of the venerable Cumberland, the expression almost tempts us to wish, that the commentator had been at ease in his own, and made himself comfortable with the good Dr. Goldsmith, not at the expense of his veteran friend, grown hoary in the service of his country, as well in arms as in letters. In quoting the remark of Mr. Cumberland, there occurs an inaccuracy we should gladly pass without notice, did it not leave the expression susceptible of a contemptuous turn, which the original does not admit. Thus stands the passage in the "Memoirs:" "When I perceived an embarrassment in his manner towards me, I lost no time to put him at his ease. *As my heart was ever warm towards my contemporaries*, I did not counterfeit, I really felt a cordial interest in his behalf, and I had soon the pleasure to perceive, that he credited me for my sincerity. 'You and I,' said he, 'have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I write for money, and care little about fame.' *I was touched by this melancholy confession*, and from that moment busied myself assiduously among all my connexions in his cause." It is in vain we look here for the strain of affected superiority; and, perhaps, had the sentence been cited correctly, the remark had been spared. The commentator continues—"Sweltering under the influence of a compliment that the amiable modesty of Goldsmith conferred, he *sneers at his talents for the drama*." Unless "sweltering" at a compliment so changed Mr. Cumberland's aspect at the time, as to be mistaken for sneering, we know not how to account for such a breach of good manners in so well-bred a gentleman. There is certainly no feature in the face of the text as we have presented it, that has the least appearance of sneer. The distortion of countenance, if any, is from sympathy, not contempt. But "did Mr. Cumberland believe, that the opinion Goldsmith expressed was in conformity to the opinion of the world?" I answer as to the last suggestion, that "he cared little about fame," unless it is to be understood comparatively with "money," and the necessities of life. Mr. Cumberland might, without being wanting in charity, have supposed

him in this not very sincere, and therefore, understanding it either way, might pretty fairly conclude, that, as to the measure of his care for fame, the real opinions of the world and the doctor were fully coincident. With respect to the other suggestions, as Goldsmith was notoriously in penury, and Cumberland in comparative affluence, it might not unreasonably be presumed that the supreme object in writing with the former was money, and with the other was fame. The "comments" proceed—"Felt for the distresses of the amiable poet! and was Goldsmith to be a pensioner on the bounty of Richard Cumberland?" We regret the repetition of this erroneous quotation. If these words are ridiculous, the commentator will remember, they are entirely his own. Before he undertook to retort the sneer as in triumph, politeness had been better consulted by deliberately ascertaining whether his suspicions of Mr. Cumberland, in this respect, were well founded. We hope the doctor was at no time a pensioner upon bounty. Yet certain it is, that he, who *adorned whatever he touched*, often wanted the needful to be decent himself. No man was ever humbled by receiving a favour at the hands of Cumberland, who surely was never among the most backward in extending relief to distress, especially in the person of a competitor in letters, and that person Oliver Goldsmith.

"Was Cumberland blind to a glory that outdazzled his own?" That he was blind to no glory of the writer of "Retaliation," the praises so abundant in his "memoirs" sufficiently evince. If dramatic glory alone be here intended, as that seems the subject of comparison, in that work which now seems his last will to mankind, he has left them this testament. "It is to be lamented, that Oliver Goldsmith did not begin at an earlier period of life to turn his genius to dramatic compositions, and much more to be lamented, that, after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off." Of his "Good-natured Man" he observes, "it had enough to justify Burke's good opinion of it, and secure the author against loss of reputation, as it had the stamp of a man of talents upon it." But can it be that his friend's "glory" as a dramatist, "outdazzled his own?" No man of his age had then done more in the drama than Richard Cumberland. He had already written

"The Banishment of Cicero," "The Brothers," "The West-Indian," and "The Fashionable Lover." Those who know what it is to succeed in the production of a single comedy, can realize the renown acquired from success in several. The first was rather a work for the closet; the public gave "The Brothers" no frigid welcome on their original introduction; but no play was ever better received than "The West-Indian;" none still maintains a prouder popularity, coextensive with the knowledge of the language. Eight and twenty nights in succession evinced the ardour of the public to witness its performance at first. Their delight in it was an emotion at once violent and lasting. Last of all, before the appearance of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," Cumberland gave the world "The Fashionable Lover," of which that world thought less, but its author and Garrick more, than of "The West-Indian." Its reception was highly honourable, though less flattering than that of the other. Having thus, at that time, written more comedies than any one of his cotemporaries, he had advanced so far towards the goal as fairly to distance every competitor; and now, that his race is run, the world are of opinion, they were then in possession of what, in the review of his course, best establishes his title to the prize. In literature it is the dramatic department that was Cumberland's element. No wonder Goldsmith's timidity stood abashed in his presence. He beheld the Menander of his day; but, convinced that the man of kindred genius must be too of spirit congenial, he soon felt inspired with confidence in his friendship, and hope from his zeal. That this confidence was never betrayed, nor hope disappointed, Cumberland's efforts to add to the eclat of "She Stoops to Conquer," on the first night of performance, his uniform deportment to Goldsmith through life, and respect to his memory, by contributing to his monument in Westminster Abbey, had effectually put, as we had imagined, beyond the possibility of a doubt. Such, then, was the character of Richard Cumberland, as a champion in the service of legitimate comedy. Goldsmith was supported only by "The Good-natured Man," a play, which, though Burke approved, Garrick condemned. As a competitor with Cumberland in this respect, of course, at that time, "great were the odds," and the trial

somewhat daring. "She Stoops to Conquer," eccentric as it was, succeeded. There was a raciness in its humour; every thing about it had the peculiarity of Goldsmith; the joke, that could have been produced only by one, instantaneously electrified all; and this comedy still holds its place upon the stage, a popular favourite. Long since has "The Good-natured Man," fallen far below it in public opinion. On these two plays, all he ever wrote, now rest the doctor's dramatic pretensions. Cumberland's comic muse has continued to be preternaturally prolific. "The Cholerick Man," and "The Jew," "The Natural Son," and "The Wheel of Fortune," among more in number* than any other English dramatist has yet produced, confirm his claims to that general favour, which was well enough established before. But without adverting to any of these, perhaps that man should suspect his own taste of singular perverseness, who can prefer Tony Lumpkin to the character of Belconr, or "She Stoops to Conquer," to "The West-Indian." "As a dramatist," Mr. Cumberland has told us, "he would fain intercede for a candid interpretation of his labours, and recommend his memory to posterity for protection, after death, from those unhandsome cavils he had patiently endured while living." His death has now unhappily made his survivors become to him at once contemporaries and posterity. On them the call seems doubly loud. But let us listen to the commentator again.¹⁷⁴⁰ Did he really believe, that Goldsmith, whatever might be his expectations, was to be abandoned by posterity to oblivion? Yes, he did." What a ridiculous belief, and what a blockhead does it not make of Richard Cumberland? "Whatever may be the merits of Cumberland," our author continues, "the *fact is undeniable*, he harboured a mean jealousy towards cotemporary writers. He felt that, whatever applause was bestowed on them detracted so much from his merit." The novelty of this last suggestion takes us by surprise. To the charge it conveys, however, we shall readily hearken to Mr. Cumberland himself in defence. It is a voice "coming from the grave, and partaking of the energy and inspiration of eternal truth." "I so-

* See note at the end.

lemnly protest, that I have never written or caused to be written a single line to puff and praise myself, or to decry a brother dramatist, since I had life. Of all such anonymous and mean manoeuvres I am clearly innocent, and proudly disdainful." "I cannot pass myself off," says this dying scholar and christian at the age of seventy-five, "for more than I have been where I am about to go, and if, before my departure, I were now to take credit for merits which I have not, the few which I have, would be all too few to atone for the deceit." We feel little concern for the cause of this jealousy, if the effect is conceived to exist in a character of such signal purity. The assertion that "the fact is undeniable," to deny merely is to disprove. We shall undertake, however, as far as is possible, the proof of a negative; and show that M. Cumberland was far from harbouring jealousy towards cotemporary writers. Had he harboured such jealousy, and acted upon it, his practice would have been directly at war with one of his favourite theories, that he constantly availed himself of every occasion to promulgate; and is it not a little singular, if the suggestion were true, that all his cotemporaries are so very delicate and tender of his feelings, as never in his life-time to hint it? Would not the injured party have been then likely to institute the complaint? No subject was more constantly the delight of Mr. Cumberland's song, throughout an uncommonly protracted existence, than the necessity and importance of supporting living merit, and giving encouragement to cotemporary writers. It had grown with him into an inviolable principle of duty. "It never was my object," said he, "to depress the living candidate for fame; but has been uniformly my desire and my endeavour to uphold and cherish genius, whilst it lives among us and may be fostered by our commendations. The dead can do no more. They have finished their career, and there is no more use and profit in our praise of them; the living are our property; we have a participation in their talents, and it is no less our interest than our duty to encourage all their efforts for the honour of the era we belong to." He thus eloquently ridicules the idea of withholding praise till after death. This is indeed to defer the "life in other's breath," till we had lost the life in our own, and never to let the literary

votary live doubly. "If our resurrection critics," thus the illustrious dramatist denominates them, "shall persist to rummage among the graves, and carry their eyes like the hare, who sees distinctly only what is behind her, they may probably spy out my shade in the back-ground, and bring it into notice. It is naturally to be presumed that if they would come manfully forward for a living author, the living author would be better pleased; but this he must not expect; the temple of their praise is reared with dry bones and skulls; and till he is a skeleton he cannot be their hero." Again—"I flatter myself I have, through life, been not unmindful of the rule, which I have been so frequently importunate to recommend; and I must own, in some instances, I have had no better reason for my praise and commendation of a living author, than that he was alive." The classical reader will recollect similar sentiments, embellished and enforced from verse and prose in his other works. I quote from the "Memoirs" only; which passed, it is well known, under the eye of all the critics in Europe, the North Britons among the rest; and had any instance existed, where his practice clashed with these reiterated precepts, would not some mild reviewer have been good-natured enough to smooth his passage to the tomb by reminding him of it?

Did Cumberland harbour a mean jealousy of Goldsmith? What he said of his dramatic pretensions we have already noticed. Of the other glories of his character he was not blind to the effulgence, however dazzling. He joins heartily in Garrick's burst of panegyric, "that he wrote like Apollo," speaks, as all the world do, of his "Deserted Village," "Traveller," and "Hermit," and thus justly characterizes his prosaic compositions. "There is something in Goldsmith's prose uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it." Is it thus to speak meanly? Can these praises proceed from a mean jealousy? Harboured he any mean jealousy of Burke, Johnson, Garrick, sir Joshua Reynolds, Soame Jenyns, Samuel Rogers, and the whole host of cotemporaries mentioned

in his "Memoirs!" Let the reader of the "Memoirs" answer the question.

The French eulogist of sir Isaac Newton thought it to his honour to suggest, that in his character there was no singularity. To Cumberland belongs similar praise. He was happily exempt from those eccentricities that unfit genius for any sphere. Proudly correct, his was the path that brightened as it progressed, leaving mankind an elevated character in letters and life to add to moral precept the weight of a perfect moral example. Richard Cumberland is no stranger to the world. Little did he need this feeble effort from the feeblest of his admirers. In deference rather to the abilities that seemed to assail, than from apprehension for the object of assault, this attempt was ventured. The friend and inmate of sir Joshua Reynolds and of Edmund Burke, of lord Mansfield, and Samuel Johnson, may safely be left as well enough known from these, his companions. It is not wished to compare or contrast him with others. A profound scholar, and a general author, literature occasionally found him in every department. Something he has done as a biblical critic; much as a philosophical christian; controversy has proved him a champion; in him the British classics have gained an "Observer," and the Greek a reformer; for his sake "Calvary" has imparted to song the immortality of the subject; him biography and history have sometimes allured to their shades, but the drama has welcomed to her inmost recesses. He has written no novel that attracts like the "Vicar of Wakefield," no poems that charm like "Sweet Auburn," and "The Traveller." As an essayist, he has more learning than Johnson, and less fascination than Goldsmith. As dramatists they are not to be compared. Their spirits, I trust, are ere this reunited. Perhaps too, his name is already mingled with theirs; and Westminster Abbey contemplates the comic Muse forgetting herself at the monument of Cumberland, and bedewing with tears the marble slab, inscribed to his memory—

"THE TERENCE OF ENGLAND; THE MENDER OF HEARTS!"

NOTE.—I subjoin a list of Mr. Cumberland's dramas, and hope sir James Bland Burges, Richard Sharpe, Esq. and Mr.

Samuel Rogers, will soon issue from the press a complete edition of his works:

Arab, Banishment of Cicero, Battle of Hastings, Brutus the Elder, Box Lobby Challenge, Brothers, Choleric Man, Country Attorney, Calypso, Characteracus, Carmelite, Clouds, from the Greek of Aristophanes, Defendant, Days of Yore, Don Pedro, Eccentric Lover, Fashionable Lover, False Demetrius, False Impressions, First Love, Hint to Husbands, Impostor, Jew, Last of the Family, Mysterious Husband, Natural Son, Note of Hand, Sailor's Daughter, Shakspeare in the Shades, Timon of Athens, altered from Shakspeare, Torrendel, Walloons, Wat Tyler, West Indian, Wheel of Fortune, Widow of Delphi, Word for Nature.

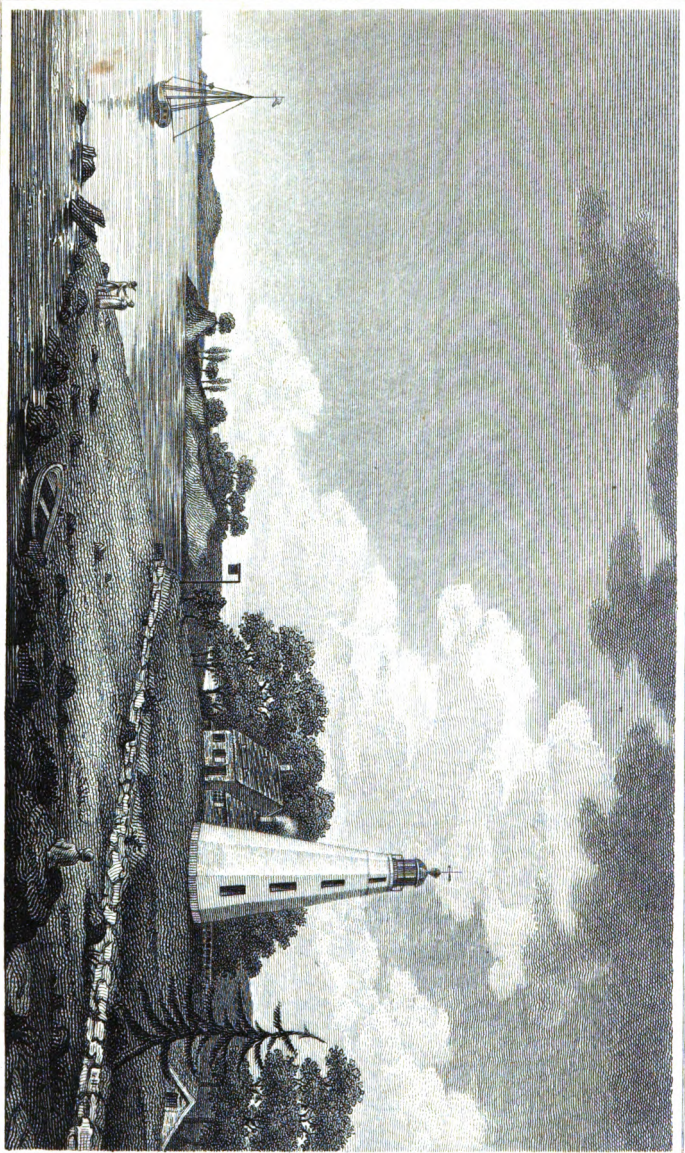
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MITCHILL LIGHT-HOUSE,

ERECTED ON SANDS'S-POINT, A LITTLE TO THE EASTWARD OF
HELLGATE, IN LONG-ISLAND SOUND.

(With a perspective view by Inderwick.)

THERE is, perhaps, no navigable coast, not even the British Channel, that is better illuminated than Long-island sound. It has been considered in congress, that this great thoroughfare of commerce ought to be rendered as safe as possible, by night as well as by day. Accordingly, the most liberal provision has been made for buoys, beacons, and light-houses, to direct mariners in their course. And by virtue of an act of congress, passed the sixth of April 1802, the secretary of the treasury caused a survey of the sound to be made, at the expense of the United States. Messrs. Morris and Dana, the former then a senator, and the latter a member of the house of representatives, were very active in procuring the enactment of the bill for this purpose.



THE MITCHELL-LIGHT-HOUSE ON SANDS'S POINT IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.

panse; while westward, all the space towards Whitestone is in sight. Hurtleberry-island, Pea-island, Allen's-island, Henderson's-island, Hart-island, City-island, with many interjacent rocks, and several intervening tracts of the continental part of Westchester county, situated between Mamaroneck and Frog's-point, lie fair in prospect: as also do Barker's-point, the entrance of Cow-bay, Great-neck, and Thorne's-point, in Flushing, on the Long-island side.

As long ago as 1790, this select spot was surveyed and delineated by Samuel L. Mitchill and Samuel Wood. Nothing further, however, was done until 1805, when captain Brewster exerted himself to obtain subscribers to petitions to congress, written by Dr. Mitchill, on board the revenue-cutter, during one of his excursions in that vessel with that officer. Pursuant to the prayer of these petitioners, congress passed an act bearing date January 26, 1806, for the erection of a good and sufficient light-house at this place, for the maintenance of a keeper, and for the permanent support of the same.

The legislature of Newyork, shortly after ceded the jurisdiction to the United States in the usual form. But Mr. Benjamin Hewlett, the proprietor of the land, refusing to sell it, a second act was passed, early in 1808, authorising the governor of the state (his excellency D. D. Tompkins) to purchase five acres by private bargain; and if he could not agree in this way, to sue forth from the Court of Chancery a writ of *ad quod damnum*, for the purpose of acquiring title and possession for the just value, by the intervention of a jury of the vicinage. Under this legal arrangement, the owner finding it useless to oppose any longer his private interests to the public good, sold the ground, and received for it a liberal compensation, beyond the price he asked.

Immediately thereafter, David Gelston, Esq. collector of the revenue for the port of Newyork, within whose district the land lay, published an advertisement inviting proposals for constructing the light-house and the necessary buildings, conformably to a specified plan. Those of Messrs. Mason and Way of Newlondon were accepted; and these artists drove on the work with so much speed, that before the end of November 1809, the lantern was finished for the reception of oil. Indeed, on the 9th of Sep-

tember, a grand civic festival had been held at the place, and the founder had been sent for, to preside at the table, and perform the inauguration-ceremony of lighting the first lamp, in the presence of the respectability, youth and beauty of both sexes, collected in unusual number on the occasion.

The house is an octagon of stone; forty-eight feet above the ground level, and navigators have ever since enjoyed the benefit of its light. It stands in the middle of a field so highly cultivated, that the MITCHILL, with the circular wall supporting the bank, the keeper's house, the vault for the oil, the remnant of ancient forest oaks, the white partition fence, and the excellent order pervading the whole, forms a spectacle not inferior to any thing of the kind on the coast. And lastly, *Pretty's-reef*, a distinguished place for catching black-fish; *Old Success*, a solitary mass of granite, lying almost mid-sound, and very dangerous to navigators; and *Kidd's-rock*, noted for the treasure fabled to have been buried near it by the famous buccanneer; are a few of the objects which deserve the attention of the traveller who visits this place.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE VISION OF DON RODERIC, A POEM,

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THE Muse of Walter Scott is always sure of exciting much curiosity, whenever she deigns to make her appearance in public. We are prepared to admire the gracefulness of her mien, her flowing drapery, and the light buoyancy of her gait. Having been a favourite, and charmed and fascinated so long, she has become of late a little insolent, and seems to apprehend that she has a prescriptive right to our reverence. Like other saucy females, who have been for a long time the toast of the town, she ventures forth in her undress, and imagines that she is entitled to reverence, although in dishabille. Now if we could,

under the rose, whisper a word in the ear of this lady, we should not hesitate to caution her to beware of the public walks. We would tell her, that those who have high characters to preserve, have also high characters to lose. However this good lady may plume herself on her popularity, she has no right to appear in the circle which her elegant drapery once adorned, with her stockings ungartered, or shoes down at the heels. We have a right to anticipate the full pleasure she has formerly conferred, and we will not submit to her humours and caprice, when she labours to set the laws of decorum and propriety at defiance. Indeed, to drop metaphor, it has been the cardinal sin of all poets to grow lazy and to live on the reputation heretofore acquired, when once they have arrived at eminence. Pope, who was one of the most industrious of this capricious race of mortals, founded his fame on the *Iliad*, and worked like a day-labourer in the *Odyssey*. Walter Scott has, in the present instance, followed a precedent so pernicious. He should remember, that he is environed by a set of critical hounds, of the true Scottish breed, who have already shown their ivory teeth, and are ready to hunt him down the moment he assumes the shape of Actæon.

This poem was undoubtedly composed for a noble and patriotic purpose.—It was written, as the author informs us, for the fund instituted for the relief of the Portuguese now suffering under the exorbitant ambition of Buonaparte. We wish, on the present occasion, we could pay the same compliment to the poetry as to the patriotism of the author. The benevolence of the motive does not consecrate a bad action, nor is it a plea to be admitted, in justification of a piece of workmanship clumsily executed, that the artist is to realize none of the profits. It is rather a claim on a higher exertion of his talents; and as the motive was benevolent, the work should be superb and magnificent. The author has, by way of extenuation, informed us, that the work was hastily executed. We need no ghost to tell us this; the work itself bears manifest and indubitable evidence of the fact. It was evidently struck out at a heat, and is rather evidence of what Mr. S. ought to have done, than of what he has actually accomplished. We do not think this is ingenuous treatment: nor ought Mr. Scott to measure himself by any other standard than his own.

He seems to be satisfied with the thought that his worst productions will be rather better than the best of ordinary poets; and so indeed they are: but still we have a right to expect, if a housewifery metaphor may be excused, the skimmings of his genius.

From what we have already said, the reader is prepared to expect that the poem bears hard on modern times, and that the tyranny of Buonaparte forms its principal ingredient. In fact, all the other parts of the poem are ancillary and subordinate to that one. The poem is founded on an ancient Spanish tradition, that don Roderic, the last king of Spain, of the Gothic race, on an invasion from the Moors, descended into a vault situated in the vicinity of Toledo, the opening of which was supposed to be fatal to the monarchy of Spain. He was supposed there to have seen the battle of the Saracens, that eventuated in his own death and the reduction of his empire. Our author has, by a *licentia poetica*, extended this vision so far as to embrace three distinct periods of the Spanish monarchy:—the first, the invasion of the Moors, defeat and death of Roderic: the second embraces the period when the united arms of Spain and Portugal triumphed in the East and West Indies, and the last period ends with the tyranny of Buonaparte. From the construction of the poem, we find, that the event must remain imperfect: the destiny of Spain is still enveloped in clouds and darkness, and poets must be contented with other inspiration than that of prophecy. However, although the event must remain uncertain, it furnishes no apology for the poem. The poet might have disposed of his hero in a variety of ways, to plead in excuse for his own want of prophecy. The principal defect is the glaring lack of consistency in the poet's design. The hero enters the vault, transformed by the poet into a cathedral, and for aught that appears in the poem, remains there to the present moment. How he came out we are left to conjecture. Scott makes don Roderic well enough acquainted with the two preceding periods of Spanish history; but when he comes to the last, he sacrifices his poem to his politics, and neither thinks nor dreams of don Roderic again. The centinels of the monarch had been fretting at the outside of the cathedral, for the approach of the sovereign, and there they stand to the present hour unrelieved. The poet was so incensed at the

atrocities of Buonaparte, that he committed himself a poetical enormity of a similar kind, and suffered the unfortunate Roderic to starve in a church. Mr. Scott knows well enough that every thing of this nature ought to be true to itself. The whole of the story should have been comprehended in the vision or none of it. The enormities of Buonaparte had furnished materials of awful embellishment to his hands, if indeed such actions are capable of embellishment. But it is altogether unpardonable thus to forsake the vehicle of his story, and to introduce himself as the substitute. The Vision of Don Roderic is now neither fancy nor fact, but in a state of amphibious existence between both. This produces a train of jarring and discordant sensations.—Where there is so much of supernatural machinery, it gives us a dislike for plain homespun narrative; but narrative in the sequel takes ample revenge, and drives the supernatural machinery from our minds. This dereliction of the character and vehicle assumed for the story, is by no means a sin of novel commission, as Dryden's two wild and profoundly erudite beasts, the hind and the panther, are ready to testify upon oath. Still this has been long since scouted, and it is now the undoubted common law of Parnassus, that no such offences shall escape without punishment.

It is in a great measure characteristic of Walter Scott to introduce superhuman persons on the stage, first to enjoy, and then to abandon them. We sincerely hope that the Muses will not requite such ungrateful conduct by abandoning him. Thus far as to the plot of his piece, in which Mr. Scott has been in all his writings consistently unsuccessful. With regard to the execution, in which he has formerly so highly excelled, we are sorry not to observe in this poem traces of the same great and pervading genius. There is a strength, to be sure, that redeems it from the mass of vulgar poesy; but very few of those delicate touches and accurate delineations by which he is known to surpass all the poets of his day, when he puts his genius to the proof. Mr. Scott has now departed from his ancient plan, which was to make the splendor of the execution more than to compensate for the clumsiness of his design, for the one is well fitted for the other, and both are unworthy of him. Let us not, how-

ever be supposed to censure the present poem beyond its merits. We are regaled with several sparkling beauties; but they are not such as the world has a right to anticipate from such an author.

We are now prepared to enter with don Roderic to the cathedral of Toledo, where we find him in the company of his confessor:

Long, large, and lofty was that vaulted hall;
 Roof, walls, and floor were all of marble stone,
 Of polished marble, black as funeral pall,
 Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.
 A paly light, as of the dawning, shone
 Through the sad bounds, but whence they could not spy;
 For, window to the upper air was none;
 Yet by that light could Roderic descry
 Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

In some succeeding stanzas the hero undertakes to apologize for the crimes he had committed, in the very act of making his confession. For this he receives a severe reprimand, on which he demands of his confessor the keys of the room which is to unfold his future destiny. The description of the room, and the two allegorical figures within, are thus presented to us:

Grim sentinels, against the upper wall,
 Of molten bronze, two statues held their place;
 Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
 Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
 Moulded they seem for kings of giant race,
 That lived and sinned before the avenging flood;
 This grasped a sithe, that rested on a mace;
 This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,
 Each stubborn seemed and stern, immutable of mood.

Fixed was the right-hand giant's brazen look
 Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
 As if its ebb he measured by a book,
 Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;
 In which was wrote of many a falling land,
 Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven;
 And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—
 "LO, DESTINY, and TIME! to whom by Heaven
 The guidance of the earth is for a season given."

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;
 And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
 That right-hand giant 'gan his elub upsway,
 As one that startles from a heavy sleep.
 Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
 At once descended with the force of thunder,
 And, hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,
 The marble boundary was rent asunder,
 And gave to Roderic's view new sights of fear and wonder.

The first sight which the hero is presented with, the incursion of the Moors and his own destiny, are thus vividly described. The apostrophe of the hero, who observes his horse flying from the enemy, in the field of battle, is well imagined:

"They come! they come! I see the groaning lands,
 White with the turbans of each Arab horde:
 Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
 Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
 The choice they yield the koran or the sword.—
 See how the Christians rush to arms 'amain!—
 In yonder shout the voice of conflict roared;
 The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—
 Now, God and St. Iago strike, for the good cause of Spain!"

"By heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!—
 Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
 The sceptered craven mounts to quit the field—
 Is not yon steed Orelia?—Yes 'tis mine!
 But never was she turned from battle-line:—
 Lo! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone!
 Curses pursue the slave and wrath divine!—
 Rivers ingulf him!"—"Hush," in shuddering tone,
 The prelate said; "rash prince, yon visioned form's thine own."

The consequences of this victory are thus represented:

Then rose the grated harem, to inclose
 The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;
 Then, menials to their misbelieving foes,
 Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine;
 Then, too, the holy cross, salvation's sign,
 By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
 And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine
 Echoed, for holy hymn and organ-tone,
 The Santon's frantic dance, the Faquir's gibbering moan.

Our visitor next witnesses the eventual triumph of the Spaniards over their invaders. The allegorical representations of Bigotry and Valour are worthy of particular notice:

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—
 The Christians have regained their heritage;
 Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,
 And many a monastery decks the stage,
 And lofty church and low-browed hermitage.
 The land obeys a hermit and a knight,—
 The genii these of Spain for many an age;
 This clad in sackcloth; that in armour bright,
 And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was high.

VALOUR was harnessed like a chief of old,
 Armed at all points, and prompt for knightly gest;
 His sword was tempered in the Ebro cold,
 Morena's eagle-plume adorned his crest,
 The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.
 Fierce he stepped forward and flung down his gage,
 As if of mortal kind to brave the best.
 Him followed his companion, dark and sage,
 As he, my master sung, the dangerous Archimage.

Haughty of heart and brow, the warrior came,
 In look and language proud as proud might be,
 Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame,
 Yet was that barefoot monk more proud than he;
 And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
 So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
 And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,
 Till ermined Age, and Youth in arms renowned,
 Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly kissed the ground.

After this, we come down, by a few gentle gradations, to the last period—the situation of Spain previous to the Corsican usurpation, we find to be thus:

Gray Royalty, grown impotent of toil,
 Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold,
 And careless saw his rule become the spoil
 Of a loose female and her minion bold,
 But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
 From court-intrigue, from bickering faction far,
 Beneath the chestnut-tree love's tale was told;

And to the tinkling of the light guitar
Sweet stooped the western sun, sweet rose the evening star.

Buonaparte makes his appearance, nor is his iron crown forgotten or unimproved by the poet:

An iron crown his anxious forehead bore;
And well such diadem his heart became,
Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Or checked his course for piety or shame;
Who, trained a soldier, deemed a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honour decked his name;
Who placed by Fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Recked not of monarch's faith, or mercy's kingly tone.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came:
The spark, that, from a suburb-hovel's hearth
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.
And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—
The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,
That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,
And by destruction bids its fame endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

Before that leader strode a shadowy form;
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor show'd,
With which she beckoned him through fight and storm,
And all he crushed that crossed his desperate road,
Nor thought, nor feared, nor looked on what he trode;
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
It was AMBITION bade his terrors wake,
Nor deigned she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

No longer now she spurned at mean revenge,
Or staid her hand for conquered foeman's moan,
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Cæsar's side she crossed the Rubicon;
Nor joyed she to bestow the spoils she won,
As when the banded powers of Greece were tasked
To war beneath the youth of Macedon:
No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend unmasked.

His important majesty, king Joseph, a sovereign put out to nurse, is thus dandled on the knee of the Muse:

The ruthless leader beckoned from his train
 A wan, fraternal shade, and bade him kneel,
 And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
 While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castile!"
 Not that he loved him—No! in no man's weal,
 Scarce in his own, e'er joyed that sullen heart;
 Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
 That the poor puppet might perform his part,
 And be a sceptered slave, at his stern beck to start.

The sensation produced in the minds of the Spaniards by such a specimen of stupendous, and almost inconceivable perfidy, is thus expressed:

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
 And it was echoed from Corunna's wall;
 Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,
 Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;
 Galicia bade her children fight or fall,
 Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,
 Valencia roused her at the battle-call,
 And, foremost still where Valour's sons are met,
 Fast started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

We must not forget the sufferings of Zaragoza:

Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
 That names thy name, without the honour due!
 For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,
 Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true!
 Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shattered ruins knew,
 Each art of war's extremity had room,
 Twice from thy half-sacked streets the foe withdrew,
 And when at length stern Fate decreed thy doom,
 They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.

Don Roderic now arrives at a period of time the military events of which must ever in poetry appear cold and uninteresting. The fault is not in the writers, as many of our sleek and dapper critics have remarked, but owing to the wonderful changes and improvements of modern ages. A battle of the Greeks and Romans, or if we resort to ~~more modern times~~, of the

knights, afforded scope for poetical embellishment, because it was a personal contest for victory, and muscular strength decided the issue. When Achilles and Hector engage, their lances may be compared to lightning, and their blows to the thunderbolts of Jove. These are subjects capable of being allied to something, which nature abounds in, more terrific, and the mind of the reader is consequently elevated, when the spectacle is produced. But when lightning, or in other words gunpowder, which makes an explosion as loud and terrific, is the engine of destruction, the fancy of the poet fails him for the cause that it aided him before; and that is, because nature admits of nothing more awful by which it can be elevated in comparison. How tame and insipid, then, must the description appear, when the poet is restricted to this simple fact, that the cannon lightens and thunders. The dry official account of an engagement adopts this phraseology, and the Muse can present us with nothing more. So sensible was Milton of this difficulty that he endeavoured to evade it by adopting it. His infernal angels assail heaven with cannon, and put their enemies to route. Thus the very fact produced by critics, to show the depravity of modern invention, is decisive evidence against them; for we literally fight with those engines that Homer thought belonged only to the Deity. It is from this cause that ancient chivalry is now held in such requisition by the poets in their descriptions of a battle; nature furnishes them with agents more powerful than their instruments of offence; and this space affords an opportunity for the embellishments of the Muse. We offer this as an apology for Walter Scott; and the reader must not be surprised if the man who was capable of thrilling us with so much horror at the battle of Floddenfield, appears comparatively cold and insipid, when his Muse attempts to record the battles of Buonaparte. The following extract will show how difficult it is for the Muse to dabble with gunpowder; an article for which a poet has the same instinctive antipathy as a crow:

Nor thine alone such wreck. Gerona fair!

Faithful to death thy heroes should be sung,

Manning the towers, while o'er their heads the air,

Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung;

Now thicker darkening where the mine was sprung,
 Now briefly lightened by the cannon's flare,
 Now arched with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,
 And reddening now with conflagration's glare,
 While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

We are now prepared for the introduction of the Spanish allies, and the distinctive national traits of each are thus happily expressed:

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
 Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
 For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
 And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
 Her's their bold port, and her's their martial frown,
 And her's their scorn of death in Freedom's cause,
 Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
 And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
 And freeborn thoughts, which league the soldier with the laws:

And O! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land!
 Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!
 The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
 And harsher features, and a mien more grave;
 But ne'er in battle-field throbbed heart so brave
 As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid,
 And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
 And level for the charge your arms are laid,
 Where lives the foe that for such desperate onset staid!

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
 Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy;
 His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
 And moves to death with military glee;
 Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank, and free,
 In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
 Rough Nature's children, humourous as she:
 And HE, yon chieftain,—strike the proudest tone
 Of thy bold harp, green isle! the hero is thine own.

We must not forget the panegyrics of our author, on the heroes whose glorious exertions have restored confidence to the peninsula. Our poet thus beautifully eulogizes Wellington, by

representing no modern bard as competent to the task of recording his glory:

Lives there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire
 May rise distinguished o'er the din of war;
 Or died it with yon master of the lyre,
 Who sung beleaguered Hion's evil star?
 Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,
 Wafting its descant wide o'er ocean's range;
 Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,
 All as it swelled 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,
 That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

Of the other heroes, the bard thus expresses himself, and we find that general Graham is lineally allied to, if not descended from, Malcom Græme, the successful rival of Roderic Dhu in the affections of the fair Ellen:

But ye, the heroes of that well-fought day,
 How shall a bard, unknowing, and unknown,
 His meed to each victorious leader pay,
 Or bind on every brow the laurels won?
 Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
 O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;
 And he, perchance, the minstrel note might own,
 Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
 Mid yon far western isles, that hear the Atlantic rave.

Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
 To give each chief and every field its fame:
 Hark! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,
 And red Barosa shouts for dauntless GRAEME!
 O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
 Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
 To bid the world re-echo to their fame!
 For never upon gory battle-ground,
 With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver victors crowned!

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
 Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
 Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
 Tempered their headlong rage, their courage steeled,
 And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
 And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,

And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—
 Shivered my harp, and burst its every cord,
 If it forget thy worth, victorious BERNESFORD!

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
 Though Gaul's proud legions rolled like mist away,
 Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—
 He gaged but life on that illustrious day;
 But when he toiled those squadrons to array,
 Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
 Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
 He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
 And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame;

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
 Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
 Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied;
 Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
 From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
 The wanderer went; yet Caledonia! still
 Thine was his thought in march and tented ground;
 He dreamed mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
 And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

O hero of a race renowned of old,
 Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
 Since first distinguished in the onset bold,
 Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
 By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
 Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber owned its fame,
 Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
 But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
 Than when wild Bonda learned the conquering shout of GRAEME!

We do not deem it necessary in the present instance to quarrel with particular words. It was once told to Dr. Goldsmith, who manifested considerable uneasiness at some disapprobation of the audience, when a play of his composition was represented, that he ought not to be terrified at squibs, while sitting on a barrel of gunpowder. The measure (that of Spencer) is happily selected for the poet's purpose. There is in that measure a cumbrous gravity, well appropriated to the expression of grand and magnificent objects. The long protracted conclusion

and the stately march of the verse allow leisure for the mind to pause and to meditate.

Having already remarked, that the poems of Walter Scott are blamably defective in their plans, it may not be amiss to illustrate this observation more largely. *Marmion* may be regarded as an instance.

The plot is peculiarly defective. *Marmion*, an English knight, is sent on an embassy from Henry VIII, to demand of the Scottish monarch the cause of his warlike preparations. He accomplishes the object of his mission, returns, fights bravely, and is slain at the battle of Floddenfield. The subordinate incidents are, that *Marmion* falls in love with the person of Constance, and with the property of Clara. Constance returns his affection, and escapes from a monastery, by his intervention, attends him in the character of a page, until the more enticing charms of Clara's opulent domains dazzle from the mind of *Marmion* his affection for Constance. He forsakes her, and the fair fugitive is buried alive, for her monastic infidelity. *Marmion* finds a formidable obstacle to his designs on Clara, in the person of De Wilton, a knight, to whom her heart was betrothed. He forges letters of treasonable import; and by the assistance of Constance, conveys them to the custody of De Wilton, without the knowledge of that knight. He charges De Wilton with treason: search is made, and those suspicious letters found in his possession. The contest is decided by wager of battle, in which *Marmion* proves victorious. De Wilton suffering under such unjust obloquy, forsakes the character of a knight, and takes that of a palmer. In this disguise he meets *Marmion* at a castle, where he tarries for a night, on his journey to the king of Scotland, and undertakes to be his guide through the country. As De Wilton has done nothing to raise in the estimation of the reader any other sensation than that of pity for his fate, the poet undertakes, though awkwardly enough, to treat him with a battle. *Marmion* is informed by his host that the spectre of a knight lodges in his neighbourhood, who, if overcome in battle, will reveal his future destiny. The hero resorts to the place, and engages De Wilton, who assumes the character of his antagonist, and in the battle is overcome. Under circumstances of

such enormous disparity, a victory is no honour, and a defeat no discredit. Marmion was oppressed by a guilty conscience, like other criminals, fearful of the future, and from the very cowardice of guilt, fought the battle. De Wilton was firm in the justice of his cause; and, added to all his natural strength, was armed with all the belief on the side of his opponent that his power was supernatural. Had he nobly, previous to the battle, avowed himself Marmion's ancient enemy, then indeed there had been a parity of combat. It was, however, the design of Scott not to diminish the character of his favourite; and as Marmion must be subdued, or his poem go to wreck, he resorts to supernatural power, and brings his hero from the field without a diminution of his glory. The parties proceed on their journey to the Scottish court.—Clara, in her passage to a convent, is taken, and by order of the king placed under the guard of Marmion, to be conducted to England. De Wilton makes himself known, and they exchange their mutual vows of fidelity and regard. De Wilton is again knighted by Douglas, at whose castle Marmion and his train are commanded to reside, during their continuance in Scotland, who gains intelligence of the character of his guest. This lover of Clara fights valiantly at the battle of Floddenfield, and in the end marries with the approbation of his monarch. This plot is, as before remarked, defective in every point. Constance, whose sufferings are such powerful appeals to our pity, not only enabled Marmion to execute his base designs on his rival, but even attempted the life of Clara by poison. The poet was perfectly aware of the glaring absurdity of making Constance, whose heart was rivetted to Marmion, accessory to his criminal machinations of forgery; and he endeavours to account for it, by stating that she wished to have power in her hands whenever she felt an appetite for vengeance. Allowing this fiend-like character to be just, why was it so inconsistent with itself? Her attempts to poison Clara, whom she knew entertained against Marmion a rooted antipathy, cannot surely be justified on any principle whatever. Clara viewed Marmion with a continuity of abhorrence—it depended on her to say whether he should supplant De Wilton in her affection or not. Constance must have known this fact, or she never would have assisted Mar-

mion to have committed forgery for the mere purpose of overcoming the repugnance of Clara. After she had done a deed so criminal, even allowing the poet's imputed motives of her actions to be genuine, why did she endeavour to prevent Marmion's marriage with her rival by poison? If vengeance was her object, she had only to wait until the marriage of Marmion and Clara, and then by exposing his criminality have satiated her revenge, not only by the death of Marmion, but likewise by the consequent misery of her rival. To do justice to the poet, we believe he contrived this apology on the spur of the moment, without thinking or caring for the consequences. Had Constance been successful in her designs, and withall married to Marmion, it would have been almost literally an union of the pillory and the gibbet. The plot is defective in another point of view: De Wilton is a knight, and of course we anticipate a vindication of his innocence by the sword.

Marmion should have fallen by the hand of De Wilton; but the injured knight, without any assignable motive, condescends to be the lackey of the man from whom he had suffered such irreparable injury. Another objection is, that the character of Marmion is compounded of irreconcilable qualities. He is a hero whose blood is ever at the command of his country, a miser, a perpetrator of forgery—a cruel seducer, one who afterwards abandons the object of his seduction—one who basely charged a crime of his own perpetration on an innocent man; and whose polluted arm attempted his murder. Notwithstanding the show of heroism is so brilliant and conspicuous, we rise from its contemplation unsatisfied. There is a vacant something in the mind, an indescribable sensation that demands to be filled up—a sensation similar to that which we should feel at beholding the beautiful statue of the Apollo of Belvidere, with the right arm broken from its socket, or withered and shrivelled up like that of the tyrant Richard the Third.

We turn with disgust from the fine symmetry and exquisite proportion when there is a spot so repugnant to the harmony of the rest. There is a struggle between the moral sense and the muse, which not all the charms of poetry can overcome. It is no answer to this objection to say that such characters are found-

ed in nature. Wherever they do exist they are objects of abhorrence, and it is because nature furnishes such examples that such antipathy exists. The laws of God and man are alike pointed against the perpetration of such enormity, and strange indeed must be that perversity of taste that will admire and applaud such an offspring of fancy, which, if existing in real life would undergo the penalty of the gibbet. Because the world is abundant in vice, are we to renounce all connexion with virtue, and does crime acquire legality by precedent? Human characters indebted to fancy only for existence, however brilliant in the main, may and ought to be darkened with some infirmities; this is a tribute due to nature—but this affords no kind of warrant for a poet to construct a character the object alike of infamy and adoration. These are the defects of the poet's plot, the execution presents us with quite another spectacle. He is but slightly conversant with the page of Scott, who is conversant only with his bold and obtrusive beauties. There is a latent charm that requires an attentive perusal to relish. The poet, not satisfied with general impressions, descends to the minute with all the punctilious nicety of narrative. This gives to the story the semblance of truth, and almost coerces belief that the incident related did actually happen. A minute detail of circumstances is usually regarded as a strong test of veracity. Scott is prepared with all this, and thus surrounds his fiction with all the appendages of truth. He relates what we know to be false, that De Wilton, in the character of a spirit, vanquishes Marmion in a midnight engagement. Marmion imparted his intention of fighting only to Fitz Eustace; one of his attendants, who silently saddled his steed and prepared his armour without the knowledge of the rest, and did not communicate even to him the result of the battle. The palmer, with the self same caution, borrows spear and mail from the attendants of Marmion, while asleep, vanquishes his enemy, and returns to the inn without his knowledge. A common poet would now have conceived his task accomplished, but Scott is not satisfied with this narrative. The succeeding canto opens with a bustle amongst Marmion's attendants—one finds his shield and another his spear deposited in a different place from where he left it. One of the

horses, that had been carefully rubbed down over night, is be-daubed with clay, and the horse that Marmion rode, is dying in the stall. A consultation ensues on the question who shall dare to communicate such intelligence to the knight; and all dreaded his indignation when those incidents should be related. Marmion, contrary to all belief, gives but a cold attention to the tale, and bids his attendants prepare for their journey. All these circumstances are most beautifully pointed to the preceding events, and they are such as none but a master hand can employ to advantage. Again, when Marmion dies his attendants behold the first symptoms of his discomfiture appearing:

Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by.

Shortly after a wounded knight is dragged from beneath the feet of the contending horses—the plumage of his helmet soiled by the dust, his hand still *grasping the fragment of his sword*. How much is implied by that simple circumstance! It was not a blade, but the fragment of one, one that had done hard duty—one that still testified vengeance to be his predominant passion in his dying hour. When life is ebbing from his veins, and the half inanimate body is insensible to the remonstrances of the monk, who desires him to think of his eternal welfare, the cry of *victory* arouses expiring nature.

“Thrice o'er his head
He swung the fragment of a blade;
Charge, Chester charge—on Stanley on,
Were the last words of Marmion.”

Marmion, notwithstanding his glaring defects, we believe may be trusted to posterity on the strength of his own merits. There is a redeeming energy of genius in the page as incapable of explanation as of imitation, which, whether it acts in unison with or hostile to all our moral feelings, or our judgment, still preserves its tyrannous ascendancy. The present poem does not merit a character so high. Occasional sparkles and corruscations we observe, but they are only occasional. We

are admonished, by a few blossoms scattered at random, that the soil is prolific and abundant; but when we search for a race of flowers worthy of the soil, we are convinced that the gardener has not profusely planted the seed, and but slightly superintended the culture of those he has planted. Beguiled by an indolence, conferred by reputation, we believe Mr. Scott to have entrusted this volume to the public; he ought to reflect that fame, and more especially literary fame, is no easy chair to the occupant. It affords nothing of what Cowper calls "the soft recumbency of outstretched limbs."

It were to be wished that eminent authors could know when they had written enough, unless they resolve to persevere in their former style of writing. An avaricious rival is ever ready to snatch the laurel from the brow when the head is slumbering that is honoured with it; and difficult indeed is the labour of recovering a prize so splendid, and so much panted after. The tyranny of Buonaparte is not borne with more reluctance, subjected to more envy, or liable to more casualty than literary fame. The latter, moreover, has this peculiar quality attendant, and almost inseparable from it, that we doze in proportion as we enjoy. The laurel is dipped in the waters of Lethe before it is presented for our acceptance; a deceptive security in which Buonaparte refuses to participate. Should this little volume be the prototype of Mr. Scott's future labours, we should not hesitate to say,

"Enough is giv'n to Priam's royal name,
Enough to glory, and to deathless fame!"

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following is an imperfect tribute to the memory of an amiable and regretted friend, whose deprivation of reason, and subsequent death were occasioned by the ungenerous and culpable conduct of others.

WHY beam those eyes with such unusual fire?
 What mean those sudden bursts of trembling ire?
 Why dost thou hold such wild untutor'd speech,
 To absent objects far beyond thy reach?
 MADNESS! alas! hath Reason's empire shook,
 And lends that fearful brilliance to thy look;
 Bids thee hold converse with the motley crew
 Disorder'd Fancy beckons to thy view;
 Tells thy broad sight on vacancy to roll,
 And prompts the wond'rous movements of thy soul.
 Voices, which 'twas a happiness to hear,
 Unheeded find an entrance to thy ear;
 And Friendship's gentle services are lost
 On thy poor heart, by Frenzy's tumult tost.
 Time was thine eye a milder flame reveal'd,
 And their full tide at Pity's call would yield;
 When sweet Affection's smile thy breast could move,
 To cherish there the generous glow of love.
 But like some rude, ungentle hand that sweeps
 The trembling strings, where melting music sleeps,
 Was his, who basely to thy bosom stole,
 And struck the sweetest chord that strung thy soul;
 'Twas that which wrought destruction to thy peace,
 And bade the mental reign of reason cease;
 Turn'd thy fair smiles to glooms that madness wears,
 And blasted all the promise of thy years!

* * * * *

But soft—the sad, the piteous scene is o'er;
 The eye that glar'd so wildly, glares no more;
 Dim is its beam; the lips no more repeat
 The language fram'd in frenzy's fet'rish heat;

The soul exulting at the mandate giv'n,
 Sprung on the glitt'ring wings of Hope to heav'n,
 To worlds ætherial aim'd its eagle flight,
 And woke at once to reason and to fight.

W.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES TO PAINTING.

SWEET Art! whose magic touches warm;
 Can pencil Beauty's softest form;
 Whose hand can clothe in loveliest dye
 Scenes that delight Affection's eye,
 And shed a bright and lasting beam
 O'er Mem'ry's fondest, dearest dream.
 Sweet Art! full oft thy wond'rous pow'r
 Hath breath'd a calm o'er Sorrow's hour;
 Full oft my soul hath joy'd to dwell
 On features lov'd so long, so well;
 On eyes where Beauty's glances dwelt,
 And told the throb the bosom felt;
 On cheeks in roseate tints array'd,
 And lips where cherub smiles have play'd.
 Oh! I have gaz'd, till Fancy thought
 Those eyes the ray of life had caught;
 That Animation's circling flow
 Hath lent those cheeks their healthful glow,
 And oft has Fancy paus'd to hear
 Those lips with accent hail the ear.
 Fair Flora owns thy pow'r to save
 Her gems from dark Oblivion's grave.
 When o'er her soft and varied bloom
 Winter casts his withering gloom,
 Thy gentle hand the loss supplies,
 And rivals all her richest dyes.

Beneath thy mellow hues, the rose
In beauty's gay luxuriance blows,
And ev'n the simplest of the train
Smiles on thine artificial plain.
But ah! when Nature's wilder form
Claims, sweet Art! thy touches warm,
When thy curious eye essays
To glance o'er wide Creation's maze,
And from her mingled store to choose
Fair forms, and clothe them in thy hues,
'Tis then that Admiration loves
To gaze upon thy verdant groves,
And skies that blush with birth of dawn,
And sweet expanse of shaven lawn,
And tow'ring forest, tufted mount,
Unruffled lake, and placid fount,
Stately villa, simple cot,
Woven arbour, cooling grot,
The shepherd, with his fleecy care,
The horse, the hound, the flying hare,
The winding vale of softest green,
The brook that flows its banks between,
The distant turret through the trees,
All, all, beneath thy colouring, please.
Or, if sublimer scenes demand
The skilful magic of thy hand,
Then 'neath thy pencil's faithful dyes
We see the forms of terror rise;
The deep and angry flood that pours
Impetuous through its rocky shores;
The tumbling cataracts that leap
With fury o'er the fearful steep,
Or ocean's billows raging high,
And warring with the lurid sky;
The shatter'd tempest-driven barque
Dash'd on the breakers rude and dark,
The sea-boy clinging to the wreck,
Wash'd by the white surge from the deck,

And casting a despairing eye
Upon a black expanse of sky!
Oft too thy hand depicts to life,
Hosts engag'd in battle's strife:
Warm from thy pallet warriors grow,
And in the eager contest glow. ~*~
Low on the plain the vanquish'd bleed,
While unappal'd the warlike steed
Impatient paws the smoaking heath,
And braves the thund'ring tubes of death.
When to the historic page, sweet art!
Thy toils a double charm impart,
The pleas'd eye roves through distant climes,
And views the scenes of other times.
Sees knights, once chivalry's fair flower,
Long buried Royalty and power;
Chiefs who in Freedom's cause have bled,
And the great list of mighty dead.
Thy tuneful sister, Poesy,
Smiles lovelier when arrayed by thee:
Embodied in thy hues divine
Her airy visions brighter shine.
Who has not gazed, with fond delight,
To see thy blended shade and light
Gilding the poet's splendid dream,
And aiding Fancy's glittering beam?
Oh! when thy strokes, with passion warm,
Have caught Insanity's wild form,
When Lear, with locks of flowing white,
Bursts upon th' admiring sight,
By filial scorn and baseness driven
To brave the tempest-troubled heaven;
Oh! then, so true thy magic tells
The grief with which his bosom swells,
Nature so strong thy tints declare,
That life and speech seem active there.
Blest be thy fertile pow'r, and long
May thy soft hues be leagu'd with Song;

And may thy vivid glow portray
The deeds that swell the poet's lay.
Peace to the generous few, whose taste
Drew from Obscurity's chill waste,
And cherished in my native clime,
Sweet Art! thy colouring sublime.
Oh! may their fostering care protect
Thy labours from unkind neglect:
Oft may the eye delighted dwell
Upon thy pencil's glowing spell;
And may thy toils forever find
The tribute of the cultur'd mind.

W.

OBITUARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It seems to be the office of the obituary and the epitaph to bring forward to notice the life that shrunk from the view, and praise virtue in the only shades where praise could not disturb her. The hero that has been hastened through existence, by a hurricance of "loud huzzas," from his proud monumental inscription, but insults the eye at his grave with the noise that had pained the ear in his life. We are doubly stunned; and the warrior is unblest with the peace of the sepulchre. The marble may perpetuate the memory of his murders; but informs men of nothing they knew not before, and shows only how vain is the effort of vanity to triumph over death. Survivors need not this additional excitement to stimulate strife and drive peace from mankind. The statesman, too, who has spoke only to multitudes, and moved always in public; what need has he of the bust who is yet living in memory; what can the dead letter impart which every eye and ear will not longer retain in vivid capitals. It is the worth that retires; the delicacy that would be disturbed by the sound of its name; the virtue that adorns quiet and loathes fame as noise; the charm that has seclusion for its

only element; it is these that should be sought out, and, as they declined all cotemporaneous notice, have their graves heaped up with honours that are posthumous. The alms that were in secret, may now, without offending, be openly rewarded. Duty to the living demands it. Enough will forever be given to glory. Spare something for happiness! In this all the world are concerned; in the other too many, yet a very insignificant few. A precious example, else left to perish in secret, may thus have its influence widened; and, ere it sink under the sod, diffuse around a delightful fragrance cheering and reviving. It may be seen how "solitude is sometimes best society." Duties may be identified with delights; morals affected by the influence upon manners; and men tempted to the shades of repose by being shown how refreshing is their coolness, how pure and how hallowed their sweetness.

These reflections were excited by musing on the death of Mrs. MARY HOWELL SHAW, of Castine;* a lady, born to *cheer and to decorate whatever sphere she might move in*, has at length suddenly taken her flight, and left only a cheerless void. Infancy looks up for its parent. The place knows her no more. Conjugal affection looks round for its partner. The eye is fixed upon vacancy and "airy nothing." Sisters sob that their hands are sundered. Friendship weeps that its heart is in twain. There belonged to the deceased much to enlighten and more to endear. Of matured mind, and refined feelings, she elevated the genius to improve the heart. Not that her affections were ever submitted to creep in the leading strings of her intellect; she rather encouraged their generous sallies to quicken the pace of her reason. She would laugh at the notion of being taught how to feel; but was conscious of the wisdom that felt how it should think. She hearkened with most reverence to the voice of nature, and cared not to hush it within her. Her understanding it was her delight to cultivate; yet she never bewildered her reason in mazy systems of ethics, but acted from a heart intuitively right. The walks of taste she frequented; plucked

* Wife of Mason Shaw, Esq. of Castine, Maine; and daughter of the Hon. David Howell, of Providence, Rhodeisland. Obit. May last.

flowers on either hand; the lilies of M'Kenzie or the daisies of Wordsworth. Her eye dilated with delight in gazing at the wild grandeur of Southey, or rested in admiration on the velvet lawn and cultured mountains of Gibbon. Fancy for her was never tired to be upon the wing. Imagination toiled with alacrity to lay his treasures at her feet. The heart frolicked in the hey-day of nature; yet its earliest pulsations seemed to have been under the immediate influence of the hand of the author of nature. Her piety was as ardent as were her principles pure. It was evinced, not in solitude by ascetic acts of devotion. She felt that society was the fit temple of worship for Him, who had formed her social, and there were her duties to his service most sacredly devoted. "INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT TO THE MEAST OF THESE," constituted the ground of her faith and the charm of her practice. Peculiarly was she formed for society. Her disposition was the most sweet; her manner the most ardent; her beneficence the most efficient and prompt. The orphan institution, in her native town, for the education of young females, witnessed her fostering care; the energy of her directing hand. To be useful, she made herself agreeable; and, without alarming pride, has often improved when aiming only to please. Cheerfulness flushed in her countenance; hilarity beamed in her eye. Her home was hospitality's haunt. Welcome stood portress at the door, hearty, but not boisterous from want of all ceremony, nor frigid from the excess of it. Conversation charmed you within, not sordidly selfish in the parade of displaying her hoards, but indulging only a glimpse at her stores, and leaving you regret at the pleasure that was past in the glance, and the delicacy which would not permit that the eye should dwell. With letters at command, she never let pedantry impair in the least colloquial elegance. Reading was with her a recreation to invigorate invention, and increase general intelligence; not a lesson in the closet for recital in company. Her conduct was proof, that the arts were ingenuous. Her correctness gave character to trifles. The dignity that conciliates love, adorned her steps. The lead in society was yielded to one whom all were willing to follow; her "high faculties were borne so meekly." The metropolis of a sister state, happy in being the scene of most of her days,

was proud to acknowledge Miss Howell the centre of attraction to visiting strangers, the theme of benediction with every eye that saw, and ear that heard her. Here existence seemed to her enchantment. She yet broke the spell the instant her heart prompted that the path of duty led from home; and followed her husband to where settlement was young; where health was less willing to stay; sickness had little alleviation from art, and hope could not cheat into the illusion that death was at all to be deferred by skill. Lady, thy presence gilded its dreariness; thy radiance lightened its gloom! thou hast disappeared. Again it has sunk into shade; yet less deep than at first from the lambent reflection of thy gentle example. The lineaments of thy countenance in the features of infancy point us to thy spirit in its parent's bosom; whence may it deign to cast a look at the clod it has left, and smile at the flowers that droop and hang their heads over relics from which too soon it has parted forever!

Boston, September 14, 1811.

DIED, on Tuesday night, 10th ult. in the 55th year of his age, after a lingering illness, Mr. WILLIAM POYNTELL, of this city.

It is not the intention of the writer of this brief article, to pronounce an eulogium on the numerous virtues or distinguished usefulness of the deceased. The recollection of his worth as a husband, a father, a friend, and a citizen is too recent, and the sorrow of his relatives too poignant to require newspaper panegyric. Of him, however, it may be truly said, he was at once a blessing and an ornament to the society in which he lived—with a mind uncommonly active and intelligent, always under the guidance of the soundest morality, he discharged, with integrity and honour, the various duties of social life. His public services were of the really useful and philanthropic description, totally abstracted from all interested or ambitious views. As director of several important public institutions, for a series of years, the accuracy of his views, the clearness of his judgment, and the ardor of his industry, were most conspicuously displayed

in promoting their solid and permanent interests: and it may be safely affirmed, that the present flourishing condition of some of these institutions, is, in no small degree, to be attributed to the influence of his suggestion and advice.

But amiable as he was in private life, or useful in public, there was one trait in his character and conduct, which, while it surpassed, also illuminated all his other virtues. Mr. Poyntell was a sincere CHRISTIAN—"the highest style of man." His was a religion both vital and practical; not ostentatious or austere. He practised as well as professed all the christian duties; and by his example, in the bosom of his family, amid the circle of his friends, and throughout all his public avocations, he forcibly impressed a veneration for the name and attributes of the most HIGH. It was these principles, early imbibed and scrupulously cultivated, that in the trying and awful moments of mortal dissolution, imparted calmness and equanimity to his mind. It was such a faith, and such conduct, that robbed death of his sting, and the grave of her victory.

Few men have lived so long with more usefulness, and with less reproach; and few, very few indeed, have had their transition from this fleeting world hallowed with deeper or more general regrets; or had those regrets assuaged by a firmer assurance of his being translated "to a world not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."



MONUMENT on BEACON HILL BOSTON.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI

NOVEMBER, 1811.

No. 5.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MONUMENT ON BEACON HILL, BOSTON.

THE eminence now called *Beacon Hill*, is the most elevated point of a range of hilly ground, which runs from east to west in the south westerly part of the peninsula of Boston; it is of a regular conical form, and is elevated about one hundred feet above the level of the sea; the state house stands on its southern declivity, and faces the common, an undulating plain of fifty acres, surrounded on three sides with elegant buildings, and public walks. The remainder of the range of hills to the west, which was naturally broken and irregular, has been regulated by art, and its declivities are the scene of the latest ornamental improvements of the town, and bear the name of Mount Vernon.

Beacon Hill was selected by the first settlers of Boston as a commanding station for military observation. We find by the public records that a street was laid out in 1640, eight years after the first establishment of the town, to lead up to *Century Hill*, and there was then reserved for public use, a space of six rods square on its summit; the contiguous lands were granted as pasture grounds to the influential men of that day.

The name of Century Hill was retained till after 1670, between that time and 1681, it was changed to *Beacon Hill*, when a mast was raised on its highest point, well braced at the foot, and bearing on its top an iron frame, to receive a barrel of combustibles, to be fired to alarm the country in case of invasion. This beacon was repaired as occasion required until 1775, when it was taken down by the British troops, and the hill was again made a military station. A small square fort was built there, with one or two heavy cannon. Upon the evacuation of the town in 1776, the breastworks on the hill were levelled, and a new beacon raised, which was blown down by a storm in 1790.

The establishment of the general government having diffused confidence into the minds of the citizens, and all fears of invasion being happily removed, a Dorick Column, sixty feet high, was erected, as exhibited in the plate; it was built of brick, covered with stucco, with foundation and mouldings of stone. The die of the pedestal contained four large pannels with inscriptions. The design of the column and the inscriptions were by Charles Bulfinch, Esq.

This hill has ever been a favourite place of resort for the inhabitants of Boston, and one of the most attractive spots for the visits of strangers: the views are considered equal to those most celebrated in the European world. But the erection of the state house, on the south side, and several dwelling houses, on the east, having circumscribed the prospect; and private claimants, having by course of law, recovered possession of all but the original scite of six rods square, the column has been taken down, and the hill is rapidly digging away to the level of the foundation of the state house; the same beautiful views are still to be seen from this edifice, but the curious stranger is obliged to ascend to the cupola above the dome, to enjoy the whole circuit of the horizon.

The following are the inscriptions from the pedestal of the column.

South side.

TO COMMEMORATE
THAT TRAIN OF EVENTS
WHICH LED
TO THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,
AND FINALLY SECURED
LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE
TO THE UNITED STATES,
THIS COLUMN IS ERECTED
BY THE VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION
OF THE CITIZENS
OF BOSTON.
MDCCXC.

On the west side.

Stamp Act, passed 1765, repealed 1766:
Board of Customs established 1767:
British troops fired on the Inhabitants of Boston,
March 5, 1770:
Tea Act passed 1773:
Tea destroyed in Boston, Decemr. 16:
Port of Boston shut and guarded, June 1, 1774:
General Congress at Philadelphia, Sept. 4:
Provincial Congress at Concord, Octr. 10:
Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775:
Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17:
Washington took command of the army, July 2:
Boston evacuated March 17, 1776:
Independence declared by Congress, July 4, 1776;
Hancock, President.

On the north side.

Capture of Hessians at Trenton, Decr. 26, 1776:
Capture of Hessians at Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777:-
Capture of British army at Saratoga, Oct. 17:
Alliance with France, Feb. 6, 1778:
Confederation of United States formed July 9:
Constitution of Massachusetts formed 1780:

Bowdoin, President of Convention:

Capture of British army at York, Octr. 19, 1781:

Preliminaries of Peace, Nov. 30, 1782:

Definitive Treaty of Peace, Sept. 10, 1783:

Federal Constitution formed Sept. 17, 1787,
and ratified by the United States, 1787 to 1790:

New Congress assembled at New York, April 6, 1789:

Washington inaugurated President, April 30:

Public Debts funded, Aug. 4, 1790.

On the east side.

AMERICANS,

WHILE FROM THIS EMINENCE
SCENES OF LUXURIANT FERTILITY,
OF FLOURISHING COMMERCE,
AND THE ABODES OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS
MEET YOUR VIEW,
FORGET NOT THOSE
WHO, BY THEIR EXERTIONS,
HAVE SECURED TO YOU
THESE BLESSINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CRITICAL COMMENTS ON STERNE, SMOLLETT, AND FIELDING.

DR. JOHNSON in his Life of Thomson observes, that a lady of his acquaintance having perused the Seasons of the bard, remarked that she could gather some of his partial traits; such, for instance, as that he was a great swimmer and a great lover; because he describes those characters so well. These two facts the learned critic denies, and concludes, that an author's page furnishes no faithful exhibition of his life. We may be allowed to observe, that the ground occupied by the critic is much too narrow and defined, to warrant an inference so large. When

we come to consider these two facts, adduced by Dr. Johnson as evidence of the principle he contends for, we shall find, that they amount to no evidence whatever. The lady must have judged of Thomson's powers as a poet on a very narrow scale indeed, if she did not think him competent to describe both pleasures and pains that he never actually enjoyed or endured.

He had seen boys in the water undoubtedly, and had noted the sympathetic influence of that element on their minds as well as on their bodies. Now before he could enter into and vividly describe the feelings of the boy, was it necessary that he should learn first to keep his body buoyant upon the water? So of the other instance. He had seen people affected by the passion of love, and had marked the various stages of its progress towards enjoyment or disappointment. Here are two trains of sensations directly opposed to each other; and are we gravely to be told, that the bard must have experienced both, before he was competent to describe the one or the other?

The evidence on which the lady referred to by the learned critic founded her judgment, would go this extent: that poets must actually enjoy, or actually suffer, all the different degrees of pleasure or pain they describe with such precision and emphasis. The absurdity of this standard of decision will be still more apparent, if we consider those authors of the dramatic class who deal in characters and nothing else. Shakspeare murdered nothing but a deer, but with what horrible energy does he personate the feelings of a murderer in the character of Macbeth! It would be a strange position, indeed, to contend that a man must actually commit a felonious crime, before he can portray with accuracy the feelings incident to a felon!

As this evidence was insufficient to justify the opinion which the lady had formed, so neither is it competent to justify the learned critic in his. He concludes from such partial instances as the present, that because Thomson was neither a swimmer nor a lover, that an author's page furnishes no evidence of his life. This, as before remarked, is a ground too narrow and restricted; as unquestionably we ought to take the author's *whole work into consideration*, before we are competent to form any opinion whatever on this point. Taking the question in this point

of view, who can deny that Thomson was not delighted with the appearance of nature, in all her various forms, whether he relished the soft delicacies of the vernal season, the grandeur of summer, the sobriety of autumn, or the desolation of winter? Who can deny that his heart glowed with benevolence towards his fellow-creatures, and with piety towards his God? Will any one, after the perusal of his page, venture to assert, that his soul was not formed for friendship, and that his bosom was not the abode of social feelings? All these we have the authority of Dr. Johnson himself for believing that Thomson possessed; and without the assistance of his biography, we should learn this from the pages of Thomson. The reason why we generally assume the fact for granted, that an author's character may be discovered from his page is perfectly obvious and plain; because in the solitude and silence so congenial to composition, the heart is generally at ease, and our thoughts and feelings flow in the channel of nature, without restraint.

It would be a singular coincidence of circumstances, if at such seasons no particle of the author's private character, and no peculiarity of his thinking slipped from his pen.

That this rule is infallible, we are not so stupid as to contend: it is often the design of writers to impose on the public; but there is a wide distinction between the universality of a rule and its non-existence. The lady who so promptly mistook the character of Thomson from his page, overlooked one of the most obvious properties of poets: the sensibility of a poet follows his fancy and associates kindred sensations to the place they inhabit. This versatile sensibility is the peculiar property of the poet, and so eminently distinguishes his pages from those of all other writers. Hence he is enabled to describe the despondency of a dungeon, or the grandeur of a throne, without feeling the weight of the chains, or wielding the sceptre in his hands. Otherwise, it is obvious, he would be incapable of drawing such characters at all. This sensibility, and this fancy, so artificially excited, have often been compared with, or rather identified with real life; but in truth they are widely different. These artificial pleasures and pains of a poet do not partake of the intensity they do in real life; otherwise he could not describe them so

well. He feels just enough of the joy or sorrow to ascertain its species with accuracy; and these light touches of both give that expressive character to his pen. He must feel in a degree not sufficient to suspend, but merely to excite his powers of description. This sensibility allows him leisure to scrutinize, to examine, and to delineate the passion that possesses him.

It would be as rational to conclude that Thomson had been frozen in a snow-bank, because his description is so vivid on that point, as it would be to conjecture that he was either a swimmer or a lover, because he was capable of delineating the feelings of either. The truth is, that Thomson had been frozen in a snow-drift, he had been the slave of Cupid, and he had sported with the naiads; but his fancy had quietly done all this business to his hands, while he was at his desk; and with no other society than his inkhorn.

Those who have ridiculed poetic phraseology, because it abounds in such expressions as this—sweet distress, and pleasing pain—do it from ignorance only, and the expressions are strictly and philosophically just. The pain we feel in the perusal of a melancholy tale, or in attending the performance of a tragedy, is produced by a gentle excitation of the nerves, and is beyond all question agreeable. One of the chief pleasures of painting is this, to catch the interesting scene which the painter's pencil exhibits, to endeavour to frame a conversation correspondent to the attitudes presented by the figures, and thus to give utterance to the lips of light and shadow.

Without maintaining, as before remarked, the universality of the rule, that the page of an author is an evidence of his life and character, we propose to produce some instances where they both shine with correspondent lights. Lawrence Sterne has been unmercifully handled by those who never comprehended his character. His page is replete with the most delicate and tender sentiments, or with obscenity the most odious. At one time it glows with piety; at another it shocks us with its blasphemy; and it is worthy of remark, that whatever character he assumes, his delicacy and obscenity, his piety and his blasphemy, are fascinating still. His impiety, his obscenity are not the impiety and obscenity of a hand inured to the business; they ap-

pear not like studied opinions, but involuntary effusions: they are something which we are prepared to expect a moment's meditation will amend.

This anticipating benevolence of the reader results from a slight acquaintance with his page. He has taught us in his first chapter what we are to expect, and that is—disappointment. Conscious as he is that any subject is interesting when handled by him, he delights to present us with the meanest as the most decisive proof of his genius. He follows the irregular impulses of his own sensations, always disappointing and always delighting his reader. We find jocularities in the pulpit and piety in the kitchen. Such contrarieties have given to Sterne the character of a hypocrite, than which nothing can be more unequivocally unjust.

We hope our readers will not believe that we mean to vindicate the exceptionable passages of Sterne, when we pronounce them fascinating. Vice is often fascinating, and on that account the more to be shunned and avoided. But Sterne was no hypocrite. He did express what he felt. It is the frankness and honesty of his character merely, that have given that odious appellation to his name. He was jocose when the occasion demanded gravity, and grave in the season of merriment and whim. Now, that he should give a-loose to his pen, and delineate a train of sensations so entirely opposite and contradictory, may levy a severe tax on his discretion; but it is evidence the most conclusive, that hypocrisy formed no part of his character.

When we consider his life, we shall find it tinged with all these eccentric varieties. He loved the society of his friends, the social glass, and the hospitable table, and would often dash gayety with unseasonable gloom, or enliven gloom with as unseasonable mirth. He always disregarded those forms and ceremonies, consecrated by custom, and followed the impulses of his nature. The very man who could mourn over the body of a dead ass, could abandon the wife of his bosom, and fall desperately in love with another man's.

The reader may perhaps wonder from what deep and recon-dite motive such anomalies of action can arise. He need not go far—he need not search farther than his own heart to find all,

those incongruities of character so apparent in the page and in the life of Lawrence Sterne. Startling as this consideration may appear, it is nevertheless literally true. Let him, for instance, disregard all forms and ceremonies, and note down and present to the world his thoughts, as they spontaneously arise, and his page will teem with all the conflicting sensations of this writer's. How often during divine service would his pen reproach him with unseasonable mirth! How often in a ball-room would he be compelled to acknowledge, that the smiles of pleasure on his face played the hypocrite with his heart! How often would he confess that his bosom had been the repository of passions as criminal as Sterne's!

It is this habit to which we have ever been disciplined, of concealing our thoughts from the knowledge of other men, that gives to the page of Sterne that singularity of appearance. Unquestionably it is the duty of every one to restrain his desires, and to put a curb upon his thoughts, and here rests the criminality of Lawrence Sterne. He gave discretion to the winds, he followed the blind and irregular impulses of his passions. While, however, we reprobate a habit so pernicious, let us call things by their proper names, and not charge as hypocrisy that trait in his character founded on qualities directly and irreconcilably hostile to an hypocrite. Thus, in opposition to Dr. Johnson's assertion, the page of Lawrence Sterne constitutes his biography.

Some remarks on the style of this writer, though not closely connected with the subject, may not be deemed inadmissible. His wild abruptness, and uniform inconsistency have, we trust, been already accounted for. His wit is altogether of the sportive and harmless kind; it tickles, but never wounds. Probably, there is not to be found in the whole compass of English literature, an example of wit so uniformly sportive, and so perfectly free from the least particle of offence. In addition to this he has a vein of humour, which cannot be denominated wit, although its effects are the same, resulting from an opposition of character, that is constantly preserved. Toby Shandy, and Walter never can be brought to see the same subject in the same point of view; the ludicrous mistakes, and unexpected turns given to the debate, arising from such contrariety of intellects, are productive

of many fraternal squabbles, to the inexpressible diversion of the reader. They seem to have entered into a recognizance to misunderstand every syllable they respectively utter.

What further conduces to our entertainment is this: Walter Shandy is a deep and philosophical theorist, and Toby Shandy a man of plain matter of fact common sense. Thus, while Walter is exhausting his intellect in his wild speculations, a simple question or a dry remark from his brother, suddenly stops all further progress, and brings us down to the plain familiar level of common sense. There is much delicate and concealed satire in these parts of the work; they are a sort of practical illustration how false and frivolous such learned speculations are.

Another trait of Sterne is the vivid and distinct descriptions he gives us, not only of the peculiar turns of thinking, but also of the speaker's person, and his peculiar attitudes in speaking. With the exception of the inimitable Cervantes, it will be difficult to find another writer, who, in this branch of composition, exceeds Lawrence Sterne. This always gives to the reader a complete and definite conception of his subject, and answers in a great measure the purpose of painting to his eye. The words are likewise so accurately adjusted to the character speaking, that they cannot, in any one instance, be confounded with any other.

Some critics have thought that Sterne possessed every requisite to have formed a perfect novel; because his conception and delineation of character were so just. They censure his excessive and disconnected mode of writing, and wonder that he did not employ his talents more systematically. We have often had occasion to protest against this mode of determining a literary point; namely, that because a man has done what he did attempt well, he could do something which he never did attempt *much better*. By what process is this fact so soberly ascertained, that Sterne, if he had written more systematically, would not have lost that spritely naïveté that now exhilarates and warms us in every page? Those random and wild effusions so utterly repugnant to every thing like system, would undoubtedly have been lost; and with deference to such critics, they are parts of Sterne that cannot so conveniently be spared. To prescribe system to

Sterne really seems to us like teaching a humming-bird to fly according to mathematics; it is his delightful wildness that enables him to rifle every flower of its sweets, and to give his quivering and delicate rainbows to the sun.

Another trait in the composition of our author is, his artless, unstudied, yet sweet and captivating pathos. He finds passion in the most ordinary occurrences, and the reader is led to wonder how incidents so apparently trivial, derive such interest from the pen of Lawrence Sterne. What renders this the more surprising is, that Sterne, when the reader examines his own heart, has told him nothing new. He recollects, or rather believes that he recollects, having experienced the same sensations on similar occasions, and he cannot conceive how Sterne could have given him so faithful a picture of his own mind. This is indeed to hold, as Shakspeare would say, the mirror up to nature, and is the very perfection of writing; namely, to present us with a sentiment or a passion so exactly resembling our own, that we are ourselves deceived so fully, that we believe Sterne has committed plagiarism on us. This we believe to be the only plagiarism of which Sterne has really been guilty, notwithstanding what has been so confidently advanced in opposition, we could heartily wish that his miserable imitators had committed the same kind of plagiarism with their model.

Sterne is not a profound writer: he skims the surface of things, and aims more at interesting the heart than the judgment. He is peculiarly our favourite at those moments when we require something to excite, without laboriously engrossing the attention when excited.

In taking our leave of this original and agreeable writer, we have to lament that he should, in any one instance, have trespassed on decency, or holy things. The world is large enough for the most eccentric range, without demanding from the cheek of delicacy a blush, or from the orbs of piety a tear. Aggravated indeed is his offence when we consider the nature of his office, and the high responsibility he was under to heaven and earth to inculcate by his precepts, and by his example to enforce piety and virtue. One instance of this kind is more alarming to Christianity than a whole host of infidels. Whatever license the minister

of heaven allows himself, his audience assume; so far as his example contradicts his professions, they will measure him as they ought to do, by his former standard, and call his sincerity in question. All this is recorded against Sterne, and it must indeed, to use his own beautiful language, require "the angel of mercy to drop a tear on the page to blot it out forever."

We will next solicit the attention of the reader to the example of Dr. Smollett, as a proof, in opposition to the assertion of Dr. Johnson, that an author's character may not be known from his page. In doing this, we shall also avail ourselves of the license we have before taken, and mingle some strictures on the style of his writings. Having in the outset of his literary career given Don Quixotte an English dress, he caught the humour of Cervantes. This trait is discernible in all his subsequent productions. Peregrine Pickle is attended by Pipes; Roderic Random by Strap; Matthew Bramble by Humphrey Clinker; Sir Launcelot Greaves by Cranshaw; and they are all but modernized copies of the knight of La Mancha and his squire Sancho Panza.

The first peculiarity we discover in the page of this author is his appetite for mischief. All his favourite characters are perpetually disturbing the king's peace; constantly exciting uproar, and as constantly eluding the researches of justice. He contrives stratagems and expedients for this purpose, always ingenious, but sometimes not very honourable to the favourite character he portrays. We may add to this another trait, if it does not more properly make a part of the foregoing, that the Dr.'s favourite characters are all fighting men, and at all times ready for a duel, or a riot. His page is further distinguished by an abhorrence of the faculty to which he belonged; nor does his imagination run to more excess, than when he describes the scurvy arts and mean devices which some of his profession employ to obtain popularity and fortune. This is not restricted satire, levelled at an occasional offence; but it constitutes the burden of his page.

His favourite heroes have on all occasions a loftiness of port, a high sense of honour, and demand a vindictive atonement for personal insult. Amidst all their mischievous qualities a greatness of soul is conspicuous, and when they assume their proper

port they command involuntarily our respect. Nor are physicians exclusively annoyed by his satirical shafts. Lawyers and military officers are lashed likewise with unmerciful severity. There is in all this not the careless composure of an author who looks at a work of his own creation, and smiles to see how precise and exact his character is drawn: there is not the gay good nature of the wild and eccentric Sterne, who forgets his hero in the laugh he excites, and flies to something else for entertainment. No: there is something more hearty in the sarcasm of Smollett; something more of spleen and vengeance; for, while his victim is writhing under his wound, he regrets only that the wound was not deeper, and the pain more acute.

For the nautical character, if we view his composition in mass, we shall find that he entertains respect. Particular instances of meanness and tyranny in this department he notices; but they are particular instances only. However, when we set in opposition to this his examples of consummate fidelity and invincible attachment, in every trying vicissitude of fortune, all borrowed from nautical life, we may venture the conclusion we have drawn.

His favourite characters abstain from mean actions from a principle of pride; the obligations of religion are no where enforced. Although Smollett, with more prudence than is usual with him, was reserved and guarded on this subject, infidelity occasionally steals from his pen, and betrays him in spite of himself. Without entering more minutely into the consideration of the features his favourite characters present, we are warranted in making the conclusion, that the Dr. indulged ideas of this kind: that the wild and irregular excesses of his youth are of little moment, and are very venial, if accompanied by no evidence of actions intrinsically mean—that we must at all times cherish a principle of self-respect as our surest guarantee of enforcing the respect of other men—that prudence, foresight, and discretion are virtues in themselves, but of small amount; that they are more than recompensed, if actions noble and heroic are our objects of pursuit; that they are amongst youth generally, the characteristics of a mean insipidity of spirit.

Now, we find the real character of this writer to have been a curious and whimsical compound of spleen and independence. This was a never-failing source of broil and altercation, as he was prompted on to revenge, what he conceived an insult, by a constitution peculiarly susceptible of affront. In all his affrays he was more anxious to humble his opponent than to do him a solid injury. That sacrifice appeased his jealousy, and his resentment subsided.

Early in life he was noted for the mischievous qualities of his mind, but his youthful frolics proceeded more from an appetite for mischief, than from a wish to do an injury to the individual on whom they were practised. He applied himself to the study of medicine, but his subsequent failure in procuring business gave him an insurmountable disgust to that profession.

When he travelled through France, for his health, he arrived at a village in the night time, and hearing that there was a doctor of some celebrity residing in it, he had the ingenuity to create a violent altercation with him before morning. He sent him a statement of the disorder with which he was afflicted, in Latin, and requested his professional advice upon the subject. The doctor, not dreaming that a controversy was in embryo, was probably, in his answer, not so cautious in the orthography of his Latin as he might have been. This was an opportunity which the irritable Smollett would not fail of improving. He sent the doctor a guinea, and a written message, importing, that he who was incapable of writing correct Latin, deserved to have very little attention paid to his professional advice. Probably this quarrel, of itself, would recruit more the health and spirits of the patient, than any medical assistance he could obtain.

His aversion to lawyers was occasioned by his once having been a victim of the law. He was confined once for a libel, and the whole profession suffered for that injury afterwards. His respect for the nautical character proceeded from his having once served as a surgeon on board one of his majesty's ships of war. His juvenile years were marked with some indiscretions; but in no instance has there been discovered an example of that meanness he so forcibly reprobates in his novels.

His infidelity also was apparent, and the haughty principle of self-respect he deemed a sufficient guard against any thing base, dishonourable, or unjust. He was prone on all occasions to resent a personal indignity on the spot where it was offered. In a private letter which he wrote while on his travels, there is this expression found, which is extremely characteristic, "After I had dined, and caned the servant, I proceeded on to the next stage."

Thus far do the life and writings of this eminent author coalesce. It now remains to take some notice of his style. The most obtrusive trait will be found to be his singular anxiety to run the character of the object of his satire down to the lowest point of degradation before he quits the vindictive pursuit. While a solitary shadow of respect lingers on the mind, Smollett considers his task unfinished, and renews his attack with renovated vengeance. He scorns to hold up a character for our diversion merely; if it is not perfectly despicable, it will not answer the expectations of Smollett. This fear of not doing enough, prompts him onwards to do too much, and his characters are, of course, overloaded. They partake of the nature of caricatures, and are more laughed at for their distortions, than admired for just and correct delineations of manners.

Smollett here followed the footsteps of his master Cervantes too tamely. Such excessive colouring is allowed to the don, for his insanity afforded a wider space to expatiate; whereas Smollett's heroes have all the extravaganza of the knight of La Mancha, without his insanity. Dr. Akenside, for instance, in an evil hour reproached Scotland for her penury of genius, which Dr. Smollett, a true son of Caledonia, deemed himself in honour bound to resent. He has therefore drawn the character of his opponent in such exaggerated colours, in the person of the learned physician, that if such a person should exist and set out upon his travels, Bedlam would be the starting-point of his departure.

Another singular trait in his style is the happy facility he possessed of burlesquing a man in the terms of his art. A memorable instance of this kind may be found in Peregrine Pickle. There was a controversy between a mechanic and a naturalist.

"The artist then proceeded to a practical illustration of the power of mechanism: he tilted his arm forward, like a lever, embraced the naturalist's nose, like a wedge, and turned it round with the momentum of a screw." In this manner does Smollett render the terms of a man's art or profession subservient to his own disgrace. An attorney is felled by an unconscionable blow from commodore Trunnion, and loses his senses. As soon as he recovers them the first idea that seizes his brain is an action of assault and battery. The next paragraph is a still further illustration of this: the commodore seizing a roasted turkey would have applied it, sauce and all, by way of poultice to the wound. A violent blow is thus described: "Pipes bestowed such a stomacher on the officious intermeddler as made him discharge the interjection Ah! with demonstrations of great violence and agony." The pleasure we derive from such reading results from the novelty of such combinations. Where we can trace no analogy ourselves, nothing diverts us more than to discover one traced by another; provided, as in the instances we have cited, there is no appearance of force in the application. Another feature in Smollett is the ludicrous and cynical asperity of his page. When he falls into one of his pouting fits he is pleased with nothing about him. He quarrels with every thing within his reach, and takes a wonderful satisfaction in diffusing his own discontent. A smiling good-humour would be high treason against the majesty of his spleen, and be banished indignantly from his presence. Directly the opposite of Sterne, whose writings are recommended for the cure of the spleen, Smollett would serve to prolong its influence by convincing us that all our morbid and melancholy ideas of men and manners were well founded.

While our eyes course along his pages in this manner, his spleen itself seems to wear away by such indulgence. We are transported at last into the assemblage of great and noble qualities. The clouds of discontent that loomed so long and so heavily on our minds, are dissipated by the beams of orient joy, until the whole intellectual horizon becomes lucid, cheerful, and serene. We venture, therefore, a conjecture, that the splenetic mind of Dr. Smollett found relief by indulgence.

Tenderness does not seem to be his forte or what he delighted in; but to make amends, he occasionally surprises his reader by bursts of sensibility so artless and affecting that they find a response in every heart.

We are sorry that the only resemblance between this writer and Sterne consists in the obscenity and the impiety of their pages. Writers of such genius, when they once give a-loose to such effusions, produce incalculable mischief. They are none of that vulgar class, whose genius is incapable of conferring dignity on the subjects they handle; whose very recommendations only serve to add new disgusts, and are, if possible, more loathing than the vice. These writings are, (beyond the intention of their authors,) *benefits*, real, substantial *benefits*. They shew us what sottish conceptions an indulgence in such vices as they recommend will engender. Sterne and Smollett seem by their writings to palliate, apologise for, and almost to consecrate, by their genius, the vices which their pages record. To place them in the neighbourhood of great and glorious qualities, such as irresistibly command our admiration and love, is the artifice which such writers adopt. The lustre obscures from the view the intervening cloud; but feeble indeed is the apology that nature does in some of her freaks present the same appearances. Those writers knew full well that such spectacles are rare, and, therefore, on their own ground, they should find no place in their novels. We should feel more charity if these defects were marked with more pointed reprobation; but, as it happens, those very vices seem introduced more to be imitated and admired than abhorred.

The next and last writer whom we shall produce, as an evidence that Dr. Johnson's assertion is incorrect that an author's page does not comport with his life, is Henry Fielding. There is nothing in the works of this writer which he deemed worthy of his pen but the history of Tom Jones. This was the darling of his closet, and served to occupy his tedious hours when tormented by the gout. On this he rested all his hopes of future celebrity. Indeed his other works may be considered rather as the offscourings than as a fair sample of his talents. They were struck out at a heat, written on the spur of the moment, with but very little revision or correction, and hurried to the booksel-

lers with all their imperfections, to furnish supplies for the emergency of the season.

The character on which Fielding delights to dwell is Tom Jones. Alworthy is faultless, we acknowledge; but he has past that period of life when temptation is the strongest. Master of his own time, retired to his own country-seat, and unconnected with the world, he diffuses abroad his charity and benevolence. Jones, on the other hand, is a generous youth full in the hey-day of his blood, and has yet to tug with, and to subdue, or to overcome temptation.

We shall select, for the reasons above-stated, this novel for our comments; for it is a fair epitome of all the brilliance of Fielding's genius: all his separate excellencies are condensed and consolidated here.

Here again we discover a glimpse of Cervantes. Tom and Partridge are unquestionably the knight of La Mancha and Sancho, softened down to the taste of modern times. Here we discover a generous youth, full of high and towering hopes and fervid expectations, about to make his entry in the world. We discover nothing of the stratagems Smollett employs to circumvent; nothing of the wild, irregular impulses of Sterne. Artlessness and freedom from all suspicion appear conspicuous; a temper composed of the very stuff that hypocrisy and knavery would delight to practise upon. There is a frequent indulgence in lascivious vices, which, however they may be reprobated in the end, and repented of when the character is to be made as faultless as possible, are so far from being mentioned with disgust, they seem told with pleasure at the time they are first related. The strongest aversion and contempt is shown to hypocrisy, knavery, and a cautious and designing prudence.

When we come to compare the disdain expressed for vices of this class, with the artful, insidious, and venial relation of other vices, it is not difficult to discover on which side the author's mind preponderated. He is much more familiar with a tavern than a church, and when there, he is perfectly at home. His appetite is so prone to indulge in obscene or indecorous allusions that he with difficulty restrains himself on any occasion.

The chaste ears of the beautiful and delicate Sophia are often disturbed by accents so uncongenial.

Fielding's governing principle is, nevertheless, wit, and however unseasonable the occasion may be, the time and occasion are sacrificed to its exercise. He draws a great variety of characters, such as lead us to conjecture that the author had seen much company, and was an accurate observer of men and manners. His hero takes no thought of the morrow, and even lives for a time in a very discreditable manner, rather than apply himself to some honest and profitable avocation. At the same time he is always ready to the height of his means to relieve distress and to lend, in any honourable way, his succour to the afflicted. However the author himself may attempt to disguise the fact, there does appear an hostility to the clergy. Parson Thwackum may be a hypocrite if he will, but is it likewise necessary that Supple should be little better than a fool, and Abram Adams, with all his learning, piety, and benevolence, all but contemptible? We might further add parson Trulliber to the group, if further evidence were wanting. Strong passions are portrayed, and when they are, they are done by the pencil of a master. There is an occasional delicacy, worthy of all praise, manifested, and perhaps in the society of the most indecent remarks.

Now the biography of Fielding informs that such were the traits that his character presented. He was a man of warm and convivial passions; the ornament and delight of the hospitable board. He did fall a sacrifice to temptations, but none which the world are prone to consider as opprobrious and mean. Thoughtless, improvident, and disposed to make the present moment sparkle as it flies, he did sometimes subsist on the money derived from the mortgage of his reputation; in plainer words, he gave his name to works licentious and immoral, and they still live to libel his reputation in the grave.

He was a frequenter of taverns, and a nice observer of men and manners. He was ever ready to relieve the wretched, and in one instance borrowed money of a bookseller, so to be appropriated, and promised to write something, by the sale of which that sum should be refunded. Open, candid, sincere, unaffected,

and hospitable, he was prone to the indulgence of those vices only, which a free and intemperate exercise of those generous qualities will too frequently produce. Hence his marked reprobation of meanness and hypocrisy, and hence his venial notice of debauchery and the bottle.

Whatever he heartily hated is marked in terms of such decided reprobation as to leave no doubt of his detestation. We will not pretend to say, that his principles were strictly those of decided infidelity. The probability is, that he never bestowed much serious thought upon the subject; and, looking round for something to laugh at, conceiving that some of the clergy were more rigid than pious, he harboured a disgust against the profession in general, and made them the targets of his wit. Such was the character of Fielding; such his virtues, and such his defects.

In attempting to analyze the style of this writer, we are, in the first place forcibly caught by the striking peculiarity of his wit. It has nothing of the spritely and whimsical levity of Sterne, nor of the sarcastic spleen and persevering vengeance of Smollett. It partakes more of formal gravity and burlesque; it comes nearer than either to the sly and artful Swift. He, in the first place, fortifies his countenance against a laugh; he leaves the reader to imagine that something wonderfully serious and solid is on the point of being uttered, when the whole emphasis and force of the author's wit breaks upon and surprises him unprepared. The humourist all this time never forsakes his gravity, for an instant; he keeps sullenly along, as if perfectly unconscious and innocent of the vociferous uproar he has excited.

He particularly excels in what may be denominated surprising his reader. Every succeeding chapter teems with new matter, and the incidents when developed, appear, notwithstanding our surprises, to have been the only ones proper for the occasion. This produces a two-fold satisfaction, surprise at the discovery, and a subsequent surprise that we had not discovered before hand a thing that when discovered is so fitting and proper for the occasion. So fertile was the genius of our author in expedients, that he here seems inexhaustible. He likewise excelled in what Sterne was so peculiarly remarkable for—opposition and consistency in the respective characters he handles.

Alworthy, Blifil, Jones, Thwackum, Square, never pass the bounds assigned to each other.

Beautiful as the episode of the man of the hill is, we wish it expunged from the work. All the rest of the novel savours of history, and that alone of romance. It appears like a story out of place, something that fell by accident in the volume, and casts an air of incredulity on the other parts of the narrative.

Some have been disposed to consider the character of Sophia as tame and insipid; and so undoubtedly it is, if we forget her sex, and consider her as the standard of *masculine* virtue. Surely her spirited opposition to her flight from the presence of a father whom she tenderly loved, because he advocated her marriage with the detested Blifil; her attachment to Jones, when his name was calumniated and reviled, and his society abandoned, in the belief that he did not merit such harshness of animadversion, is heroic. Surely her subsequent contest to subdue that passion, when she found her lover, as she thought, faithless, is no slight victory to obtain. It is true, that because Jones had reformed, and was reconciled to Alworthy, she might have renounced the society of men, and have taken the veil; but unfortunately for this delectable hypothesis, she had weakness enough to pardon a crime that was followed by sincere repentance.

Let those critics rest satisfied with this; that a crime which, when repented of, Alworthy could forgive, might likewise be venial in the eyes of a young and beautiful creature, who doated on him to distraction. There is something of pure, superfine romance in Sophia's maintaining an attachment to Jones throughout the whole of his persecution, espousing his cause, until she thought she had conclusive evidence of his guilt, and then, when that suspicious circumstance is cleared up to her satisfaction, and the character of Jones blazes out in all its excellence of lustre, just beginning to hate.

Another trait is the ease and fluency of the style. There is a richness and variety in Fielding, accommodated to the subject; rather shy of ornament, and of course doubly beautiful when it wears one. Like Smollett, he pursues the character he cordially hates to the end; but he does not, like him, furnish a caricature instead of a copy of real life. More successful than Smollett, he

carries our hate and credibility along with him all the way; he entertains too deep a resentment to excite a laugh at such seasons. Take the character of the learned doctor, the object of Smollett's aversion, and Blifil, the object of Fielding's.—In the former case, the reader quits the character with a vociferous roar of laughter; in the latter, he feels his fingers itch to take the saint-like ruffian by the nose.

Our author differs from Smollett in another respect; there is not a single example of any character overloaded. Every one acts its part with such consistent propriety, that we feel a sort of antipathy to consider it an effort of the fancy.

Fielding, although capable of exciting the tender and delicate passions, has, on such occasions, to act with a decency that does not become *him*; he puts an end to the scene as soon as he possibly can. While the tears begin to gather in our eyes, in bursts 'squire Western, a foe not only to all gravity, but to all decency also; and we are compelled, in spite of ourselves, to join in what Fielding so delighted to excite—an obstreperous roar of laughter.

Of Fielding's powers of pathos all that can be said is, *HERCULEM ex pede*; his capricious genius is in haste to shut the scene, and all that is left us is to admire and regret.

We ever deemed it a blemish in this masterly production, that a man of Mr. Alworthy's excellent sense should have deemed it advisable to put Jones and Blifil under the tuition of Thwackum and Square; a clergyman who detested all philosophy, and a philosopher who detested all religion. The direct consequence of such an arrangement would be, that each would counteract the effects, good or bad, of the other, and the children would grow up with an habitual disregard of philosophy, and Christianity likewise.

Nor could he be said to have been ignorant of all this; he had abundant evidence at his own table, that such was the fact. We suspect the case to have been, that Fielding here departed a little from his usual accuracy, in his solicitude to wreak his vengeance on hypocrites of all classes.

Square our author seems to have converted to Christianity, because he was then bringing his story to a close, and no further

mischief was left for him to do; whereas Thwackum, for whom he had other business, continues a hypocrite and a scoundrel to the last.

Whether this novel is destined on the whole to produce a salutary effect, may be seriously questioned. It represents, in the most noxious traits, such vices as youth is not very prone to commit, as the most shocking evidence of depravity; such as hypocrisy, covetousness, &c. and displays those which youth are prone to indulge in, such as profligacy, debauchery, and the bottle, as venial sins. There is beside a licentiousness in his page, an indecency, a profanity truly lamentable; nor can all the genius of Fielding wipe off this stain from his urn; it is deep, it is indelible. We now close these remarks, protracted to a greater length than we intended, and can only apologize for so doing by the interesting nature of the subject we have handled.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ORATION ON CURIOSITY.

“Full many a flow’r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

MR. EDITOR,

THE singular ingenuity and eloquence of the following address, entitles it to a conspicuous station in your journal.

When taste, sentiment, and science, occur in so remote and retired a region as that which gave birth to the truly valuable communication I now make, and where, in all probability, “no mention of them would more be heard,” than at the time and place of their delivery, it is unquestionably the duty of the casual possessor to give them celebrity and circulation in the literary world by depositing them in archives such as yours. ’Tis true, it was pronounced by a Professor in a College; but the country in which it is established is new and thinly settled. The author who transmitted it to me, concludes his letter thus: “There are some literary men, or rather men of literary taste in this country, but they are like a few embers scattered through a vast bed of ashes: were they united, their mutual action might kindle a com-

fortable and reviving heat: but solitude and poverty stifle their ardor, and extinguish all emulation."

Yours,

J. A.

Philadelphia, Sept. 25th, 1811.

AN ORATION ON CURIOSITY, PRONOUNCED IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, 24th APRIL, 1810, ON INDUCTION INTO OFFICE. BY JAMES DEAN, A. M. PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

If there be any subject of contemplation which improves and exalts the character of man, it must be such as increases his confidence in the divine administration of the universe. Among these none holds a higher rank than the superior certainty with which the most essential objects are secured by means whose power is proportional to their importance. The waste resulting from the exercise of the animal functions requires a constant supply of nutriment, or motion and life would soon desert the system. Hunger and thirst wait not the prospective speculations of uncertain reason, but impel the animal to supply the defect of stimulus long before the system feels the least decay. Nature is so constituted that this earth shall be peopled by a succession of animals, and in the beginning of their existence they are all feeble and helpless. Had the preservation of these impotent beings depended on a sense of duty, the fear that the species might perish, or the state want citizens, animation would long since have disappeared from the earth, and the last human being have sunk into the arms of solitary dissolution. But natural affection, durable as necessity, and strong as fate, indissolubly associates the welfare of the offspring with the happiness of the parents, and life itself is held cheap when compared with the object which the Author of nature has committed to their charge.

But since these essential objects were to be secured through the whole animal creation, these propensities, conspicuous and irresistible as they are, mark no distinction. To the human frame is united an intellectual and immortal part, the improvement of which alone, next to its possession, distinguishes us from the beasts of the forest. For this improvement, whenever

acquired, it is indebted to the powerful impulse of curiosity. This propensity stimulates to the acquisition of knowledge from the earliest childhood, long before it is conceived to be honourable or useful. This through life is incessantly suggesting practical improvements in all the arts of civilized society. This has traversed the surface of our planet, from the Joliba to the Neva, from the Andes to the wall of China, that stupendous monument of industry and cowardice. It has enabled us to trace the marches of Nadir Shah and Napoleon, and point out the smoking villages where the helpless peasant in agony casts the eye of despair over his desolated harvests; and the houseless mother shrieks over the lost hope of her old age. But geography and history, under the faithful guidance of curiosity, display more delightful scenes than those of murder and devastation; they display the rapid civilization of a barbarous country by the great Czar of Muscovy, and the wise institutions of the unrivalled Alfred, diffusing security and happiness among his subjects, but terror and defeat to his enemies.

Curiosity has excited and rewarded those endless comparisons of lines and angles, of magnitudes and ratios, which constitute the science of Mathematics, the boast of human reason, and the only infallible standard of truth. The terror excited by eclipses has produced the defeat of armies and the destruction of empires; how important then is that science which points to them in triumph, as so many laurels to crown the brows of unwearied curiosity, and has even enlisted them into the service of mankind to determine the situation of far distant places on the surface of the earth. This has nursed and educated the pilot, by whose skill navies are directed over the pathless ocean, while the storm is foreseen, the hidden rock avoided, and the course directed with mysterious certainty to the remotest harbors. Whence do we enjoy the light of heaven in our dwellings, safe from "the pelting of the pitiless storm," but by the apparently idle curiosity of the recluse of Cologne? This passion strongly influenced him who chose wisdom before riches and honour, for he examined "all the trees of the forest, from the cedar of Lebanon to the Hyssop that springeth out of the wall. Yet this mild propensity, peaceful and humane as it is, has been reluct-

antly compelled to aid the work of ruin and murder. By rules of her investigation the irresistible projectiles demolish in a day what the industry of years cannot repair, the defence of the active, and the shelter of the innocent. Thus also, when the purposes of war require, the fatal shell, pregnant with destruction, by a sure directed force, finds its destined spot, and for a moment lies an object of terror and affright, till the thundering explosion announces its awful errand, and mangled victims thin the trembling crowd.

But what other advantage can we require from curiosity than that its final cause, and most appropriate effect is the improvement of the mind? Shall nature be ransacked to pamper the body, while the mind must implore the intercession of the senses, and promise a double remuneration, in order to obtain the gratification of her most exalted appetites? Narrow indeed must be his investigations, who insists on the immediate prospect of pecuniary compensation; who gratifies the most distinguished propensity of rational beings no farther than can be made subservient to idle show or brutal enjoyment. View the progress of every science, and then say if the original embryo phenomena exhibited to human foresight the least promise of their ultimate application. Could the shepherd of Lydia have expected that the pebbles which adhered to the iron of his crook, would ever in the thickest storms supply the place of the steady pole? Little did the great Thales imagine, when his friction caused the fickle straws and feathers to embrace the amber, that he was handling the infant bolts of Jupiter. The philosopher should neglect no application of his principles, which affords the least prospect of promoting the convenience of society, but the pleasure of the investigation, or the gratification of curiosity, must be his principal motive, and when utility presents itself, like fame to the man of merit, "it comes unlooked for, if it comes at all."

It need not be surprising that there are many laws of nature, which we cannot, on their first disclosure, subject to the purposes of avarice, vanity, or luxury. Here curiosity steps in, and richly supplies the place of meaner motives. The rapture with which Archimedes exclaimed ΕΥΡΗΚΑ! ΕΥΡΗΚΑ! arose, not from

foreseeing the extensive and constant application of that cardinal proposition, but from having acquired with infallible certainty, a new and simple relation in Geometry,

"For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth

"More welcome strike his understanding's eye

"Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,

"Than all of taste his tongue."

This disinterested appetite for truth is the distinguishing characteristic of the genuine philosopher. He scatters far and wide the seeds of science; for himself the verdure of the crop is sufficient, and if the fruit should benefit the world, his benevolence congratulates itself on the unsought for advantage.

Most people, who acknowledge the importance of mental improvement, possess a share of this seminal principle of knowledge; but there are some etherial souls who incessantly feel such an eager thirst for discovery, that in the progress of an interesting investigation, all other existence vanishes from their sight, fatigue is a stranger to their limbs, and sleep to their eyes, even the social affections, for a moment, lose their hold on the heart and are forgotten. Such feelings led Franklin to deprive the clouds of their thunder; such a spirit guided the patient and assiduous Boyle through his numerous experimental inquiries; and such a fervid enthusiasm supported Newton, winging his vigorous flight through the celestial worlds; while the sordid soul who confines his inquiries to obvious and immediate utility, would scarcely "turn aside to see the great sight, though the bush should burn with fire and not be consumed."

This propensity results not from cultivation and refinement, but is incessantly active in every stage of society, in every period of human life;

"Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown

"Strikes the quick sense; and wakes each active pow'r

"To brisker measures; witness——

——the fond attentive gaze

"Of young Astonishment, the sober zeal

"Of Age commenting on prodigious things."

When man was commanded to cultivate the earth to satisfy

his hunger, then our beneficent Creator implanted curiosity in the human breast to ensure the cultivation of the mind. And in all ages of our race have the different degrees of this passion afforded the distinctive mark of the exalted intellect, and in all countries has it supplied the spark which enkindled the flame of genius.

In the early dawn of society, the inquisitive sons of Greece, notwithstanding their enthusiastic patriotism, quitted their beloved country, bade a long farewell to their dearest connections, and spent years in roaming through the comparatively scientific countries of Egypt and India, and gleaning the scanty morsels of truth which had been collected by their priests and sages. For in these primeval countries, religion had separated a portion of the community for her peculiar service, freed them from the care of daily subsistence, and clothed them with the most awful dignity before all who approached their sacred presence. Thus situated, it was not in human nature to refrain from speculation on the objects and relations which occurred to their reflection, and hence arose the sciences of Geometry and Astronomy. But the religion of those countries, as is too often the case with parents, after nursing her offspring began first to corrupt it. She mantled it with mystery, fed it with fable, and taught it pride, arrogance, and intolerance. Thus in all ages religion has been corrupted by an alliance with any thing but with morality. Allied with philosophy it produces ignorance, pedantry and absurdity; with government, oppression and persecution: but the union of pure religion with morality exhibits actions which exalt us above human nature; which reason alone can only teach us to admire.

From these regions of the rising sun, Thales and Pythagoras imported into Greece many notions and some knowledge; but little as it was, it was all the world afforded, and was greatly increased by these indefatigable lovers of truth. And it ought to astonish us that Thales was able to exhibit to his countrymen such an unequivocal proof of the acquisitions which curiosity had stimulated him to make, as to predict an eclipse at that early period of science, when scarcely a single law of celestial motions was suspected, which are now thought indispensable to

explain that phenomenon. That he did not confine his speculations to the celestial regions, appears from his being recorded as the first who observed the power which amber receives from friction of attracting light substances. This appearance was certainly so trifling as to have nothing but curiosity to recommend it; and a mind, bigoted to its own notions of utility, would have disdained its insignificance. But see the clouds of heaven obey its influence, and while the rolling thunder testifies its power, the piercing flash shivers the knotty oaks, and rives the everlasting rocks.

The Milesian sage was succeeded by a kindred mind in the person of the great Pythagoras. His celebrated problem is still the cynosure of the geometer to guide him through the intricate mazes of demonstration, and still exhilarates and encourages the numerous lovers of the arts and sciences. He first proposed that system which alone explains the erratic motions of the celestial bodies, while its bare revival has immortalized a modern astronomer. His independent soul first suggested the idea of classing our earth, with all its mountains and oceans, among those luminous points which beautify the night, while every observation of succeeding generations confirms its correctness.

The speculations of Archimedes must be at once acknowledged useful; for his skill in mechanics long bade defiance to a powerful Roman army, and proved more effectual in the defence of his native city than the most inaccessible ramparts or the most persevering valor. The rattling hail never fell thicker on the tender grain, than did the ponderous stones from his mighty engines on the terrified legions of Marcellus; and capacious galleys, plucked from their element by his resistless machines with all their troops and arms, were precipitated from the summit of the walls with destructive impulse to the bottom of the deep. Yet so great was his attachment to abstract certainty, that he preferred the single demonstration of the sphere and cylinder to all these mechanical miracles, even when performed in defence of his country.

The demonstrations of Euclid still remain, and they eternal-ly will remain, the admiration of the wise, and a stumbling-block only to the idle and impatient. Here we find absolute certainty;

here we are habituated to a mode of reasoning which cannot possibly deceive us. His motto might be, Ho! every one that thirsteth for wisdom, come, drink truth and knowledge without error and without doubt.

Such was the progress of Geometry through the most scientific period of antiquity. Though slow, it was sure; and though frequently interrupted by ignorance, and endangered by neglect, its acquisitions were never superseded by subsequent discoveries; it was never compelled to retrace the paths of error and delusion. It never dreaded innovation, for every new truth was a permanent addition to its store, and no visionary pretensions could ever be palmed on its patrons.

Those who directed their curiosity to the laws and properties of the material world were much less fortunate in their pursuit. Instead of examining and comparing the phenomena, of natural bodies, they exercised their ingenuity in conjecturing imaginary causes of those phenomena. And, when on the wing for causes, it was very natural for curiosity to attempt exploring the first cause. Accordingly, every philosopher, without beginning at Deity, the true first cause, must commence with his cosmogony, and endless were the visionary, absurd, and unintelligible hypotheses, by which this beautiful fabric of creation was imagined to have been organised from what they concurred to denominate *chaos*. Pythagoras attributed it to the unintelligible efficacy of harmonious numbers, and sought nothing but the sacred quaternion to explain all the phenomena of the material world. Plato adopted and embellished a system, which at once superseded all particular investigation. He maintained, to use the words of a modern poet, that

"All were but parts of one stupendous whole,
"Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;"

and referred every motion in the universe to the voluntary action of that enormous animal, called the world. Democritus proposed the hypothesis of a vacuum, interspersed with primary atoms; or particles endowed with various properties; but the state of science did not lead him to suspect the extent, to which the moderns have carried it under the auspices of sir

Isaac Newton. These notions, the offspring of vanity, and nursings of novelty, succeeded each other, like modern patent inventions, and few or no attempts were, or indeed could be made to confirm or refute them by actual experiment. They serve only to show the constitutional bias of the liberal mind towards improvement, and the uneasiness, with which it surveys the events of the physical world, till it has referred them to some satisfactory causes.

Such was the state of science when the subtle Stagirite overwhelmed the world with the torrent of his reasonings. His profound knowledge of words superseded every other qualification for physical investigation. He made them the representatives of things in every possible sense, and seemed to desire no other data completely to determine the properties of all natural bodies. The laboratory of the chemist, the apparatus of the philosopher, or the observations of the astronomer never afforded conclusions more satisfactory to their devotees, than such a specimen of reasoning as this to the powerful genius of the great Aristotle. "The circular motion," says he, "is the most perfect of all motions, the heavens move in circles, therefore the heavens are the most divine and perfect of all natural bodies." From the hands of Aristotle Philosophy came forth in all the might of substantial forms, clothed with genera and species, crowned with categories and predicaments, armed with syllogisms, and amply served by the ministry of occult qualities. Thus equipped, she received for two thousand years the devout adoration of the literary world; rewarded the submissive with the shreds of substantial forms, and punished the rebellious with the weight of her syllogisms. But this phantom of science has long since vanished; her responses had long ceased to assuage the thirst for knowledge, and curiosity returned dissatisfied from her shrine. The great Bacon saw her forms to be unsubstantial, her categories useless, and her syllogisms solemn trifling. He displayed their folly, dispersed her worshippers, and demolished the visionary idol of their adoration. He pointed out the true genius of philosophy, and prescribed the services necessary to gain his favor. From him the world first learned that the only solid science, the only perma-

ment gratification of rational curiosity, is acquired by a patient investigation of relations, and by the most watchful attention to the passing succession of natural events. Since his day, men have ceased to compare words, and apply categories with the expectation of becoming acquainted with the specific properties of various material substances, and have left their closets, traced the very footsteps of Nature herself, and pursued her to the last seat of her operations. Thus Boyle, not content with observing the ordinary conduct of Nature, strove to extort, by incessant interrogations, the inmost secrets of her breast. Thus Newton "untwisted all the shining robe of day," and taught the inimitable texture of the radiant sunbeam; thus too he traced the planets in their orbits, and demonstrated the motion which gravity compels them to assume; nor have they ever been found to disobey his laws. Franklin has taught us how to imitate the lightning's flash, and draw it harmless to the ground. And La Place and Lavoisier have pursued their scientific researches even amidst the billows of that political Maelstrom, the French Revolution.

But though curiosity, when properly directed, cannot, like the other passions, be carried to excess, still it may be disgraced by objects unworthy its pursuit. When we employ our ingenuity in exploring and discussing the uninteresting domestic transactions of our neighbours, we degrade that exalted propensity into a meddlesome inquisitiveness; by which, instead of becoming instructive and useful, we are rendered uneasy in ourselves, and both troublesome and contemptible to our acquaintance. When with unhallowed ken we attempt to disrobe futurity by signs and omens, or any other means than observing the connection of events, we improperly indulge an extravagance of curiosity. If in sport, it is foolish and disgusting; if in earnest, it is stupid and impious. When we vainly strive to ascertain, how our earth received its form, an idle curiosity imposes a task on our reason which it is totally unable to perform, and we bewilder ourselves in lawless unsupported hypotheses. If we examine a clock, we can discern the relations of the movements, and the various means by which the design of indicating the time is effected; but to learn how a clock is made, we must

watch the workman and the progress of the work; we must observe the casting of the plates and forging the pinions, we must see the wheels rounded in the lathe and the teeth cut in the engine, and attend to the file, the drill, and various, other implements in their operations: in like manner, to comprehend the formation of the world, we must see at least one world created. And, when with daring retrospection, we boldly attempt to describe the agitations of chaos during the organization of our planet, we draw a leaden blade against the shield of Ajax, and the distortion of our weapon must betray its insufficiency.

No more proper and noble objects can be presented for the gratification of curiosity than the moral and civil history of mankind, or a delineation of the manners and conduct of the several portions of the human race from the first dawn of society. And no more valuable acquisition can be made than political sagacity, or the power of predicting important events by distinguishing the motives which are known at different times to have influenced the human breast. But the present occasion calls our attention principally to the sciences. At the head of these sits Mathesis, the most faithful servant of Truth, wielding her triple sceptre over the subordinate territories of number, quantity and extension, and uniting their forces in the service of her divine mistress.

With ten simple characters does Arithmetic manage numbers vastly beyond our comprehension, and in one short line express, to a single unit, numbers which would require years to tell over one by one in the most rapid manner. Algebra leads us by intricate, though undeviating paths to the objects of our pursuit, and displays with perfect distinctness the constituent parts of the most compounded quantities. Geometry prepares the mind for the most thorough investigation of all subjects. She needs no experiments; and laughs at testimony; her arguments are drawn from a higher source, they require only reflection and appeal to intuition. Her eyes are ever bent on

——“The pure forms
 “Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
 “Impassive all, whose attributes nor force
 “Nor fate can alter.”

But to relieve these abstract speculations, the properties of matter present themselves as primary objects of our inquisitiveness. Attraction, the soul of the material world, summons us to admire its wonders, points out to the eager eye of curiosity the innumerable varieties of its action in the celestial regions, and displaying the lunar orbit, that "cypher of omnipotence," confounds the astonished philosopher by the diversity of its operation; while the grand pulse of the ocean, that swells and subsides in our bays and harbors, proclaims the universality of its influence.

The winds whistle around our dwellings, and roar over our fields: prostrating forests by their vehemence, they waft us the southern showers and northern frosts. Can the nature and properties of the air be neglected? Shall not the curious investigate its weight and elasticity? Ought we not to arrest and display those mysterious vibrations, which sooth us in the whispers of the breeze, delight us in the harmony of "linked sweetness," and transport our souls in the voice of the faithful friend? "And God said, let there be light, and there was light." We are revived by its morning rays and cheered and directed by its splendor through the labors of the day. I will not suppose it necessary to direct curiosity to the magnificent structure of the rainbow, or the more delicate tints in the morning blush and evening glow of a serene atmosphere; they are objects of universal admiration, and the man who can view them with indifference is "fit for murder, war, and treason." Electricity, that cloud-compelling power, holds the clew by which we may hereafter anticipate the future storm and drought, and compute the return of the ascending vapour. The slender needle, trembling under the magnetic influence, points out a noble and promising object to curiosity, though the load-stone not more speedily distinguishes its favourite metal, than the attraction of science does the mind possessing liberality and vigour. Wherever we turn, and whatever we attempt, we perceive the influence of the chemical affinities. Laws so universal and so incessantly in operation must excite our attention. Chemistry investigates the constitution of that element which by respiration diffuses the glow of health over the cheek of beauty, and whose varying composi-

tion produces appropriate effects on the animal system, from the horrible mephitus of the Calcutta dungeon, to the exhilarating breezes of our native mountains. How wonderful, how fatal is the process by which the nutritive fruits of our fields are tortured to extract that burning poison so destructive to the health, morals, and happiness of our countrymen! We view the consuming fire with heedless indifference; but how much better can we explain its phenomena than the unexperienced savage who supposed it a voracious animal, which furiously devoured every thing within its reach?

It is not merely in extraordinary and awful scenes, in the whirlwind, the fire, and the earthquake, that nature speaks instruction to the mind of the curious observer. The still small voice of ordinary phenomena conveys the most valuable information, though usually treated with the most fatal neglect. "The gentlest breeze that shakes the quivering leaf of aspen tall," the burning of the taper, or the falling of a pin, exemplify the same laws by which the ponderous utensils of the West-India planter are whirled aloft in the atmosphere, which roar in the caverns of Etna, and which propel the celestial spheres through the infinite variety of their motions.

Let us not permit our curiosity to be gratified by building flimsy ephemeral hypotheses, whose principles, like the figure of the beauteous snow-flake, vanish under the gazer's breath. But, comparing fact with fact, as long as facts are to be found, let us subject every suggestion of the imagination to the strictest rules of mathematical reasoning. And while "on Newton still we fix the rev'rent eye," let us not neglect his own peculiar science, by which he arrested the varying increments of changing quantities, and at a single glance discerned their ratio in every stage of fluctuation.

We need not apprehend exhausting the objects of "science, that providence of man." The most piercing human intellect is unable to look through all the "strong connections, nice dependencies," of the material world; for, "the course of nature is the art of God," and the utmost extent of human acquisitions must ever continue a very imperfect approximation to that incomprehensible first cause, to which the human mind owes its own exist-

ence. But the period is fast approaching, when we shall no longer elicit physical truth by a tedious cross examination of our treacherous senses; when death shall usher the "embryo intellect" into real life, where man who even here seems "winged to fly at infinite," if no moral disqualification prohibit, "shall reach it there where seraphs gather immortality." With what earnestness then should we strive to purify our hearts, and improve our minds, that we may be permitted and qualified

"To mingle int'rest, converse, amities,
"With all the sons of reason, scattered wide
"Through habitable space, wherever born,
"Howe'er endowed! to live free citizens
"Of universal nature! to lay hold,
"By more than feeble faith, on the Supreme!"

Here Pythagoras salutes Newton, and Thales congratulates Franklin; and the benefactors of mankind from all countries and ages readily recognize in each other that "taste immortal," by which, even in this vale of weakness and ignorance, they were distinguished among their fellows. Here, under the auspices of their Divine Instructor, they unite with cordial harmony to spend "heaven's eternal year" in exploring the wonders of His works, and learn, with rapture,

"To read creation; read its mighty plan
"In the bare bosom of the Deity!
"The plan and execution to collate!
"To see before each glance of piercing thought,
"All cloud, all shadow, blown remote, and leave
"No mystery—but that of love divine!"

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE ARTIST.—NO. III.

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Concluded from page 341.)

FROM the revenues arising from the exhibitions, united to the bounty of his majesty in making good any deficiencies in the current charges, the academy found itself sufficient, in a less period than five years, to decline trespassing any longer upon the royal purse. It was now enabled, not only to subsist upon its own resources, and the regular receipts of its annual exhibitions, but to lay the basis of a charitable fund for the purposes of professional benevolence.

Such was the state of the academy for upwards of fifteen years, under the presidency of sir Joshua Reynolds; during which period the utmost friendship and harmony, with respect to the general conduct of the institution, prevailed among the academicians; and the sure effects of this domestic tranquillity were experienced in the rising estimation and prosperity of the society. The office of president was thus rendered no less flattering to the fame, than agreeable to the private feelings of sir Joshua; but the death of many of the first members, and the introduction of new ones, produced in a few years, a visible difference with respect to the tranquillity of the society, and the office of president; and so disturbed was the situation of sir Joshua, and embarrassed the general arrangement of the academy, that he was induced to resign the chair.

The good sense of the academy prevailed; a deputation was sent to invite him to resume the chair, with whose solicitations he complied.

The academy continuing to increase in prosperity with the general advancement of the arts, and the estimation of the institution rising in the public opinion, an influence which had its source in a dictatorial power which the constitution of the academy had vested in the treasurer, sir William Chambers, began

to make its appearance; which so much disturbed the latter years of sir Joshua's presidency, that had not death put an end to it, it was his fixed determination to have resigned.

Sir Joshua's demise took place in the year 1791; but a few weeks previous to it, finding his health decline, he appointed Mr. West to take the chair, as his deputy; and to present to the general assembly his letter of resignation; upon this, Mr. West was appointed chairman for conducting the business of the academy, till another president should be elected.

It thus appears that this gentleman was regarded by sir Joshua Reynolds, and the general body of the academicians, as the worthy successor to the chair. Indeed, throughout the profession, there was but one voice upon this subject.

In order to form a just estimate of the state of improvement which Mr. West has introduced into his profession, it is necessary to take a concise view of historical painting, by British masters, previous to the year 1768, when he came to this country.

It had been the practice of many of our British sovereigns, in consulting the necessary dignity and ornament of their courts, and perhaps from some love of the art itself, however originating in principles narrow and perverted, to invite into the kingdom foreign artists of distinguished reputation, in order to supply the defect of native talent; which was not at that time considered to have resulted from what has been since proved its only source,—the want of domestic patronage. Nevertheless, whatever might be the temptation to the foreign artist, or the taste and liberality of the monarch, it is certain that the first advances to any thing allied to excellence in the historical line, were made by sir James Thornhill, a native artist, in the reign of queen Anne.

Sir James Thornhill was a man of undoubted talent, and of a sufficiency of taste and knowledge in historical compositions, to meet the full demand of the age in which he lived. His paintings on ceilings, and his architectural deceptions, form the body of works from which he is to be estimated.

Such, however, was the taste in art which prevailed during his time, not only in England, but throughout Europe. It was

this taste which turned the talents of the artists toward the readiest and most accommodating means of satisfying it: and hence arose those clumsy allegories, and still harsher personifications, which took their course through most of the compositions of that day; and to which we are indebted for having in personal form and shape, the Cardinal Virtues, and many other of the abstract qualities of mind and body. Whilst a frenzy of this kind prevailed, it is no matter of surprise that the art should be gradually reduced, till it became at length almost the humble handmaid of the mason and the plasterer, and was chiefly employed in the decoration of the external walls of houses, with subjects of the same sort which had before occupied the interior. Indeed, at this period, legendary subjects and allegories seemed to be the only remaining employment of the historical pencil throughout Europe.

In succession to sir James Thornhill, Hogarth appeared. It was the peculiar talent of this great painter, to seize upon the vices of human nature, and to chastise them, not with the light and gentle hand of ridicule, under which (as a great writer has observed,) they are more apt, like Norway pines, to shoot up with a quicker growth, and flourish with a more expanded luxuriance; but to punish them with the sternness and just indignation of the moralist, and, by the aid of that satire, of which humour was the least laboured and least ostensible feature, to derive a grand and extensive moral, applicable to those scenes of life which he had chosen as the subjects of his pencil. Such was the talent of Hogarth, and whilst we confess his preeminence in this province of art, justice compels us to say, that his few attempts at history have no tendency to extend the dominion of his genius beyond it.

To Hogarth succeeded Hayman, whose works, produced under the patronage of Tyers, at Vauxhall, and several compositions for books,—such as his *Don Quixotte*, and *English Poets*, are well known to the public.

Hayman was a man of genius, and his works are creditable to himself and the age in which he lived; but the world has long been contented to assign them any other merit than that which belongs to works of history.

Such was the state of historical painting, not only in England, but throughout Europe, when Mr. West's pencil first attracted the attention of the public, in his picture of Agrippina landing at Brundisium with the ashes of Germanicus; his Regulus departing from Rome; his Hannibal swearing eternal Enmity to the Roman Name; his Death of Epaminondas; his Death of Chevalier Bayard; his Penn's Treaty with the Indians; and his Death of General Wolfe. These subjects of historical facts, which express the dignity of human actions, and the just representations of nature under the most awful and interesting events of life:—these subjects, in which the loftier virtues of patriotism, fortitude, and justice, are seen embodied in real agents, and brought forth in scenes of positive existence; in which likewise the milder virtues of conjugal fidelity and social philanthropy, and all those qualities which elevate the human being, and bring him forward in the just dignity of his nature, and grandeur of his mind;—these subjects, which form the compositions of the pictures above enumerated, were reserved for the pencil of this distinguished artist, and must ever be considered as forming the era of that taste and national advancement in the perception of the excellencies of the historical pencil, which commenced with Mr. West's appearance in his profession.

The unrivalled prints from these subjects, by Woollett and others, spread a knowledge of them through the civilized world, at a price never before experienced in art; and they not only became the pride of this nation, but laid the basis of a purer taste, and became the origin of historical works of corresponding dignity, throughout all the kingdoms of Europe,—a circumstance which has so justly given to this artist, in Italy, France, and Germany, the appellation of the “Reviver of Historical Painting,” which has been repeatedly declared by their numerous academies. The success attending these prints gave rise to those numerous speculations which produced so many national collections, under the names of the Shakspeare, the Poets', and the Historical Galleries.

The above mentioned pictures, together with the Life of Edward the third, in the king's Presence Chamber at Windsor; the designs for the windows of the Collegiate Church from the

New Testament; with Mr. West's other works in the cathedrals of Rochester, Winchester, St. Stephen's, Walbrook; in King's College chapel, Cambridge; and in the chapel of Greenwich Hospital,—these, with many others of his large pictures, together with the subjects from revealed religion, for his majesty's chapel at Windsor, were produced prior to his being called to the chair, on the death of sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791.

From this slight review of the works of Mr. West prior to this period, it is no matter of surprise that the members of the Royal Academy should unanimously have voted him to fill the chair of the academy in succession to sir Joshua Reynolds, not only as one of the four artists who, under the sanction of his majesty, had first founded the Royal Academy, but as one who, by the efforts of his pencil, had ever laboured to support the higher department of art at all their annual exhibitions.

Without any particular view to personal reputation in filling the chair of the institution, it was the ambition of Mr. West to consider the station he occupied, as one only of the means by which the love of the arts might be cherished and extended in the country, coupled with the elevation of the character of the artist, and the improvement of his general condition.

It was to these views, abstracted from all other considerations, that he directed his attention; and it is for the public to decide, whether, in a long course of professional life, that which formed the unremitting object of his ambition and industry, has been crowned with any thing of success.

We have before hinted at some differences which existed between sir Joshua Reynolds and the then treasurer of the academy, sir William Chambers. Upon Mr. West's succeeding to the chair, the first object of his attention was the finances of the society, which he found in a state of unexpected derangement. These funds, indeed, at the commencement of the institution had been very loosely and insufficiently guarded. The custom had been to invest them in the bank of England, in the names of the president, the treasurer, and secretary, without providing any particular auditorship, or general trust, in the body of the academy itself. This, to say no more, was exposing the funds of the academy to danger, or at least to a temptation to abuse them;

but it so occurred, that almost upon Mr. West's becoming president, by the death of the treasurer and the withdrawing of the secretary, the whole funds and personal wealth of the academy became invested solely in his name, and stood thus, with his uncontrouled power of disposition over them, in the books of the bank of England. In order, therefore, to remedy this so unprecedented and dangerous consequence in any single officer, Mr. West, in conjunction with the council, submitted to the academy a new plan for the disposition and security of their funds, by recommending the following propositions:

1st. That auditors should be chosen to review and check the accounts from the commencement of the institution, and ascertain the precise state of the funds.

2d. That the general assembly should appoint perpetual auditors, to be renewed by annual election, and, in order to secure the funds more effectually, that a trustee, chosen by the assembly, should be joined with the president, the treasurer, and the secretary; and that the property should be invested in the name of the academy, as their corporate fund.

As these funds had accumulated from the receipts of the exhibitions, after defraying the regular expenses of the academy, it became highly necessary, in order to keep up their productiveness and increase their amount, that a series of splendid exhibitions should become a constant source of public attraction, and that the fame of the artist should be invited to go hand in hand with the prosperity of the society. Mr. West directed his views to this object, and, whilst he continued indefatigable in his own exertions, he cherished, with the most ardent zeal, and provoked, by all the incitements in his power, as well by personal instruction as by constant supervision, the juvenile pencils of the academy. From these meritorious labours, and from other concurrent causes, the fame and popularity of the several exhibitions were increased beyond what had hitherto been their lot, and the receipts became proportionate to the public attraction. The finances of the academy becoming thus largely on the increase, it was resolved to establish two funds,—one, limited to the institution, for the purpose of its regular disbursements, to be called the academical fund; the other, for the purpose of giv-

ing assistance to the aged and decayed artists, their widows and children, to be called the donation fund.

This fund is at the present day capable of affording considerable relief to its reduced members. To this fund, moreover, the savings of the academy are appropriated, in order to extend its operations, and lay a basis of larger benevolence.

The schools of art, in the academy, were an object of attention with Mr. West. Men of eminence were appointed to preside in them, and every regulation was provided that could stimulate and forward the growth of genius. It is but justice to add, that the success of these endeavours was rendered complete in the rapid improvement of the young artists, and that a more promising body of juvenile painters was never formed and educated in any similar institution. Still, however, there were difficulties to contend against, which neither arose from the art or the artist, but which had a melancholy origin in the public itself. We scarcely need mention that this difficulty was the general and deplorable want of patronage, and the encouragement of opulent men.

Young men of the highest talents, and the utmost delicacy of mind, after having been formed in this academy, were frequently obliged to seek subsistence in producing works, degrading to their talents and their profession, and thus to submit their minds to the most slavish and meanest branches of professional labour, by which the dignity of the art was impaired, and the national celebrity, as connected with it, sensibly tarnished.

Mr. West, thus beholding the higher department of the art upon the decay, and having had personal demonstration of the avidity with which it was about to be cherished in a neighbouring country, made known his anxiety, with respect to its declining state in this country, from want of patronage and national incitement, to many noblemen and gentlemen, as well as to the members of the Royal Academy,—who equally felt the necessity of taking some decisive steps to obviate the consequences which it threatened. This gave rise to several meetings of men of considerable rank and fortune at the house of Mr. West, to take into consideration the mode of carrying into effect the desirable purpose of cherishing the higher department of art in this coun-

try. The particulars of these meetings, and the result of the general sentiments there expressed, Mr. West held it his duty to communicate to his majesty, whose gracious intentions towards the prosperity of the arts had uniformly been made manifest upon every occasion.

Mr. West made it an essential point, in these interviews, to explain to his majesty, that a new institution was necessary for the purpose of forwarding the growth of the arts, in taking up the ingenious artist where the Royal Academy left him, and after he had been educated in that school of delineation. Mr. West likewise informed his majesty, that in order to carry this institution into effect, his majesty would be waited upon by some of the noblemen and gentlemen who were then forming themselves into a committee for arranging the institution under his majesty's patronage.

Thus concluded the second presidency of the Royal Academy under Mr. West; and we shall now pass to the third presidency, that of Mr. Wyatt.

As we formerly took a review of the state of portrait and historical painting, prior to the accession of sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West to those branches of the art, it will be necessary, as Mr. Wyatt is an architect by profession, to combine, with our previous researches, a review of the state of architecture in England before the appearance of that gentleman.

Inigo Jones is the first who claims our attention in the refinement of this branch of science. He flourished in the reign of Charles the first. As an example of the purity and grandeur of his taste, we have only to refer our readers to that perpetual monument of his fame, the front of Whitehall. In this noble work we behold the taste and science of Palladio, the pride of Italian architecture, founded upon those principles which marked the Greeks in the best era of their arts.

The next of our countrymen who distinguished himself in architecture was sir Christopher Wren. His structure of St. Paul's, the interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, St. Bride's steeple, Bow, and other prominent works of architecture which adorn the city of London, are sufficient testimonies of the grandeur and refinement of his taste, which, like that of his predecessor Inigo

Jones, was founded upon the style of Greece and modern Italy. These buildings are not only the pride of Englishmen (particularly the dome of St. Paul's,) for the transcending purity of their taste, and the majesty of their structure, but are the admiration of the refined and scientific in every part of the world.

Sir William Chambers, in his building of Somerset-Place, and Mr. Robert Adam, in his numerous private structures in different parts of England, laboured jointly to support the solid principles and refined taste of their predecessors, and to embellish their native countries with the best models of Italy and Greece; and at this period, the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, maintained the science and purity of the same taste.

Such was the progress of architectural science, and such the attempts which had been made by a succession of artists, to maintain its purity and refinement, and preserve all those qualities of the art which Greece had originated, and Italy restored, from the reign of Charles the first to the demise of Chambers and Adam, in the present reign. From that period, we are compelled to acknowledge the rapid degeneracy and depravation of all those principles of the art,—of its purity, its refinement, its majesty, and its principles of science. We are condemned to lament the subversion of true taste, more particularly in religious structures, and the prevalence of that architectural caprice, which founded on a Gothic origin, and vitiating even this imperfect model, by a wild and injudicious application of it, has reduced the art so much in the scale of science, that we scarcely recognize the dignity of its first origin, in ecclesiastic edifices, or can be enabled to recall the perfection, the taste, and the majesty, of which it was once susceptible.

It is but just to say, that the magnificent structure of the Abbey at Fonthill can have no share in this imputation. The gentleman to whom it belongs had too much taste and good sense to admit of any other style of architecture than that of the pure Gothic.

It is this style of building, misapplied, which is the object of our censure; it is this style which, carried into palaces, public buildings, dwelling-houses, has so much deteriorated the original purity of architecture, and subverted all the principles of the

ancients. It is rendered yet more intolerable by that unskilful combination and jumble of the classic orders, which belonged solely to ancient temples and mausoleums,—by that affected mixture of the Greek and Egyptian ornaments appropriated to cenotaphs, and which, in modern taste, we now behold over sedes and banqueting-houses; in a word, by that heterogeneous medley, which, in endeavouring to combine all, has left nothing distinct, or in possession of its native principles and proper purity, but with a truly savage contempt, has put aside every thing that science had established on the basis of nature and truth, to substitute a mere catching effect, a gaudy heap of ill-assorted wonders, which, when the novelty shall have ceased, will become the contempt of the meanest stone-mason and bricklayer. Truly do we lament, that the architect, to whom we are indebted for the inside of the Pantheon, (now consumed by fire) should have lent the authority of his name, and contributed so much to this absurd taste of architecture, and incongruous jumble of discordant principles of art.

We have now exhausted the history of the several presidencies, and all the materials of the life of Mr. West. His recall to the chair of the Royal Academy, after his resignation, is still fresh in the public remembrance. He still fills this eminent situation in the arts; and it is to be hoped he will continue to occupy this elevated seat as long as his health will permit him.

In our next number, we shall give a correct catalogue of all the works of Mr. West, the various sizes of the pictures, the persons for whom they have been painted, and in whose possession they now are.

This catalogue, we are proud to say, has the most unquestionable authenticity; it will be continued up to the very last works of this master,—even to the day on which it is compiled.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

FROM A SKETCH, BY B. WEST, ESQ. PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(For sketch see last number of the Port Folio.)

REVELATIONS, Chap. vi, ver. 7, and 8.—“*And when he had opened the fourth Seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, come and see.—And I looked, and, behold, a Pale Horse: and his name that sat on him was DEATH, and hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.*”

THE class of subjects to which this noble sketch belongs, cannot, with propriety, be denominated the historical; as such, therefore, the same principles of criticism are not to be employed in our examination of it; it belongs to an order of composition which embraces the loftier subjects of fancy and the divine flights of inspired poetry; in a word, those subjects, which having their basis in Revelations, are of a class to which the most exalted imagination can scarcely expect to rise.

This subject is intended to express the triumph of Death over all things, by means of that variety of human calamities and mortal sufferings, which pestilence, famine, and the sword, together with the vices of man himself, have introduced into the world.

Its object is to express universal desolation; to depict all the methods by which a world may be destroyed.

To bring out the subject of this composition, Mr. West has divided it into three parts. The fore ground contains a group, extending nearly half the length of the canvass, in which are seen death by pestilence, famine, and despair, and by almost every means which terminate existence in all ages and sexes.

In the second group, we behold lions, men, and horses, in combat with each other, terminated with a furious bull tossing men and dogs in the air.

The third group rises from the centre of the picture. It is the King of Terrors himself on his Pale Horse. On his head is a crown, denoting his sovereignty over all things. His horse is without reins, and his uplifted arms scatter the shafts of death

in all directions around him. His form, in the language of Milton, is "without form."—It is dissolving into darkness—It is in awful and terrible obscurity—All the legions of hell are in his train; they are seen in the opening perspective, and terminate the distances almost in the immensity of space. On the fore ground is a serpent, his head bruised with a stone, which indicates his death from the hand of man; near the serpent is the dove mourning over his dead mate.

In the back ground we behold the rage of battle by sea and land, whilst the elements are convulsed by earthquakes, thunder and vivid lightning. The eagle is seen on his wing, pursuing and destroying the feathered race; whilst the general colour of the picture denotes an atmosphere filled with every thing noxious and pestilential.

Such is the description of a picture which has attracted the notice of the community of arts throughout the civilized world, and upon which an eminent writer, whilst it was upon exhibition in the Louvre at Paris, has passed the following praise, which deserves to be recorded for its equal elegance and justness.

After reviewing the composition at large, he concludes, "This is the most difficult of subjects which the pencil of man could undertake, but the painter has WILLED it, and it has been DONE."

BARRY'S CELEBRATED PICTURE, THE VICTORY AT OLYMPIA.

THIS superb picture, of which we have given a sketch in this number of *The Port Folio*, is one of a series of pictures which Mr. Barry published, connected with his "inquiry into the real and imaginary obstructions to the acquisition of the fine arts in England." In the execution of the magnificent work which he undertook, it appears, as well from his own account of the pictures, as from his letter to the Dilettanti Society, that it was his intention to effect the great desideratum of art, viz. the union or association of the Grecian style and character of design with



THE DIAGORIDES VICTORS AT OLYMPIA.

Engraven from W. Barry's Original Pictures, in the Society of Arts, London.

all those lesser accomplishments which the moderns have so happily achieved. Such an undertaking, so bold, so singular, and so unprecedented, reflects the highest honour upon the artist; but the public opinion, and future ages, must decide upon the success or failure of this very grand and laborious attempt.

The series consists of six pictures, on dignified and important subjects, so connected as to illustrate this great maxim of moral truth,—that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious designation assigned for it by Providence.

To illustrate this doctrine, the first picture exhibits mankind in a savage state, exposed to all the inconvenience and misery of neglected culture; the second represents a harvest-home, or thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; the third, the victors at Olympia; the fourth, navigation, or the triumph of the Thames; the fifth, the distribution of rewards by the society; and the sixth, Elysium, or the state of final retribution. Three of these subjects are truly poetical, the others historical.

The pictures are all of the same height, viz. eleven feet ten inches; and the first, second, fourth, and fifth, are fifteen feet two inches long; the third and sixth, which occupy the whole breadth of the great room of the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, in the Adelphi, at the north and south ends, are each forty-two feet long.

In the third picture, which we have selected as the best specimen of the artist's talents, he has happily chosen that point of time when the victors in the several games are passing in procession before the Hellanodicks, or judges, where they are crowned with olive, in the presence of all the Greeks. At the right-hand corner of the piece, the three judges are seated on a throne, ornamented with medallions of Solon, Lycurgus, and other legislators, and with trophies of the victories of Salamis, Marathon, and Thermopylæ. Near the foot of the throne is a table, at which the scribe appears writing, in the Olympic records of noble deeds, the name, family, and country of the con-

queror; near this table, a victor in the foot-race, having already received a branch of palm, which he holds in his hand, is crowning by an inferior Hellanodick; next him is a foot-racer, who ran armed with a helmet, spear, and shield. Close following is seen a manly group, formed of two young athletic figures, bearing on their shoulders their aged father; one of these represents a pancratiast, the other the victor at the cestus. The old man is Diagoras of Rhodes, who, having in his youth been celebrated for his victories in the games, has, in his advanced age, the additional felicity of enjoying the fruit of the virtuous education he had given his sons, amidst the acclamations of the people of Greece; some of whom are strewing flowers round the old man's head, while one of his friends is grasping his right hand, and supposed to be making the celebrated speech recorded on this occasion,—“Now, Diagoras, die, for thou canst not be made a god.”

The climax of this domestic felicity is well pointed out by a child holding the arm of one of the victors, and looking up with joy in his countenance at the honours conferred on his grandfather. Near this beautiful group are seen a number of persons, the chief of whom represents Pericles, speaking to Cymon. Socrates, Euripides, and Sophocles, are earnestly attending to what is said by Pericles, whilst the malignant buffoon, Aristophanes, is ridiculously laughing, and pointing to the deformity of the cranium of the speaker, which was unusually long. The painter has, in the person of Pericles, introduced the likeness of the late earl of Chatham. Next appears, in the front of the picture, a horse-racer; and close to him a chariot drawn by four horses, in which is represented, in basso-relievo, the triumph of Minerva over Neptune, emblematical of the advantages of peace. In the chariot is Hiero of Syracuse; and round the chariot are several persons with musical instruments, accompanied by many youths, forming a chorus, which is led by Pindar, singing one of his odes, which he accompanies with his lyre.

As, at one end of the picture, there is represented a statue of Minerva; so at the other is that of Hercules trampling on

Envy; which are comprehensive exemplars of that strength of body and strength of mind, which are the great objects of Grecian education. On the base of the statue of Hercules, the artist has introduced his own portrait, in the character of Timanthus, holding in his hand a picture of the cyclops and satyrs, as related by ancient writers.

Behind the stadium, at a distance, is a view of the beautiful Grecian temple of Jupiter Olympus in the Altis, the town of Elis, and the river Alpheus, as truly characteristic of the spot on which the ceremony that forms the subject of the picture may be supposed to have been performed.

The procession approaching the distant temple with a sacrifice, leads the mind to contemplate the numberless blessings which society derives, and can only derive from the exercise of religious worship, and the happy opportunity it affords, on such solemn occasions, of pacifying the minds of a belligerent people, so composed as were the different states of Greece.

GENERAL VIEW OF LITERATURE.

We sincerely hope that the length of the following extract from the Edinburgh Annual Register, will not dishearten the reader. It is, what it professes to be, a general review of living poets; their several excellencies and defects are marked—their respective claims on popular favour are compared and adjusted. We find none of that bigotry and sectarian devotion in literature that exterminates while it adorns—it professes to be philosophical criticism, and like philosophy, it does not mingle in the broils and altercations of the contending parties; but with a calm dignity scrutinizes and investigates the merits of each. Such criticism is peculiarly valuable in our day, when the bench of justice has been so long usurped by judges who have made Virgil's lines their code of decision.

*"Gnosius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna
Castigatque auditque dolos."*

This general sketch embraces all the prominent points before discussed in particular reviews. It is a summary of what we formerly knew; and as

such again recalls our attention to authors obtruded from recollection by the miscarriage or success of subsequent writers. As we mean to make this a standard of imitation hereafter, we deemed it advisable to present the plan at full length. With a very few exceptions we adopt the principles advocated in this review, although in particular points of their application, we are compelled, in some instances, however reluctantly, to differ.

OF THE LIVING POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE importance and extent of our Historical Department has necessarily encroached upon the other branches of our Register: nor would it be either easy or desirable to comprise our literary observations into such a size as might accommodate them to the space to which we are in this volume unavoidably limited. It appears to us a better arrangement, to divide the extensive subject before us into departments, and lay our report upon one of these yearly before the public. This partial execution of our plan not only gives us leisure and room to treat at becoming length the subjects under our consideration, but promises the advantage of supplying, by its regular rotation, important matter for the same articles, as they revolve in the course of a few years. Proposing to ourselves, for example, in the following essay, to characterize generally the Poets who at present engage the attention of the public, we could hardly hope to repeat such a disquisition in our next volume, with any prospect of exciting similar interest. But poetical laurels are not perennial, although they may not wither annually; nor dare we venture to conjecture the change which a few years may make in our own respect for those whom we consider at present as the most distinguished followers of the Muses. Ere we return again to view the state of British poetry, some of the masters of the lyre may have paid the debt of nature; some, alive to the world, may yet have suffered poetical death, or literary bankruptcy; some may have fallen innocent martyrs to the envy or malignancy of criticism; and others, by a fate yet more deplorable, may have committed suicide on their own reputation. These reflections, while they reconcile us to our plan of subdividing our Review of Literature, have no

small influence on the feelings with which we advance to discharge the first part of our task. We may take credit, with the same courage as other unknown authors, for the justice of our own praise and censure; we may be willing to risk the dishonour of false prophecy, and may be totally indifferent whether our judgment shall be confirmed by the public, or whether, when resuming our speculations, after the interval proposed, we may find ourselves obliged to make the *amende honorable*, and confess the imprudence and injustice of a sentence reversed by the universal voice of the public. But, if we shall have gained on our own account this happy degree of apathy concerning the ultimate issue of our predictions, is it in human nature to consider with indifference the changes which must shortly take place among those who furnish the subject of our inquiries? Literary fame, so eagerly, so anxiously pursued, becomes the portion of so few, and is so unequally and unfairly distributed among those who possess it, is so short-lived when obtained, and so lamented when lost, that it is scarcely possible to view the crowds who faint in the ineffectual pursuit, the few whom transient success renders objects rather of envy and detraction than of admiration, the "gray discrowned heads" upon whom its laurels have faded, without keen recollection of the *vanitas vanitatum* of the Preacher; and some wonder that the people should, from generation to generation, continue to pursue a shadow, and to "imagine a vain thing." Of all the restless impulses, indeed, with which the human heart is goaded, few surprise us more than this same longing after literary immortality. In no other race would the impotent propose themselves for the prize held forth for feats of vigour; in no other contest would the victor be rewarded, not only by the ill suppressed execrations of his less fortunate competitors, but by an inward feeling of malevolence, even among those who never thought of rivalling him; and surely in no other profession was it ever dreamed that the repetition of honourable and successful efforts did, of itself, disqualify him who made them from again claiming his share of public favour. Yet so it is in Poetry. Those with whose music, however delightful, the public ear has once been satiated, can only again hope to attract attention by changing the nature of

their subject, their style of composition, at every risk of incurring the ridicule due to versatility.

A moral poet, like Pope, may indeed continue to engross the public with undiminished interest, provided he will be contented to owe the permanence of his popularity to the least moral part of his writings,—the personality of their satire. But the follower of the Tragic, of the Epic, of the Pastoral, or of the Didactic Muse, must be contented frequently to change livery, if he would remain a favourite servant of the public. We have heard of an excellent comedian, who, finding his usual attractions become a little hackneyed, drew a large benefit by performing the part of Richard the Third, for one night only. But, alas! these are experiments not to be tried, even once, without danger, and never to be repeated. If the successful poet remains silent, he loses his pre-eminence by the tacit operation of forgetfulness; if he renews his efforts from time to time, it runs every risk of being forfeited, by the actual condemnation of the public, instead of imperceptibly diminishing under their prescriptive neglect. If the situation of these poets who are still tottering on the top of the wheel of Fortune's favour, or who have toppled down headlong from that envied situation, be sufficiently melancholy, what shall we say of those who labour to gain the unceasing eminence, with the same labour, and the same success, as the turn-spit cur, who plies in the interior department of a similar machine! But in this, as in all his works, Providence has mercifully provided the means of reconciling his creatures to their whimsical and most infructuous labour. The best Christian does not believe more faithfully in the resurrection of the body, than these neglected minstrels confide in the arrival of a future period, when that justice shall be done to their writings by posterity, of which they have, in their own day, been deprived, by the ignorance of the public, the prejudices of fashion, the malicious arts of their contemporary rivals, the blunders of their printers, and the unparalleled sloth and partiality of their booksellers, who load with trash their counters and advertisements, while the works destined to delight future ages slumber neglected in their cellars and warehouses. This self-delusion may make these gentlemen happy, but can scarcely cloud the optics of their critics:—

———We've lived too long,
And seen the end of much immortal song.

Such expectants of immortality are in the same situation with the dethroned monarch of Rabelais, who plied as a porter at Lyons, while waiting for the arrival of the *cocquecigrues*, upon whose approach he was to be reinstated in his kingdom.

With the feelings therefore of tenderness, which the nature of poetical reputation peculiarly demands, we proceed to examine the pretensions of those to whom the public discernment or caprice has most largely assigned it.

We do not hesitate to distinguish, as the three most successful candidates for poetical fame, Scott, Southey, and Campbell. We are aware that there are many, and those too of good taste, who prefer Wordsworth, Crabbe, Rogers, Sotheby, and other names less generally known, to any of the triumvirate we have mentioned: but these are, in point of taste, sectaries and dissenters from the general faith and belief of the public at large, which, however divided upon the comparative merits of these three poets, give them, generally speaking, the precedence over their competitors. Were we set to classify their respective admirers, we should be apt to say, that those who feel poetry most enthusiastically prefer Southey; those who try it by the most severe rules admire Campbell; while the general mass of readers prefer to either the Border Poet. In this arrangement we should do Mr. Scott no injustice, because we assign to him in the number of suffrages what we deny him in their value. There is another principle which, ridiculous as it may appear, has certainly had some share in ranking the partizans of at least two of these candidates for fame. It is the fashion, and a pretty obstinate one, for the followers of political party to admire the poetry of Scott or Campbell, exactly as they happen to be attached to the parties headed by our late distinguished statesmen, Pitt and Fox. We must necessarily suppose that the political principles of the two bards are, in private life, agreeable to those of the persons who seem to follow them from that cause. Yet, as we can trace very little allusion to politics in the writings of either, and know enough of

both to be certain that they do not intermeddle in state matters, this criterion seems about as absurd as it would be to judge of their poetry by the street in which they bought their neckcloths, and their stockings. The fact, however, is certain, and only furnishes an additional example, that party must lend her seasoning to "Lays" and to "Gertrudes," as well as to Protestant muffins, or Liberty *petits pates*. Mr. Southey does not appear to number among his admirers any particular class of politicians; and if the circumstance deprives him of the support of a steady body of factious *proneurs*, it entitles his merits the more to candid attention from that part of his readers who choose to judge of poetry from poetry alone. Were we, on the other hand, to compare these three poets by their poetical attributes, we would incline, with some hesitation, to say, that Campbell excelled in taste, and correct elegance of expression; that Southey had a more rich and inexhaustible fund of poetical ideas and imagery; and that Walter Scott, if not superior to the others in fancy, possessed more forcibly the power of exciting that of his readers, by a freer and bolder style of description, embracing only the striking outlines of his picture, but giving these with full freedom, character, and effect. In point of learning, Campbell possesses classical knowledge, and Scott a large portion of that which a tenacious memory gathers from a miscellaneous course of antiquarian studies. The learning of Southey not only embraces both branches of knowledge, but in both surpasses, and, we believe, very far surpasses, that of his rivals. But this mode of balancing our triads, will by no means answer our purpose of attaining a short view of the poetical character of each, with some notices of the extent and causes of their popularity.

Mr. THOMAS CAMPBELL met with early popularity. The Pleasures of Hope, a work written in youth, was justly hailed as one of the brightest dawns which had ever attended the rise of a literary character. The faults, too, were evidently those of a young man, such as it might be hoped time and study would do away. A want of compactness in its parts, here and there a tinselly expression, intimated a fancy not yet tamed; the occurrence of passages, which necessarily reminded us of Goldsmith,

of Johnson, or of Rogers;—these were his faults, and they were light in the balance, weighed against the beauty of his moral precept, the unaffected dignity of his sentiment, the flowing ease of his versification, and an expression which swelled, softened, or sunk—like the murmurs of an Æolian harp, as the subject rose or fell. His reputation, therefore, rose high, and with justice, while it was rather increased than diminished by the various minor pieces which appeared in periodical or detached publications, previous to a quarto edition of the Pleasures of Hope, in 1803, to which were subjoined, the sublime poems of Lochiel and Hohenlinden. These productions carried to the height Mr. Campbell's fame, for they evinced that he possessed power and spirit for the *paulo majora* of poetry, and that the Epic Muse might, with confidence, claim him as her own. It was, perhaps, partly owing to the over-stretched state of public expectation, that "Gertrude of Wyoming" has not hitherto met a reception from the public worthy of the poet's name, or of the merits of the poem. It was ingeniously urged by a friendly critic, that the interest was of that elegant, unobtrusive, and refined nature which was not adapted to attract general admiration. But, alas! when we say a poem is too grand, or too refined, to be popular, we only weigh the solitary opinion of the critic against that of the world at large. The truth seems to be, that a story, in itself extremely imperfect, was rendered less intelligible by the manner in which it was told, and by a structure of versification, which, unless managed with uncommon address, is liable to lead to the alternate extremes of obscurity, and redundancy. We are satisfied it is to this cause, chiefly, that the failure of Gertrude, so far as its not instantly attaining extensive popularity is a failure, must be attributed. The readers of poetry, generally speaking, are not very nice about the subject, and like just as well to be melted with a tale of private distress, as to be roused with a lay of war. But then the impression must be made at the first perusal: they will not consent to wait till the bellows are employed to blow the flame. Like the public at every former period, they are complete egotists: it is amusement which they demand, and if they do not instantly find what they seek, they will not think it worth

winning at the labour of a reperusal. In this view, the inverted and complicated construction of the stanzas in *Gertrude of Wyoming* has been a great impediment to its popularity, which neither the pathos of some passages, nor the exquisite elegance, and poetical spirit which pervades the whole, have been able to counterbalance. It is whispered Mr. Campbell is at present labouring upon a large poem of an epic nature. We heartily rejoice to hear it. He is in the prime of life,—in that state of literary retirement most favourable to composition,—enjoying ready access to the best judges, and, at the same time, the power of securing the command of his own time. Much may be hoped from such talents and such opportunities. There is much to be maintained, perhaps something to be recovered. Yet a numerous class, comprehending many of the critics of more strict and severe tone, place Mr. Campbell first among our living poets; with what justice we do not attempt to say, but an opinion so supported wears a face at least of probability.

Mr. ROBERT SOUTHEY, one of the highest names in English literature, stands second of the triumvirate in our casual arrangement. His life was early dedicated to poetry and learning, in preference to “preferment’s pleasing paths.” It can be as little doubted that he has found his own happiness in the exchange, as that his choice has given him opportunity to add to that of thousands. His most ardent admirers are of a class with whom it is difficult to argue. They are the enthusiasts—almost the methodists of poetry. There is perhaps no species of applause so congenial to the spirit, or so flattering to the author, as that which resigns the reins so totally into his hands, and allows itself to be hurried along with his rapid movements, however bold, devious, and even capricious. We dare not say, however, that the possession of this absolute monarchy over his admirers is altogether favourable to the general character of the poet. Despotism leads, in almost every instance, to fantastic exercise of it on the part of the possessor; and he who, within the circle of his partizans, feels himself exempted from the controul of criticism, is too naturally led to neglect what is transmitted from more remote quarters. Censure is always an unpalatable draught, even when

mixed and offered by a friendly hand; but when the cup is presented by one that is cold, suspicious, or unfriendly, we are afraid the salutary bitter stands little chance of being swallowed. Yet we cannot quarrel with the wild and arbitrary exercise of genius to which we owe the wonderful tale of *Thalaba*, and which has given rise to some anomalous luxuriancies in the more regular poem of *Madoc*. It seems to us that the author, giving way to an imagination naturally prolific of the fairest visions, is sometimes too much wrapt in his own ærial world to consider whether the general mass of readers can accompany his flight. The beauties of such composition are calculated for those who have the keenest and most exquisite feeling of poetic excellence, and whose pleasure is too engrossing not to purchase pardon for a thousand errors. But the aristarch reverses this rule, because it is his profession to find fault; and the common herd of readers also reverse it, for the beauties of such a tale as *Thalaba* are beyond their comprehension; while its want of rhyme, irregularity of stanza, and extravagance of story, are circumstances at once strange, stumbling, and obvious. The judicious critic will, we think, steer a middle path, although we acknowledge the difficulty of keeping its tenor. We conceive that such, while he felt and acknowledged the warmth of Mr. Southey's feeling, while he admired the inexhaustible riches of his imagination, while he applauded with enthusiasm that generous sentiment which has ever tuned his harp to the celebration of moral and intellectual excellence, might, at the same time, be allowed to deplore the circumstances which have often hidden the light under the bushel, and limited to the comparatively small circle of a few enthusiastic admirers, that fame, which, in common justice to Mr. Southey's genius, ought to have been echoed and re-echoed from all the four seas which gird in Britain. Were we asked what those circumstances are, we should not hesitate to name a resolute contempt of the ordinary and received rules of poetry, and a departure from their precepts, too shocking to all our pre-conceived opinions and expectations. We cannot stop to inquire whether Mr. Southey may not, in many instances, be able to make a rational and reasonable apology for neglecting the prescriptive rules of art. It is sufficient to our present purpose, that no author, however

undoubted his genius, can hope to stem the public opinion by swimming directly contrary to its current. But, besides the impolicy of this departure from the usual and generally-sanctioned practice of his predecessors, we hold that there is a gross want of taste in many of the novelties thus fixed upon. Thus, the language of bare and rude simplicity, with which this beautiful poet sometimes chooses to veil the innate elegance of his conceptions, appears to us not only contradictory to our prejudices, which have been accustomed to ascribe a particular strain of exalted diction to their development, but in itself a great deformity. In assuming a quaker-like, and, of course, an unusual, and sometimes even a vulgar form of expression, Mr. Southey powerfully reminds us of the precept of Boileau:—

Sans la langue en un mot, l'auteur le plus divin,
Est toujours, quoi qu'il fasse, un mechant ecrivain.

This is the more provoking, because it is obvious these aberrations are not the consequences of ignorance, which might be illuminated, but of a determined purpose and system, which we cannot hope our feeble exhortations will have any effect in subverting. Yet we wish Mr. Southey would at least make the experiment of shooting one shaft with the wind, and we venture to pledge ourselves, that, without injuring himself with his most enthusiastic admirers, he will add to them thousands who are now startled at some obvious eccentricities, and care not to look deeper, and judge more ripely. If a traveller should choose to pursue his journey in a common labourer's jacket and trowsers, we are afraid that his engaging qualities for conversation, and even an innate dignity of manner, would be completely shrouded from the common eye by the coarseness of his outward raiment; and that even those who could discover his excellence through the clouds which overshadowed it, would grant their applause with a mixture of regret, that an unnecessary and rude disguise should exclude the person by whom it had been incautiously adopted, from the society in which he was fitted by nature to occupy the highest place. We have only to add, that if any one be disposed to question the rank which we think it our duty to ascribe to Mr. Southey amongst his contemporaries, we beg them, before condemn-

ing our judgment, to read attentively the meeting of the Bards, in the eleventh section of the first part of *Madoc*, or the procession in honour of the River Goddess in the twelfth section of the second part. It is in such passages that the felicity and richness of the author's imagination display themselves, and at once obliterate all recollection of his errors. If, on the other hand, we are accused of having judged harshly of an author for whose genius we have so much reverence, we will rather submit to the censure than gratify vulgar malignity, by pointing the occasions on which he has flown with a low and a flagging wing:—were it indeed in our power, and were we as well convinced of the justice of our own criticism, as we are conscious of its sincerity and good faith, we would willingly communicate to the public only our motives for admiration, and to the authors themselves our grounds of censure; that the former might learn what they ought to applaud, while the latter might be taught to merit that applause more amply.

(*To be Continued.*)

CORRESPONDENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

IN turning over a volume of the *Farmer's Boy*, after having brushed the dust and cobwebs from the cover, I opened at hazard and found the following important passage in the *supplement to the preface*. "It is pleasing," saith Mr. Capel Lofft, "to think on a remark of Mr. George Bloomfield, concerning his brother, when he first went to London." "I have him," says Mr. George Bloomfield, "in my mind's eye, a little boy, not bigger than boys generally are at twelve years old. When I met him and his mother at the inn (which by the benevolent assistance of a star, or more properly an asterisk, we are informed is in Bishop-gate street) he strutted before us first as he came from keeping sheep, hogs, &c. his shoes filled full of stumps in the heels, he looking about him, slipped up—his nails were unused to a flat pavement. I remember viewing

him as he scampered up, how small he was; little thought I that little fatherless boy would be one day known and esteemed by the most learned, the most respected, the wisest and the best men in the kingdom." I feel, Mr. Editor, peculiarly anxious to have this matter sifted and examined to the bottom. Mr. George Bloomfield asserts in this interesting extract, first, that Robert when he first came to London, came in a swinish apparel. Secondly, that his shoes were filled full of stumps in the heels. Thirdly, that he fell down flat upon a flat pavement. Fourthly and lastly, that he did not lie there, but rose up again. Now, sir, it is a rule of common law and common sense that we should have the best evidence the nature of the case will admit. Mr. Capel Lofft has himself told us this, in his edition of lord chief baron Gilbert's Treatise on Evidence, a book, with his additions, too brilliant for the eyes of a court of justice. Armed with such respectable authority, I wish to inquire whether the word of Mr. George Bloomfield, not under oath, is to be taken as sufficient evidence to establish four points of so much importance. What renders this oversight in Mr. Capel Lofft more inexcusable, is that he was at that time himself a justice of the peace, and might have taken the deposition of Mr. George Bloomfield. I say, sir, that Mr. Capel Lofft was at that time a justice of the peace, for it was not until the first edition of Bloomfield's poems had appeared, as Mr. Capel Lofft himself informs us in his appendix to the second, that he was turned out of that office. We learn from this inestimable appendix, that he was at the time of his being turned out, fully competent to discharge all official duties, and we therefore have his own words that he was capable of taking a deposition. How, sir, shall we account for such flagrant inconsistency of conduct! Here is a magistrate who knew perfectly well that evidence without an oath could not be admitted, himself legally empowered to administer one, and still producing such illegal testimony of facts so important. What renders this evidence still more suspicious is, that Bloomfield when he alludes to his shoes makes no mention of that incident

"His heels deep sinking ev'ry step he goes
Till dirt usurps the empire of his shoes."

These noble lines contain not the slightest allusion to his falling down on the pavement and getting up again; neither do they state that his heels were full of wooden stumps. I should be much chagrined if I should be considered a sceptic; but the zeal and anxiety which we feel to have anecdotes of great men truly recorded: considering how much on investigation is found to be spurious; what literary clamours, cabals and opposition are excited for the want of such evidence; how dangerous it is to take facts as authentic without investigation; all these produce a solicitude in my mind to be correct in the first instance. I see plain enough to what this laxity of evidence will lead, if suffered to pass without scrutiny. In the future biographies of Bloomfield, all these battles will be fought over again; posterity will be on tiptoe to enquire whether they actually existed, and his eulogists will be liable to the reproach now cast upon the ashes of Livy, that they feigned events that never existed. Here will be writers employed and readers vexed to ascertain whether Bloomfield had pegs in his shoes; whether he appeared in London in any other swine dress than his volume; whether he fell down on the pavement, and whether he arose after he did fall? Now we live in a time when all these controversies may be prevented. Capel Lofft, in his appendix aforesaid, is uncommonly solicitous to learn why and wherefore he was turned out of office? Undoubtedly because he had been guilty of such consummate neglect. Why did he not take the deposition of George Bloomfield, and how could he dare as a magistrate to offer it without a legal attestation. I venture, therefore, sir, the opinion, that Capel Lofft, Esq. was turned out of office by the English ministry because he neglected to take the deposition of Mr. George Bloomfield. But, sir, I would not carry my exterminating vengeance too far. Notwithstanding Mr. Capel Lofft has been guilty of such unparalleled neglect, still I hope on the accession of the Prince Regent to the crown of the three kingdoms, he may, in imitation of the duke of York, be reappointed to office; yes, to the very important office of a justice of the peace, which he himself tells us was honourable because it was extremely useful, because "it was unprofitable and hin-

dersome to the individual," and "because it required the exercise of his best faculties." Amongst the multiplicity of changes which we Americans expect, we hope this will be one; because the office is just on a par with Capel Lofft's not very lofty ambition—because a rattle pleases a child—and because the man whose best faculties can be so exercised, is incompetent for any thing else, excepting, nevertheless, writing comments on the genius of Bloomfield.

A. B.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF J. D. WORGAN.

HAVING promised in the last number, a more full sketch of John Dawes Worgan, we embrace the earliest opportunity for compliance. When this amiable youth found that the citadel of his heart had received the awful summons from the king of terrors to surrender, that no hopes remained but in heaven, he employed the few short moments which a siege so dreadful allowed him, to record his character and actions. It comes, therefore, to us with an authority that admits of no question; an authority that partakes of the sanctity of the tomb. Who does not feel an interest at beholding this young man, pale and emaciated, at his writing-table, while his hand is trembling under the imbecility of fast approaching dissolution, with a collected piety and fortitude, that a confidence in heaven could only inspire, calmly recording the actions of his life. To his beloved and affectionate parent he dedicates the memoir. He was born, of pious parents, in the city of Bristol, (England,) on the 8th of November, 1791. His father, had he been able to have followed the bent of his own inclination, would have taken holy orders, but was prevented by circumstances: his mother was a member of the church of the united brethren. He was, from an infant, patronized by the rev.

T. T. Biddulph, and this laid the foundation of a friendship that acquired new strength, as the powers of his mind began to unfold and expand, and did not dissolve but with his existence. At the expiration of his fourth year, he was capable of reading a chapter in the Testament, and, by committing to memory some stanzas from the hymn-book of the united brethren, a taste for poetry was instilled before six years were accomplished. It was the object of his parents to impress on his early years the great and fundamental truths of religion. These he declares he received with reverence and delight, but they were afterwards forgotten among the gay and fascinating levities of youth. But he states this to have been the case for a season only; for when separated from his parents, their admonitions were recalled to his mind with all the sanctity and reverence he attached to characters so dear. Before he had arrived at the age of six years, he was put to school in Wiltshire, about thirty miles from his paternal roof. Here he states, that the negligence of the master on the one hand, and his own indolence on the other, prevented him from making any proficiency in his studies. Two years of his short existence thus passed away without profit. His constitution, even at that early period, began to exhibit serious indications of infirmity, and this so alarmed his parents, that they recalled him from that school, with an intention of placing him in one nearer home, where his health might receive, if it should demand their superintendence. He was accordingly entered in three different schools; but such was the perversity of his early years, he would remain in none. On this occasion, his reflection is so solemn and admonitory, that we will not resist the impulse to quote his own words: "When I think on the marks of depravity which my state of childhood manifested, in the unmanageable character of my temper at this time, I have cause for fervent gratitude to the benign Author of all good, for enabling me to struggle successfully against the natural propensities of my own heart. It is indeed a continual contest; but when the soul is faint and weary, she can call for aid an Almighty Power, and she will not be left unaided till the warfare is over." Amidst the difficulties his parents struggled with in a disposition so untoward, Worgan was visited by one of his friends, who described a school in the village of Ful-

neck, under the patronage of the Moravians, in such glowing hues, the picture dazzled and delighted him. His parents complied with his intercessions, and although at the distance of two hundred miles from home, he was sent to Fulneck for instruction. Placed under the care of a clergyman, who superintended both his learning and his morals, his proficiency was honourable in both. The simplicity of manners for which that amiable sect are so remarkable, their tenderness in discipline, the spirit of piety so prevalent, and the internal tranquillity assiduously maintained—all combined to operate powerfully on the susceptible heart of Worgan. Two years thus passed away mingled with improvement and delight: but his constitutional complaints once more recurring, his parents reluctantly resolved on his return to his native mansion. "The houses of this village," says Worgan, "are still present to my sight. I still converse, in fancy, with the dear individuals who condescended to administer to my puerile comforts. The scenes of pleasure crowd upon my mind, and when, amidst my present gloom and solitude, I wish to be refreshed by the recollection of happy days, I send my thoughts to Fulneck." On his return to his home, he makes the following beautiful and judicious remarks: "Contented as I had been during my long absence, yet on reentering the door of my paternal dwelling, my heart swelled with indistinct feelings of gentle transport, which it would be no disgrace to the triumphant hero to feel, when returning from the field of glory, or the statesman, from the councils of his country. For, the most exalted wisdom will ever be most ready to cherish the tender feelings of nature; and though with philosophical enlargement the sage may call the universe his home, yet where is the heart that has not experienced a soft partiality to the abodes of his birth and infancy, in priority to spots in themselves more alluring?"

Here Worgan's narrative of his own life abruptly breaks off. The call of death was so impressive he was compelled to abandon his pen, and to prepare his mind for eternity, now approaching. For the remainder of the memoir we are indebted to the kindness of his friend. In January, 1801, he was placed as a daily scholar, in a commercial school at Bristol, where he made consi-

derable proficiency in arithmetic, geography, and astronomy. He drew some very beautiful maps, remarkable for their correctness; still such mechanical nicety is usually found irksome when associated with impatient and fervid genius. Whatever proficiency Worgan made in such studies and pursuits was in opposition to the impulses of his nature.

About this time, being introduced to the acquaintance of an emigrant French clergyman, he imparted to him a knowledge of his own language, by which he was enabled both to speak and to write French with copiousness and elegance. His father being much indisposed in the year 1802, Worgan assisted him in his trade, as a watch-maker, and kept his accounts. The disorder becoming more and more alarming, Worgan divided his time between the sick-bed and his business, with the greatest fidelity, until the second day of May, 1803, when death deprived him of his parent.

In July 1803, he returned to the commercial school in Bristol; shortly after, having expressed an inclination to take orders, his fond mother most readily acceded to his request. He consulted his old friend, the reverend Mr. Biddulph, and was by him recommended to the care of a clergyman, who presided over a large and respectable school in Bristol. His preceptor, a profound and solid scholar, inflamed the ambition, and roused all the energies of his early genius, both by precept and example.

He now attached himself to the classic writers, with an enthusiasm worthy of his object. In the space of one year and six months he passed through the various stages of Greek and Latin, and was capable of exploring the beauties of authors of the highest classical standard. His papers bear marks of successful industry; consisting of an Epitome of Roman History: Translations from Justin, Cornelius Nepos, Eutropius, and Virgil's Eclogues. He became, in this manner, capable of writing Latin verse, with equal facility and elegance. He was, moreover, no mean adept in the Hebrew dialect. At the age of sixteen, he was appointed private tutor in the family of Dr. Jenner. Notwithstanding a proposition was made for him to enter college, at so early an age, and all his literary enthusiasm was awakened by it, he relinquished so flattering a proposal until a time had ar-

rived, when his finances should be more improved, and his circle of information more enlarged. An incident now happened that threw a gloom and dejection over a mind thus ardent and alive to all the delicate impulses of passion. He formed an early attachment for a beautiful and deserving young lady, and it seems his affections were well requited. Her parents, however, opposed the connexion, and this embittered almost every subsequent stage of his existence. This will explain the gloom that so often pervades his susceptible Muse. Such an untoward incident, so far from relaxing, probably served to render his mind more intent upon his studies. In souls of such conformation, one strong passion is not to be *reasoned down*: it must be opposed by another. Hence we find his youthful pen employed in composing a series of notes upon Æschines, Pindar, and in translating the Poetics of Aristotle. He also wrote an Épitome of Vida's Art of Poetry. In the year 1807 he was afflicted with a typhus fever, from which he fortunately recovered, and devoted himself shortly after to the acquisition of the Italian language. We may well conceive, that the poems of Petrarch would naturally affect a soul so correspondent in its sensations to the bard's; but while they appeared to sooth his mind they wounded it, and he rose from the page writhing under all the anguish inflicted by a passion at once ardent and hopeless. Another attack of the typhus fever succeeded, from which he never entirely recovered. In moments of respite he read Demosthenes, some of the tragedies of Sophocles, Longinus, and Plato, and the Enchiridion of Epictetus, in the original Greek. When he found that a correspondence with the object of his affection served only to inflame and exasperate his sufferings, he renounced it in a letter, which breathes so much piety, admonition, and affection, it would not disgrace hoary hairs. In the year 1809, he was afflicted with a copious discharge of blood from his lungs, and became confined to his chamber. Hopes were at first entertained, but they all proved to be fallacious. He applied to his friend, the rev. Mr. Biddulph, for his spiritual consolation, by letter, and informs him that his present situation was, in a great degree, brought on by the tortures of disappointed love. He was apprehensive that his zeal for classic preeminence had engaged his attention too much,

and diverted his mind from his Bible. He had resolved, he said, to seek consolation, where it was only to be found, in religion; and he expresses an apprehension that he was incapable of ascertaining whether the resolution proceeded from the judgment of his head, or the contrite feelings of his heart. With so much sagacity does this amiable and dying youth lay open the state of his mind to his friend and spiritual adviser. Having been visited in one of these moments by a young friend, pointing to a volume of Epictetus he exclaimed, "That is a book with which I was some time delighted. I studied it, and thought myself, wrapt up in its philosophy, to be secure against all the storms of fate; but the security was quite theoretical. It is in the book of revelation alone that the antidote to adversity must be found. The consolation of a sick-bed, and of a dying hour, must come from above."

He asked his mother the opinion of the medical gentleman who attended him, and was answered by her tears: "Your tears speak," he replied; "I feel myself gradually decaying, and I know that I am in the second stage of a consumption. Bright were my prospects, but how soon are they clouded! Oh! for resignation to the divine will." Still his love of literature maintained with death an obstinate conflict. He was apprehensive for the future fate of his papers, and feared that oblivion would envelop his name. This was at length subdued, and he now turned his mind, undivided, beyond the grave, for consolation. Addressing his afflicted mother, he told her that he had ever loved the house, the people, and the gospel of God; that by Divine grace he had been restrained from the vices incident to his years; he notwithstanding renounced all hope of mercy but through the redemption of his Saviour. "I have," said he, "been endeavouring to obtain one of the highest seats in the literary world; but (continued he) I would willingly resign it for one of the lowest in heaven." He forgave all his enemies, and prayed for them, and declared his mind to be at perfect peace with every one. I can truly say (he added) that I am happy, very happy! On the 17th of July he partook of the holy sacrament, after bidding an affectionate farewell to his brother and sister. On the 24th of July, after having examined the grounds of his confidence, he declared

himself inexpressibly happy, that if it should please his Maker to call him home that night, he could rely on his Saviour's righteousness, and appear before his God without dismay.

In the course of that evening he was much employed in secret prayer. He desired to be supported in his bed, and brightening into a cheerful look, declared that his time had arrived. Within about an hour afterwards his hæmorrhage came on, and he exclaimed, "Gracious Saviour, help me, gracious Saviour, support me." Looking at his mother, with a smile of triumph, he expired, in the 19th year of his age.

This is a succinct account both of the life and death of this extraordinary youth. We have been more particular in the detail of his last moments, because it furnishes an example no less affecting than interesting, to young men. In an age when vice and folly seem the portion of youth, and so many dare to blaspheme the sacred Majesty of Heaven, we wish to point their attention to an hour, probably not very remote, which will be, if unrepented of, an hour of apprehension, and of unspeakable anxiety to them. What is the indulgence of a profane jest, and the triumph excited by scoffing at holy things, when contrasted with a departure like this? How happy must be the sensations of the afflicted mother, when she remembers the last glances of a son so dear, and so justly beloved! It was the triumphant farewell of a departing soul, before it entered into Paradise.

How few of us can look back on an existence passed like Worgan's! And yet this excellent youth, in the hour of death, found all his consolation derived from his Redeemer. The example of his life is likewise salutary and impressive. Young men may see what industry, even though oppressed with sickness, is capable of accomplishing. This example may fire a generous ambition to rouse from its slumbers. Life, with Worgan, was not measured by the dull and unprofitable standard of days and years. He had, in fact, lived long, for he had accomplished much. When looking back, he observed his existence marked with improvement, and his life seemed long, because it was measured by his acquirements. Nor can we, for a moment, regret his early death. He lived long enough to be respected and beloved; long enough to give an assurance sufficient to satisfy all

doubt upon the subject, that he is now in heaven. What would a protracted existence have done more? Considering the force of temptation, and our incompetence at all times to resist, we cannot be assured that his life would then have passed with such purity to the grave.

We wish now to solicit, for a few moments, the attention of those infidels who so triumphantly repose themselves on the death of David Hume. He wrote his life while in the last stages of sickness, and could divert himself with a game of cards, with a tremendous eternity in prospect. Let it, however, abate somewhat of their triumph, when Hume himself informs them, that he was a man of great moderation in all his passions. He had thought much, reflected much, and wrote much against Christianity. All these circumstances combining with a natural quietude of nerve, not the gift of his boasted philosophy, but of nature, enabled him to preserve his natural apathy at his exit. To this we may proudly oppose the example of Worgan. He was exquisitely alive to every tender passion; this was indeed the prime cause of his early death. We behold this boy, not like Hume, unbelieving to the last, but overpoweringly convinced that the denunciations of the gospel against wicked men, are awful realities. Triumphantly does this timid boy look these aggravated horrors in the face, and soars home to the arms of his Redeemer. Now, we will ask what is it that overcomes the dread of death, represses all natural fear, and clothes every sable cloud with sunbeams so bright? What is it but that religion which the infidel scorns, that deprives death of its sting, and eternity of its fears? Emphatically might this amiable boy have taken Hume, had he been present, by the hand, and have exclaimed in the words of Addison, "see how a Christian can die!"

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUMBERLAND AND GOLDSMITH.

WE propose to resign the present controversy with a few observations in reply. We stated Richard Cumberland to have been one who spoke slightly of the reputation of Goldsmith. As an evidence of this fact, we cited an anecdote recorded by the latter in his *Memoirs*. The circumstance was this:—Goldsmith's delightful comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, on its first appearance, encountered warm opposition. A party of his friends, and Cumberland among the rest, agreed to stand forth candidates for the piece. Goldsmith was himself present, and at first somewhat embarrassed by the presence of another dramatic writer, until, recovering himself, he made this friendly overture: "You and I have very different motives for resorting to the stage; I write for money, and care very little about fame." The remark of Cumberland is the only material part in issue. "I was touched by this melancholy confession, and from that moment busied myself among my connections in his cause. The whole company pledged themselves to the support of the ingenious poet." Erroneously, we confess, (we quoted from memory only,) we stated Cumberland to have said, "He felt for the distresses of the amiable poet." We submit it to the consideration of any one, whether these words, touched by this melancholy confession, are not words stronger for our purpose, than those we erroneously stated Cumberland to have said. Does not he represent that the whole of the support here given to Goldsmith by his friends, was a matter of grace and bounty merely? Does he not say that "his heart was ever warm towards his contemporaries," and that he did not counterfeit, but really felt a cordial interest in Goldsmith's behalf? Is there the slightest intimation given that the merits of this delightful comedy entitled it to support? No such thing: the whole agency is referred to Goldsmith's pecuniary embarrassments. This construction does not rest on negative but positive proof; and that too in the very page to which we are referred by this writer. Colman, the manager,

is stated by Cumberland to have been influenced by such authority, and to have put into rehearsal "one of the most eccentric productions that ever found its way to the stage." Further onwards there is another dash at this comedy. A meeting of Goldsmith's friends was called for the purpose of supporting it, and Goldsmith, *according to custom*, was made the target of their raillery and mirth. This meeting is denominated by Cumberland a "better comedy" than the one which they had pledged themselves so ostentatiously to support. Here again we discover that persecuting propensity of Goldsmith's friends to teize and vex him, even when the object of their meeting is the alleviation of his misfortunes. Lastly, these friends of Goldsmith, Cumberland informs us, attended the representation of the comedy, and himself was one of that number, and by them he says the play was carried through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, *but their own*. Is not this a plain declaration of Cumberland's, that the play did not merit the applause it had received, and what other construction can we possibly impute to his words? The pecuniary distresses of Goldsmith are first mentioned, as the cause, and the sole cause, why Cumberland busied himself in his behalf, and to this cause all his subsequent agency is imputed. Posterity has been more liberal and just. It is now discovered that the intrinsic merits of the piece does not require the fortuitous poverty of the author for support—it is demanded by his genius, which still survives the body, and sparkles from his page. So far and so decidedly does this anecdote bear out the construction we have given.

Our opponent next resorts to the meagre panegyric proffered by Cumberland, on the general competency of Goldsmith as a writer for the drama. Cumberland says, that "Oliver Goldsmith began at that time to write for the stage; that it was to be lamented that he did not begin at an earlier period, and much more to be lamented, that after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off." He further adds, that "there is no doubt but his genius, when more familiarized to the business, would have inspired to have accomplished great things." This mode of panegyric, which under the appearance of saying much says nothing, we have scouted on more occasions than

one. The question still recurs, what are Goldsmith's merits as a dramatic writer? It is paltry and puerile to say what they might have been. Let Cumberland answer for himself. "This comedy has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron (Burke), and secure its author against any loss of reputation, for it has the stamp of a man of talents upon it." A wonderful discovery indeed, that any thing dramatic from the pen of Oliver Goldsmith should have the stamp of a man of talents! We lay more particular stress on what Cumberland says of Goldsmith's dramatic powers, because his own genius here comes in collision with it, and it is an occasion where we might naturally expect, if Cumberland had, as we have avowed, a mean jealousy of cotemporary authors, that jealousy would have been exerted. The reader will now determine, from Cumberland's own words, whether the humanity which he professed to feel for the distresses of Goldsmith warrants such severity of stricture in the first instance; and whether that is not confirmed by his cautious and guarded panegyric in the second. What is all this but to sneer at Goldsmith's talents for the stage?

We thank our opponent for referring us to Cumberland's words, when he speaks of Goldsmith's poetical pretensions, and we cite them in further confirmation of our remark. Let us bear in mind that Cumberland was also a poet. "That Goldsmith was a poet there is no doubt; *but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station where his genius might have carried him.*" "There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design to constitute a first rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit, are all specimens beautiful as such; but they are only bird's eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent whole must be accomplished before we can pronounce the maker to be the poet." That the rule here laid down as a standard by which poetical merit is to be decided, is unquestionably false, it requires but little comment to prove. No such rule ever did exist, and it is contrary to all common sense that there should. True, if no man is a poet but he who climbs the arduous heights of epic, then is Cumberland's observation correct; then grandeur of design, variety, and what Mr. C. seems to think as essential as all the rest,

bulk likewise must be admitted. Horace has ever been held a first rate poet; but although he has bulk and variety, still he is deficient in grandeur of design. Anacreon also was a poet of the first rate, notwithstanding his design never exceeded the grandeur of a wine glass. Whatever species of workmanship a man undertakes, if it is exquisitely performed, makes him a consummate artist. We may lament that so much time should have been employed, and so much genius exhausted, on materials so comparatively unimportant; still the principle remains the same, that the character of the artist is taken from his skill and competency, and not from the nature of his materials. One of the most admired painters in Italy restricted his genius to the delineation of insects. Thus a man may be a first rate poet of the particular class he aspires to become, and the sole question is, whether his work, however trivial, shows the hand of a consummate master? All this is admitted by Mr. C., for these words, "beautiful specimens," mean this or they mean nothing. Still, after this admission, and by way of snatching with one hand what he has given with another, there are three essential requisites in which Goldsmith is found wanting—variety, grandeur of design, and—*bulk*;—yes, *bulk*. Gray falls by the same standard, and our author has taken care that he shall not fall by any such general inference as the present; for as he is convict of the mortal sin of being short, he is styled "the most costive of poets." Now how shall we account for the existence of this extraordinary rule, which we fear was framed on the occasion to condemn Goldsmith's Muse, while it applauded the vanity of his own, but by believing that Cumberland entertained a mean jealousy of cotemporary authors. It seems our opponent has taken offence, because we have represented Cumberland as "sweltering under the influence of Goldsmith's compliment." We will explain the cause, with as much brevity as possible. Goldsmith told Cumberland, "You and I have recourse to the stage from very different motives; I write for money, and care very little about fame." Cumberland remarks, unquestionably in allusion to this: "*I believe he forgave me all the little fame I had got by the West Indian.*" Who does not perceive, and what soul that does perceive does not feel a min-

gled pity and admiration for Goldsmith, when he relates his own distress? "I write for money, and care very little about fame." How beautifully simple and pathetic is his compliment to Cumberland, couched with the narrative of his own distress! It ends in that gentle murmur of despondency for which our admired author was so remarkable. How does Cumberland reply? Does he retaliate the compliment of Goldsmith? No: he inserts the loathsome fact in his page, and it is a page for posterity to read, that the pecuniary distresses of Goldsmith only drew his benevolence out. Never does a character rise upon our view with such transcendent glory as it does when it relieves desponding merit, and ascribes its exertions not to the poverty, but to the genius of the sufferer. "To take," (we beg pardon for quoting Peter Pindar, but purity of sentiment does not partake of the foulness of the lip that by accident gives it utterance,)

"To take neglected genius by the hand,
"And lead the blushing stranger into day,"

is a consolation indeed; it is a privilege reserved to but few, and fewer still, as we have seen, can assign the proper motive when they do. We scorn to defend G. where we believe him indefensible. An exquisite and a dangerous sensibility, peculiarly alive to the touch of every accident, gave him also a jealousy of cotemporary authors: it is an evil that required amendment, and would have been, had fortune shaken hands with his genius. But this was the exacerbated exterior of a noble heart, which when once penetrated, dissolved into dew drops of sympathy, such as would not disgrace the lids of the angel of mercy to bear.

Our opponent next conducts us to those passages in Cumberland's memoirs where he speaks of Goldsmith in terms of commendation. Did time, health, and a variety of pressing engagements admit, these would, on analysis, be found to contain those every day compliments which all writers, not even Boswell excepted, have paid to the genius of Goldsmith. From Cumberland we expected something better, something more decided and minute.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MEDICAL HISTORY OF MERCURY,

BY JOHN W. FRANCIS, A. B. VICE PRESIDENT OF THE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW-YORK, &c.

AT what particular period the first knowledge of this important metal may be dated, or the precise time in which it was originally employed in the treatment of diseases, remains uncertain. In the writings of Hippocrates frequent mention is made of several metallic ores, but the name of mercury does not occur: hence it may be inferred, that in his time it was not considered an article of the *Materia Medica*, as the employment of so active a remedy could scarcely have escaped the notice of so intelligent and profound an observer. Aristotle, however, who flourished about forty years after Hippocrates, and Theophrastus, his most distinguished pupil, were acquainted with it. The former, treating of the peculiar character of bodies, in Lib. iv. *Meteorologicorum*, notices mercury;* and the latter, in his history of stones, states that it has its uses, and details a process for obtaining it pure from native cinnabar.† Dioscorides, whose fondness for the products of the vegetable kingdom led him to hold in little estimation those of the mineral, ascribes pernicious effects to it in medicine;‡ and the elder Pliny, under the appellation of the *vomica liquoris æternis* declares that it has the quality of poisoning all things.§ These opinions of the nature of mercury, entertained by Dioscorides and Pliny, no doubt influenced Galen to consider it highly corrosive, and rank it among the class of poisons, for it does not appear that he ever made trial of it himself.¶

* Aristot. Oper. Om. vol. 1. p. 816. ed. 1597.

† Hill's Theophrastus, p. 232.

‡ Vim pernicipalem habet, suo enim pondere interna perrodit. Dioscorides, as quoted in Alston's Mat. Med. vol. 1.

§ Est et lapis in his venis, cujus vomica liquoris æternis, argentum vivum appellatur, venenum rerum omnium. Plinii, lib. 33. cap. 6. p. 702.

¶ *Hydragyros, argentum vivum.* Non est sponte nascentibus medicamentis, sed ex iis quæ parantur; veluti psimmythium, ærugo, psoricum, lithagyros.

Notwithstanding the authors already mentioned had thus decidedly spoken of the destructive effects of mercury, and that their writings were already extensively circulated among the Arabians, who embraced with great zeal the then prevailing Galenical doctrines, yet some of the most distinguished physicians of the Arabian school were among the foremost of those who dared to call in question their correctness in this respect. Believing this metal to be not merely harmless, but calculated to do much good in the treatment of diseases, they recommended its use externally;* and in the form of ointment, united with various ingredients, it was employed in cutaneous affections, as herpes, empetigo, psora, &c. Shortly after this period, Avicenna having observed that even when inwardly taken it caused no injurious effects, and that by its weight it made a free passage through the body,† the practice now became to give it in the quantity of pounds in affections of the intestinal canal, and in cases of difficult labour, little attention being bestowed to find out the particular cause of the disease.

Matthiolus and Brassavolus gave it to children affected with worms, in doses from two to twenty grains, and always, it is stated, with some success.‡ In cases of difficult labour, it was administered with the same result. Similar facts are still farther supported by Fallopius and Fernelius, the latter of whom has witnessed pounds of crude mercury given to induce abortion.§ Equally large doses were administered in the iliac passion.

Cæterum interimatre, deuoratum aut admotum extrinsecus nondum feci periculum. Galeni de Simp. Med. Facul. lib. ix. p. 553. See also the *Pharmacologia Anti-Empirica* of Harris, p. 94.

* *Primi omnium medici Arabes ausi sint mercurium exterius adhibere.* Astruc. de Morb. Ven. 4to. vol. 1. p. 156.

† *Argentum vivum plurimum qui bibunt, non læduntur eo; egreditur enim cum dispositione sua per inferiorem regionem.* Mead's Med. Works, vol. 1. p. 104.

‡ James's Medical Dictionary.

§ *Vidi mulieres qui libras ejus biberunt ut abortum facerent, et sine noxa. Ego exhibeo in vermibus puerorum et nullum parit symptomata, solum necantur vermes.* Fernelius. Alston's Mat. Med.

The external use of mercury, in the mean time, was not neglected, either by the Arabians, or by others who became reconciled to the opinion of its salutary tendency. On the authority of Dr. Friend,* it is declared, that friar Theoderic induced by his unguents so profuse a salivation, that the "humours flowed like a river," which was considered a certain evidence of its successful employment; and this appears to have been not unfrequently the practice of that time. Thus, at that early period, there were those who were decidedly opposed to the introduction of mercury as an article of the *Materia Medica*; others, again, who confined its use solely in external applications; and a third class, who were the strenuous advocates for its liberal use internally.

About the time that the Arabian physicians first noticed the effects of mercury as an article of medicine, what may be called the golden age of alchemy had already commenced, and of the many subjects of examination to which the philosophers of that sect directed their attention, and of which they conceived the greatest hopes, the most conspicuous was mercury. Believing it to be the basis and matter of all metals,† that by subtilizing, purifying, and digesting it, it might be converted into pure gold, they subjected it to every practicable process, in their researches after the philosopher's stone‡. The successful employment of this metal by the chemists and Arabian physicians, and its introduction in the treatment of the lues venerea, in 1497,§ afforded still farther inducements to them to extend their investigations; and by the bold and vigorous use of it in conjunction with opium, Paracelsus and Van Helmont made known a practice far more successful than those of their predecessors, and

* Alston's *Mat. Med.* vol. 1. p. 82.

† *Sperma metallorum*, says Harris. *Parm. Anti-Empir.* p. 93.

‡ *Si medicamentis relictis progredior ad Alchymiam: in hujus assecclarum tantum, non omnium ore crepat quotidie mercurius, dum alii in illo veram lapidis philosophici materiam hærere credunt, alii ad minimum in metallorum arte transmutatoria felicem eventum sibi promittunt: imo quod negandum, e plurimis talia tentantibus, uni alterique aliquando licet esse tam felici, ut quod optat obtineat, quod Theoph. Paracelsi, et aliorum exempla evincunt. Acta Eruditor. dec. II, anno VIII, p. 339.*

§ Sprengel. *Cabanis's Sketch of Medical Science*, p. 416.

effected cures altogether beyond the power of the Galenical schools.

Passing over the contentions relative to mercury which existed among the chemists and Galenists, it may be sufficient to observe, that with the prevalence of that class of diseases vaguely denominated leprous, and the extension of the lues venerea, the use of this remedy became gradually more extensive, and was considered among the most valuable as well as active articles of the *Materia Medica*. The variety of opinion relative to it, which agitated the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, have a more immediate connection with the advantages of certain preparations, and the theory of their operation. Of these authors, the most conspicuous were Hoffman, Sydenham, Boerhaave, and Van Swieten; besides several other writers of lesser note.* It ought not to be left unnoticed in the history of this medicine, that the facetious Dr. Dover, believing it to be a valuable remedy in affections of the stomach, and in other diseases, warmly recommended its use in a crude state.

To take an ounce of quicksilver every morning he declares to be the most beneficial thing in the world; and in 1731 and '32, it became "fashionable" in London and in Edinburgh to take that quantity every morning for several weeks.†

The medical history of mercury closes with its extensive use in the diseases of warm climates; more particularly in the malignant fevers of the tropics, as introduced by Dr. Chisholm,‡ and the practice subsequently adopted by the North American physicians.§

* See the *Acta Eruditorum*; *acta Curiosorum*, and the *Ephemer. Nat. Curiosum*.

† Ed. *Med. Essays and Observ.* vol. 3, p. 347. Cullen's *Mat. Med.* vol. 2, p. 250.

‡ Essays on the malignant pestilential fever.

§ Rush's *Works*, *New York Medical Repository*, *Miller's Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century*.



(From *La Belle Assemblée*.)

MR. WEST'S PICTURE OF CHRIST HEALING IN THE TEMPLE.

(With a Plate.)

THIS noble composition which has excited such general attention, is now placed in the Gallery of the British Institution in Pall-Mall.

The subject is *Christ Healing in the Temple*. To represent with suitable dignity and propriety a subject of this kind; to depict the vast variety of character collected together in this stupendous and miraculous scene; to exhibit the human figure in those various modes of misery and suffering, which flesh is born an heir to; in a word, to combine into one composition the dispersed miracles of our Lord,—in healing the lame, giving eyes to the blind, and ears to the deaf, seemed to require nothing less than the experience of half a century in the art of painting, a deep insight into the human character, and a perspicuity and precision of mind, which belong to no other professor of the art but Mr. West.

In the composition now before us, Mr. West has brought together, and seemingly rallied for one great effort, all the energies of his genius and the acquirements of his mind, as they have been exercised, both in labour and observation, near fifty years of his life. He has amply succeeded, and produced a picture which will do honour to his country, and raise the arts to their highest point of elevation.

The scene of this picture is laid in a colonade of the temple,—Christ is raised above the crowd upon a small eminence. He is accompanied by his apostles, and behind him are groups of the scribes and pharisees, watching, even in his miracles, for matter to accuse him.

There are three principal groups of sufferers: behind are various characters—women passing through the temple with baskets of doves, for merchandise; and much of the magnificence of the sacred edifice is shown in the perspective.

The centre group is that of a man, wrapt up in the appendages of disease, pallid, and wasted by distemper. He is supported by two slaves, and, with a countenance in which

hope is finely expressed shining through sickness, he is presented to our Lord. The feebleness of his figure—his *incurableness* (if we may so express it) otherwise than by a miracle, is finely depicted. The slave, who principally supports his master, is a character admirably conceived, and the manner in which it has been treated is perfectly new, and reflects high credit upon Mr. West's knowledge of human nature. This slave appears wholly unmoved by the scene of suffering around him; without sentiment or passion; and seemingly incapable of being affected even by the awful presence of the Deity. He is lost in the degraded state of a slave, and almost every virtue and feeling of the human creature are extinguished and subdued by the habits and sense of his condition.

So true is the observation of the poet, that the day of slavery robs a man of all his worth. The figure of the young woman who is born blind, the mother with her sick and dying infant, an old man in helpless imbecility, are rendered with the most exquisite pathos and refined delicacy.

In the right group is a woman afflicted with a palsy, which has distorted her frame, and is even *then* agitating her limbs. She is supported by two vigorous and muscular soldiers, which afford a fine contrast with her emaciated figure. Her son, with outstretched arms is advanced before her, and seems to implore the most speedy attention of the Saviour to his parent's sufferings. There are numerous other figures and appearances of sickness, which we do not think it necessary to particularize.

The character of our Lord is divinely executed. He is shown without art, without affection, perfectly simple and dignified. While all eyes are directed to him, his impartial benevolence distinguishes none in particular. The divine placidity of his countenance, in which all peace and charity reign, forms a beautiful contrast with the malevolence of the Jews behind him, and the agonized sufferings of the groups of sick and diseased round about him.

The character of the disciples is likewise very impressive. Their minds seem steadfast, and made up in their faith. They have no anxiety as to the event of the miracles. They are perfectly assured of the divinity of their master's powers.

Mr. West has shown very great skill in the grouping of the various figures, which, we should think, are nearly one hundred in number. The colouring is suitable to the dignity and awfulness of the subject—not glaring and obtrusive, but grave, majestic, and sombre.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of this noble and affecting picture by any written criticism. It is our opinion that, for justness and precision of character, it is a work which has never been excelled. It is an effort of art, which must defy any future attempt upon the same subject. We feel ourselves sensibly proud, as Englishmen, that so admirable a work has been executed in the country.

This admirable production, which the best judges have pronounced not inferior to any work of Raphael or Michael Angelo, has been purchased by the governors and subscribers of the British Institution, at the price of three thousand guineas, a price equally honourable to their munificence and taste. It is intended to place it in a national gallery, to be erected by government, for the exhibition and preservation of the works of British painters.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ABERCROMBIE'S JOHNSON.

“To gild refined gold; to paint the lily; to throw a perfume on the violet,” is an occupation alike impracticable and superfluous. I shall not, Mr. Editor, for this reason, attempt an eulogy on the writings of Dr. Johnson. A fame that expands with the two hemispheres, embraces as large an extent of space, and will remain as long, derives no additional grandeur from panegyric. I can but suspect, sir, that there is a little vanity and affectation in those writers who gravely endeavour to convince us that Dr. Johnson is a writer worthy of being read. It is not a thing to be proved, but it has now become a postulate, and our very attempts to labour such, as controvertible points are cal-

culated to do more injury than benefit. Some authors, who wish to tread upon safe ground, for fear of opposition and defeat, assume some unquestionable fact as dubious, and will gallantly volunteer their services in defence of a fortress so impregnable. Here is, it must be confessed, a wonderful degree of literary chivalry; the steed foams and champs the reluctant bit; the knight most gallantly sits astride, with his lance in the rest, winds his horn, and thus he expects to acquire laurels, and to reap the triumph of a tournament, without the trial. I hope at least, to act a more modest and less presumptuous part, by assuming it as an axiom, that Dr. Johnson's fame can acquire no additional brilliance by any panegyric of mine. I wish to leave the beams that now encircle his tomb to their own effulgence, to await the resuscitation of his body. I have, sir, learnt, and for the first time, with surprise, that amidst all this profusion of admiration, a complete collection of all his writings has never yet been published. It is a fact no less whimsical than singular, that while public curiosity has been so eager to devour, the appetite has not been fully gratified. This is a tribute due not less to the fond partiality of the public than to the ashes of that great man. We owe it not less to ourselves than to him, that productions of such merit should assume a consistent and permanent form. Twice has this been attempted by European editors, without success. The rev. Dr. Abercrombie has been for a series of years engaged in forming an entire collection of Johnson's works, and from the favourable opportunities he has enjoyed, equal if not superior to those of any man now living, the persevering industry he has manifested, an industry excited and inflamed by an admiration of his character and talents, I can but augur the happiest result. In all matters of this kind there is a portion of sensibility to the fame of departed genius; indispensably requisite to the full and perfect accomplishment of the work. It results from a just conception of character, and is the best standard to determine the genuine from the spurious productions of the pen. Here I believe Dr. A. may almost challenge a competitor. I confess, sir, that my native pride would be gratified, in the success of this work, to see what has been twice attempted in England accomplished in America.

A. R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PAINTERS AND POETS AT FAULT IN THEIR DELINEATION OF
DEATH AND THE DEVIL.

I HAVE often thought, Mr. Editor, that painters and poets have been guilty of wanton libels on two important personages, and who have made sad havoc with this world of ours, Death and the Devil. To take up the pen in defence of characters so very unpopular, is, I confess, an arduous office; but it is a settled principle of common law, that no offender, however enormous his crime may be, shall be condemned without trial. What I have to complain of is this, that poets and painters have woe-fully libelled both Death and the Devil in caricatures, when they profess to present us with real likenesses. Death they represent by a skeleton with a sithe in one hand, and an hour glass in the other. It is difficult for the mind of man to conceive a figure more inappropriate. That remorseless tyrant, whose approach makes the stoutest monarchs tremble amidst their guards, painters and poets delineate by an harmless bundle of bones. A sithe to be sure they have allowed him, but lest he should exercise it they have deprived him of his nerves. So of the hour glass, which they have so gratuitously conferred; that it might be of no possible service, the poor skeleton is reduced to the necessity of surveying the sands without eyes. Poets have improved on the absurdity of this figure, and have compelled him to speak when they have stolen away his lungs. The painters have, notwithstanding such depredations, allowed him garments to wear, and the only thing to detract from the generosity of this donation is, that he has no flesh to be covered by them. I have seen, sir, in a good patriarchial bible, a plate of this gentleman mounted on horse-back, a very proper precaution, considering what an effort it must be for a skeleton to walk without nerves. Mr. Cumberland has not been so gracious, for in an Ode of his, addressed to Dr. James, Death is represented, not as sitting astride, but as standing on the back of the beast, like a modern horse-jockey.

On his pale steed, *erect the monarch stands,*
His dirk and javlin glittering in his hands.

This imbecile figure, so mounted, and so strangely appalled, is called Death; but it is as destitute of philosophical justice as it is of all allegorical consistency, and involves the palpable absurdity of substituting the *victim* who *suffers* for the *agent* who *inflicts* such calamities. Death is made an imaginary being, who has committed such outrages; but to take the effects of such outrages, to designate his person, depicts him in the most humble and imbecile light it is possible for the fancy to conceive. What should we think of a painter who, in attempting to portray a dreadful conflagration, should pass over the fire and the firmament, fearfully illuminated by the blaze, and content himself with sketching a pot of ashes? Milton treated Death with more decency and respect:

————— The other shape,
 If shape it might be called, that shape had none
 Distinguishable in number, joint, or limb;
 Or substance might be called that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

But if Death has in the main been abused, and suffered so much by the barbarity of our poets and painters, the Devil has been abused and has suffered still more. This foe to the happiness of man, if the likenesses drawn of his person are correct, would puzzle the profoundest naturalist to ascertain his species. A human head is ornamented with two sharp horns, and a pair of wings. One foot preserves the propriety of the human shape, but the other, by way of offset, terminates in a hoof; to this a long tail is superadded. We are thus left in doubt whether he belongs to the angelic human cornuted species, or to the hogs. With a little variation, the Devil has been made to resemble the heathen god Pan; and yet while we endure such prostitution of the pen and pencil, we can wonder with much gravity why the ancients could worship such lumps of deformity! It is difficult to tell how an object so perfectly ridiculous and contemptible could stand as the representative of the author of all mischief.

In the old edition of Milton, where we read of a personage so dignified as the following:

——— His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new ris'n
Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams.

We find this hideous caricature engraven, one would suppose, for the purpose of libelling his Muse. But it is not to be denied, that although some fragments of a taste so preposterous still flicker around us, Milton's Muse has done much. She has drawn a line which, we trust, will never now be effaced, between the dreadful and ridiculous. Probably this old heterogenous compound has travelled down to us from Rome. Before I conclude, I will notice that some poets, who have magnanimity enough to reject this vulgar conceit, and who attempt to describe the Devil in a manner more worthy of him, are sometimes guilty of as great excesses by blending his person and his punishment together. Mr. Cumberland says of this personage, that he

——— Fell to earth convulsed;
Dire was the yells he vented, fierce the throes
That writh'd his tortur'd frame, while through the seams
And chinks that in his jointed armour gap'd,
Blue sulphurous flames in livid flashes burst—
So hot the hell within his fuell'd heart.

Mr. Cumberland has therefore literally made the Devil perspire brimstone.

A FRIEND TO JUSTICE.

THE SPANISH CHARACTER.

The following observations on the national character of the Spaniards, are extracted from a Spanish work, written some years ago, entitled *Cartas Marruecas, or Moorish Letters*, which though it has obtained considerable celebrity in Spain, we believe it has never yet been translated into English:

“In Spain there is an incredible variety in the character of the inhabitants of the different provinces. This Peninsula having been divided for so many ages into different kingdoms, they have always retained a great diversity of laws, customs, dialects, and mode of dress. An Andalusian in nothing resembles a Biscayan; while a native of Catalonia is wholly distinct from a Galician, as those of Valencia from the Austurians, or *Montanese*.

“The Cantabrians, under which name may be included all who speak the dialect of Biscay, are a people of very simple manners, and of great honesty. They were among the earliest navigators known in Europe, and have always maintained the reputation of being excellent seamen. Their country, although extremely mountainous and rugged, contains a numerous population, which does not appear to be diminished by the numbers which are constantly emigrating to South America. A native of Biscay, although he may go to another country, never ceases to feel a strong attachment towards his own; and this always manifests itself when he happens to meet with a countryman at a distance from home. There exists among them such a degree of national partiality, that, in their eyes, the greatest recommendation any one can possess is the circumstance of his having been born a Biscayan; and a great man, in the distribution of his favours among his countrymen, is guided by the consideration of their respective birth-places being more or less contiguous to his own. The principality of Biscay, Guipuzcoa, Alava, and the kingdom of Navarre, maintain among themselves so close an alliance, that they have been styled the United Provinces of Spain.

“The inhabitants of the province of Asturias value themselves highly upon their descent, and on the glory which their ancestors acquired in the reconquest of Spain from the Moors.

A population too great for the confined and indigent country which it inhabits, occasions numbers to seek employment in Madrid, where they are generally found in the class of inferior servants; so that it has been remarked, that an Asturian gentleman residing in that city, would require to be very careful in examining to see that there were none of his relations amongst his grooms or footmen; or, otherwise, he might some day have the mortification of finding one of his cousins rubbing down his horse, or his uncle blacking his shoes. Notwithstanding this, however, many families of this province live in an elegant and splendid manner; are worthy of the highest respect, and among them are to be found officers of exalted merit, both in the army and navy.

"The Galicians, amidst the poverty of their country, are robust and vigorous. They are found dispersed all over Spain, engaged in the most fatiguing labours, which, as they are more profitable, they prefer to those of an easier description. For soldiers, although, perhaps, something inferior in external appearance, they are admirably qualified by their habits of subordination, strength of body, and ability to sustain privations and fatigue.

"The Castilians, of all the natives of Spain, have shown themselves most attached to their sovereigns. When the army of Philip V. was completely destroyed in the battle of Saragossa, the province of Soira alone furnished him with another, fresh and numerous, with which he again took the field; and it was it that gained those victories, the result of which was the total destruction of the Asturian party. The natives of this province still retain a certain haughtiness of manner, the remains of their ancient grandeur, which is now only to be looked for in the ruins of their cities, and in the honour and integrity by which their character is still distinguished.

"Estremadura gave birth to the conquerors of the New World, and has always continued to produce many distinguished warriors. Its inhabitants are not much inclined to the cultivation of learning, but those of them who have applied themselves to such pursuits have not attained less celebrity in letters than its soldiers have acquired in arms.

“The Andalusians, born and brought up in a country, warm, abundant, and delicious, have the character of being somewhat arrogant and assuming; but if this reproach be just, it ought to be attributed to their ardent climate, the powerful influence of which on the moral character is so well known. The advantages which nature has so liberally bestowed upon their country, make them regard with contempt the poverty of Galicia, the ruggedness of Biscay, and the barrenness of Castile. Their province, however, has at different times given birth to men who have done honour to their country and to human nature; and when we reflect that Trajan and Seneca are to be reckoned among these, we may be inclined in some degree to overlook the vanity of a people whose country has produced such men. In beauty, vivacity, and acuteness, the Andalusian women are superior to all others; they are possessed of great address, together with such a turn for intrigue, that a Moor of rank, who had resided some time in Seville, declared that he considered one of them sufficient to set the whole empire of Morocco in a flame.

“The Murcians partake of the character of the Andalusians and Valencians. These last are generally considered as a light and frivolous people; but however general this prejudice may be, it must be observed, that amongst the Valencians of the present century the cultivation of learning and science has been more attended to, and with greater success, than in any other part of Spain.

“The natives of Catalonia are the most industrious people in the Peninsula. Manufactures, fisheries, and commerce are things hardly known to the inhabitants of the other provinces, when compared with the Catalonians. They are not only useful from their industry in peace, but are also of the greatest service in war, forming light troops of most excellent quality. They possess foundries of cannon, manufactories of arms, clothing, and accoutrements for the troops; and warlike stores and provisions of all sorts abound in this province. The country is well cultivated, while its population is continually increasing in wealth and numbers; in short, the Catalonians appear to be a people as completely distinct from those of Galicia, Andalusia, or Castile, as if they were inhabitants of another part of the globe. Their disposition, however, is rather intractable; and from their apply-

ing themselves continually to the advancement of their interest, they have acquired the name of the Jews of Spain. We may predict that this province will continue to flourish while the inhabitants remain as much strangers to luxury as they are at present, and to the folly of ennobling their artisans, two evils which have always proved destructive of industry in Spain.

“The Arragonese are a brave and honourable people, tenacious of their opinions, much attached to their province, and much prejudiced in favour of their own countrymen. In former times they cultivated the sciences with success, and acquired much glory in arms against the French in Italy, and the Moors in Spain. This province, like the rest of the Peninsula, was anciently very populous; and it is a common tradition among them, that on the marriage of one of their kings, he was attended to Saragossa by ten thousand gentlemen, each one with his servant; the whole twenty thousand mounted on horses of the breed of the province.

“The long period during which the different provinces of this kingdom were divided, and often engaged in war with each other—their speaking different dialects, and being governed by different laws—naturally induced a certain degree of dislike and animosity between their inhabitants, which, although now much diminished, is not yet wholly eradicated; and if in time of peace this may be regretted as forming an obstacle to that union which should subsist between the different parts of an empire, it is not without its attendant advantage in war, by the mutual emulation which it inspires. An Arragonese regiment will not look with indifference on the glory acquired by one of Castile; and a ship of war, with a crew of Biscayans, will never surrender while another continues to defend herself which is manned with Catalonians.”

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ELEGY.

OH Nature! partial in thy gifts to men,
Take thy quick feelings from my soul again;
Let cold Indifference foster in my breast,
And every wild emotion sink to rest:
Let Love no more this aching heart beguile,
To rest with trembling hope on Beauty's smile.

Oh Love! where now are all thy golden hours,
Those scenes that bloom'd with Eden's fairest flowers;
Where now are all those fairy visions fled,
Which thou to Fancy's kindling eye display'd?
Ah! waked from thy deceitful dreams of bliss,
In blasted hope I find the grave of peace:
For me no more the verdant fields assume
A sweeter fragrance and a livelier bloom:
No more the lark, who hails the morning light,
Awakes my soul to pleasure and delight:
And when my weary eyes at evening close,
No rapturous visions sweeten my repose.
Once in the path of Glory fond to tread,
I eager follow'd where Distinction led;
Then while I thought of those in ages past,
Whose names must live while time itself shall last;
While with a fixt attention I would read
The lofty tale of each heroic deed,
My soul, as yet unquenched in soft desire,
To noble acts aroused her native fire;
But now each generous impulse is no more,
And Honor's call and Duty's strife are o'er:
Swift in their silent passage roll my years
In constant change of hopes and anxious fears;
In ceaseless flames my soul is doom'd to burn,
And sigh for one who sighs not in return.

Ah! different was the strain in happier days,
When Grief was yet a stranger to my lays:

Then gentle Love would every tone inspire,
 While soft I touched the myrtle-wreathed lyre:
 Still on the harp his rapturous sigh would dwell,
 While from its trembling chords the numbers swell:
 "Adieu ye cares of earth," the strain would say,
 "The wish to bask in Fame's resplendent ray,
 "Let but my name to her I love be dear,
 "I yield the course in Glory's high career:
 "And when the veil of death shall fall between
 "My closing eyes and every mortal scene,
 "Let her with tears and sighs lament my doom,
 "I ask no sculptur'd marble o'er my tomb."

No tears of Love, alas! shall e'er be shed
 Upon the turf where I must soon be laid;
 No hand officious, at the hour of eve,
 Shall round my grave a wreath of flow'rets weave;
 Then let my soul some nobler aim pursue,
 And pierce the clouds that intercept her view,
 Let Emulation urge my steps again
 The loftiest height of glory to attain;
 Then shall the cypress bending o'er my grave
 Receive the tears of all the good and brave.

• SIMONIDES.

—
 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A COQUETTE.

Time will steal the rosy hue
 That blooms so sweetly on thy cheek,
 He will dim thine eyes of blue,
 Quench their beams that brightly speak;
 Where thy glossy ringlets flow
 Soon his hand shall scatter snow.

Age, that steals with silent tread
 All thy dimpled smiles will blight,
 Many a furrow he will spread

O'er thy bosom's heaving white;
Snatch from under lips so fair
The pearly treasures lying there.

Then the ruin thou shalt view
Of all that Love so much could prize;
Sighs thy bosom shall subdue,
Bitter tears shall swell thine eyes.
Thou shalt sigh and weep in vain,
Youth can never come again.

Mark, my fair, the vernal rose,
Nursling of the dews of Heav'n,
Bountiful to air it throws
All the sweets by Nature giv'n;
And when o'er the rich perfume,
Still it leaves its buds to bloom.

Beauty, Mary! is a flow'r
Born to blush its little hour;
Time's the canker-worm that eats
A passage to its fragrant sweets.

Gentle show'rs may vigour bring
To the drooping gem of spring;
Zephyr may not woo in vain
The freshness to its leaves again:

But nought can e'er *thy* charms renew,
And bid *thee* bloom again as fair;
Tears are not like morning dew,
And sighs are not like balmy air.

Then, Mary, leave thy cruel wiles,
And emulate the lovely rose;
Go, and in Beauty's winning smiles
Thy paradise of sweets disclose,
And bless, with all thy Heav'n of charms,
The heart that love and honour warms.

W.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN APOLOGY TO A LADY FOR UNUSUAL SILENCE DURING A
MOONLIGHT WALK.

R. is it strange that I should be
Reserv'd, in this dear month of June,
Whene'er I wander forth with thee
Beneath the beams of yonder moon?

'Tis hard to keep my heart at ease
Whene'er your fingers, iv'ry fair,
Press gently on the yielding keys,
And wake the tones that slumber there.

But when the moonbeam, cool and meek,
Falls with light lapse from yonder sky,
Lights faint and silv'ry on thy cheek,
Or dimly twinkles from thine eye;

Or when you view the vapours round
Touch'd by the moon so calm and still;
Or stop and listen to the sound
That echoes from some distant rill;

Or when you pause amid the blaze,
So sudden kindled round the land,
By insects that unhood their rays
And shun the inquiries of the hand;

Or when you warn me not to catch
The sparkling truant of the night;
Lest I should harm the little wretch,
And rob the fairy of his light:

If I must be in merry mood,
Dear girl! I pri'thee wear a hood.

VARIETY.

DUEL EXTRAORDINARY.—A very noble species of duel has lately taken place at Paris. M. de Granpree and M. Le Pique having quarrelled about Mademoiselle Tirevit, a celebrated opera dancer, who was kept by the former, but had been discovered in an intrigue with the latter, a challenge ensued. Being both men of *elevated mind*, they agreed to fight in balloons, and, in order to give time for their preparation, it was determined that the duel should take place on that day month. Accordingly on the 3d of May, the parties met at the field adjoining the Thuilleries, where their respective balloons were ready to receive them. Each, attended by a second, ascended his car, loaded with blunderbusses, as pistols could not be expected to be efficient in their probable situations. A great multitude attended, hearing of the balloons, but little dreaming of their purpose: the Parisians merely looked for the novelty of a balloon race. At nine o'clock the cords were cut, and the balloons ascended majestically, amidst the shouts of the spectators. The wind was moderate, blowing from the N.N.W. and they kept, as far as could be judged, within about eighty yards of each other. When they had mounted to the height of about 900 yards, M. Le Pique fired his piece ineffectually; almost immediately after, the fire was returned by M. Granpree, and penetrated his adversary's balloon; the consequence of which was its rapid descent, and M. Le Pique and his second were both dashed to pieces on a house-top, over which the balloon fell. The victorious Granpree then mounted aloft in the grandest style, and descended safe with his second, about seven leagues from the spot of ascension.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-trees;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby:—

The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood,
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

“Wake ye from your sleep of death,
“Minstrels and Bards of other days!
“For the midnight wind is on the heath,
“And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
“The spectre with his bloody hand,
“Is wandering through the wild woodland;
“The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
“And the time is meet to awake the dead!
“Souls of the mighty! wake and say,
“To what high strain your harps were strung,
“When Lochlin ploughed her billowy way,
“And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
“Her Norsemen train’d to spoil and blood,
“Skilled to prepare the raven’s food,
“All by your harpings doom’d to die
“On bloody Largs and Loncarty.

“Mute are ye all! No murmurs strange
“Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
“Nor through the pines with whistling change,
“Mimic the harp’s wild harmony!
“Mute are ye now?—Ye ne’er were mute,
“When Murder with his bloody foot,
“And Rapine with his iron hand,
“Were hovering near your mountain strand.

“ O yet awake the strain to tell,
“ By every deed in song enroll’d,
“ By every chief who fought or fell,
“ For Albion’s weal in battle bold;—
“ From Coilgach, first who roll’d his car,
“ Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
“ To him, of veteran memory dear,
“ Who victor died on Aboukir.

“ By all their swords, by all their scars,
“ By all their names, a mighty spell!
“ By all their wounds, by all their wars,
“ Arise the mighty strain to tell;
“ For fiercer than fierce Hengist’s strain,
“ More impious than the heathen Dane,
“ More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
“ Gaul’s ravening legions hither come!”—

The wind is hush’d, and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years—
“ When targets clash’d, and bugles rung,
“ And blades round warriors’ heads were flung,
“ The foremost of the band were we,
“ And hymn’d the joys of liberty!”

WALTER SCOTT.

THE vulgar, always ready to condemn or to admire in extremes, extol great talent to the name and rank of genius. We deny the applicability of the term. The world is certainly very much divided about the meaning of genius; and though we have a perfectly definite idea of our own concerning its nature and properties, yet, as a definition is not at present necessary to our purposes, we do not think it prudent to provoke opposition,

by attempting to define it. But we think that we may, without equal danger of critical and metaphysical hostility, declare some opinions on the negative side of the question; for though nobody agrees with his neighbour as to what genius is, many are agreed as to what genius is not. Of late, the word has been used with great laxity. Every thing that rises beyond the common level is called genius in these times, as if genius were synonymous with cleverness. At present, to obtain the title of a genius, a man needs not have been employed even upon any noble art: it is sufficient for the public that he has invented something which his neighbours were not lucky enough to think of, and straightway he is called a genius; so vilely profaned has been that sacred title, once associated only with the names of philosophers, statesmen, poets, artists, and warriors, who had distinguished themselves by some transcendent effort, either of sublimity or of beauty. It will be allowed by all who take the trouble to consider for themselves, that a mere originality, the simple circumstance of having been the first to discover a new course, does not necessarily deserve the praise of genius. If it does, no line can be drawn. Shall we say, that he who paints warming-pans and three-legged stools in a new way, is a genius? Why, then, so is he who finds out a new way in which warming-pans and three-legged stools may be manufactured. The author of a brilliant poem, and the patentee of a brilliant blacking, must be equally men of genius. But Mr. ———, it will be urged, is not only an able painter of external nature; he has great skill in the expression of mind. This is a more cognizable plea: let us see how far it will avail the pleaders. Certainly the reputation of genius must arise, as well to the painter as to the poet, from the delineation of mind, and not from the delineation of matter. But what mind does Mr. ——— delineate? The fine feelings of human nature, and the great passions that excite corresponding agitation in the spectator's breast? Does he touch the affections? Does he swell the imagination? Does he ennoble the soul, or exalt the understanding? Does he animate us with the glow of sympathetic ardour or pity? Does he produce any of the effects of poetry? No—he does nothing of all this. Then he may have a mind of observation, of humour, of cleverness, of strength, of extensive and acute talent,

but *not* the mind of a genius. The painter, like every other artist, —like the sculptor, like the actor, like the composer, is only a genius in proportion as he is a poet. It is poetry that gives the life and the glory to the other arts—to those arts which, though they have been commonly called her sisters, ought rather to have been denominated her children—they live in her spirit —they rise by her merits—they flourish by her inheritance.

But there is some expression of *mind* in Mr. ———'s works, though it is not a poetical expression; and such as it is, it has been most skilfully delineated by Mr. ———. It is the expression of the low, and sometimes ridiculous emotions of uncultivated *mind*. The representation of such subjects is exceedingly amusing in its way; in a large gallery, two or three such pictures make an agreeable variety: but they are matters rather curious than interesting. They have nothing of elevation or beauty; they are one degree higher than the painting of shells and flowers. It is very right that there be painters of all kinds; but the public should not forget that what Pope, in his celebrated prologue, declared to be the proper aim of tragedy, is the proper aim of painting too; and that, in both alike, it is the true glory,

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.

It remains only to inquire, why, if this style is not the style of a great genius, the public have so ardently admired and pursued it. The answer is obvious:—The style, in its full merit, is comprehensible to every body. The sublime and the beautiful are unperceived by the vulgar; these higher excellencies are reserved for the enjoyment of higher minds. But every spectator can judge of the accuracy with which a crying child, or a pair of fire-tongs, is delineated. The subject most easily understood will always be most popular; and a ballad-singer in the street can collect greater crowds, by chaunting the comic songs of a Sadler's Wells burletta, than he would draw together by repeating the text of *Macbeth*.

TO A LADY,

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

TAKE these flowers, which, purple waving,
 On the ruined rampart grew,
 Where, the sons of Freedom braving,
 Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
 Pluck no longer laurels there:
 They but yield the passing stranger
 Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

WALTER SCOTT.

DURING an exhibition at Carlton-House, the palace of the prince of Wales, a portrait of king George was presented. Mr. Burke was retiring, when a member of the house of commons was just entering the room, who accosted Mr. Burke with these words: "Sir, have you seen his majesty." "Yes," replied Mr. B., "I have often seen the king, but *never his majesty before.*" This was as fine a sarcasm on the monarch, as a panegyric on the painter.

EPIGRAM.

O LOVE, though Virgil's lays ascribe
 Resistless power to thee,
 Yet still I thought the happy tribe
 Of Dullness ever free.

Content I deem'd her ample shield,
 Her favourite sons to save,
 Though to Love's soft dominion yield
 The virtuous, wise, and brave.

But since I see, thy votary grown,
E'en *Paridel* obey,
I find myself compell'd to own
Thy *universal* sway.

It is thought by many to be a hardship on the memory of that great man, Christopher Columbus, that he should be the person who first discovered the Western hemisphere, and it should bear the name of *America*, from another navigator. But it is very natural it should be so, when one comes to consider it. Columbus thought that by steering a western course he should arrive at the East Indies, as the earth was round; and when he discovered land, he took it to be those Indies; and we, since then, have continued to call the parts he discovered, the Indies, but have added a necessary distinction, after it was found that this was a different part of the world from the old Indies, by calling it the *West* Indies. Columbus, indeed, had *touched* upon the continent; but this was more *perfectly* afterwards discovered by *Americus* Vesputius, and accordingly took his name. This *terra firma* of America, so discovered by him, came afterwards, when the more northern parts of this hemisphere had been found, to be named *South America*, in contradistinction to those northern parts, which are therefore called *North America*. It is a curious circumstance, that *Almericus*, the same with *Americus*, was an ancient christian name in the Montfort family.

OBITUARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Died, on the 18th of September, 1811, in the 25th year of his age, WILLIAM C. RALSTON, eldest son of Robert Ralston, Esq. of this city.

Seldom has our sympathy been excited by a more afflicting dispensation of Providence, than that which has snatched from us the lamented subject of this notice. In the bloom and vigour of manhood; in the full possession of almost every blessing,

which can render life attractive—of every hope which can irradiate its prospects—of every endearment which can excite the tenderest sensibilities of the heart—he has fallen an early victim to the tomb!

Surely such an instance of mortality must awaken a lively interest in every breast; must speak volumes of admonition to every reflecting mind; more especially to those, who, enjoying the blessings of youth, health and happiness, and indulging the flatteries of hope, may be summoned every moment to follow him to Eternity!

In delineating a life passed in the noiseless walks of retirement, the biographer has a very limited task. That of the deceased may be compressed within a very narrow compass; for it was “simple as virtue,” and uniform as integrity. The moral principles which had been deeply impressed upon his mind, by the influence of example in his youthful years, grew with his growth; and, resisting all the allurements of vicious temptation, were confirmed by the lapse of time. Never, indeed, did manhood more resemble the artless innocence of youth; characterized as it was by the same virtues, it superadded the experience necessary to direct them to useful ends. There was this difference, however: in the latter his virtues were merely the result of habit; in the former they were permanent principles of conduct.

He received a liberal education at Princeton College. His collegiate course was eminently marked by undeviating attention to the studies of the institution, and by a most scrupulous rectitude of deportment. Endowed with a good understanding, and a discriminating judgment, he duly improved all his advantages—yet, his attainments were rather useful than brilliant, and his mind rather calculated to make him a useful and eminent citizen than a distinguished scholar.

After receiving the honours of the college, he applied himself unremittingly to the acquirement of commercial knowledge. In this employment he displayed not only his characteristic assiduity and attention, but evinced a degree of skill and sagacity, which would confer an honourable distinction upon the more comprehensive experience of mature years.

After a voyage to the East Indies, he established himself in business. This was the most interesting crisis of his life. He had just entered upon his career of usefulness—he had just begun to recompense, by his irreproachable conduct, the solitudes of parental love—he had just begun to realize, as a man, the fond anticipations of his youth, when he was seized by a fatal fever, which, in a few days, consigned him to the grave.

To give his character in a few words: We would say integrity was the ruling principle of his life; and this invaluable quality was rendered amiable and attractive by a sense of honour as delicate as it was correct. Possessed of a mild and amiable disposition, he was candid, charitable, generous, and sincere. These various qualities were, moreover, impelled and directed to their proper objects by a predominating sense of justice.

In the interesting relations of a son and brother, he was uniformly dutiful, kind, and affectionate.

Few characters have exhibited so many excellent qualities, and fewer still have been so exempt from blemishes.

He met the embrace of death with a calmness and fortitude, which evinced at once his resignation and his hopes.

Combining in his character so many excellencies, we may justly ask, with the poet,

“Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides—nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem!”

The flattering promises of hope, shedding additional lustre upon his many real virtues, made him an object of the tenderest affection while living, and will endear his memory to his surviving friends.

Mr. Richardson's method of raising large Stones out of the Earth.

Edge view.



Fig. 4.

Front view



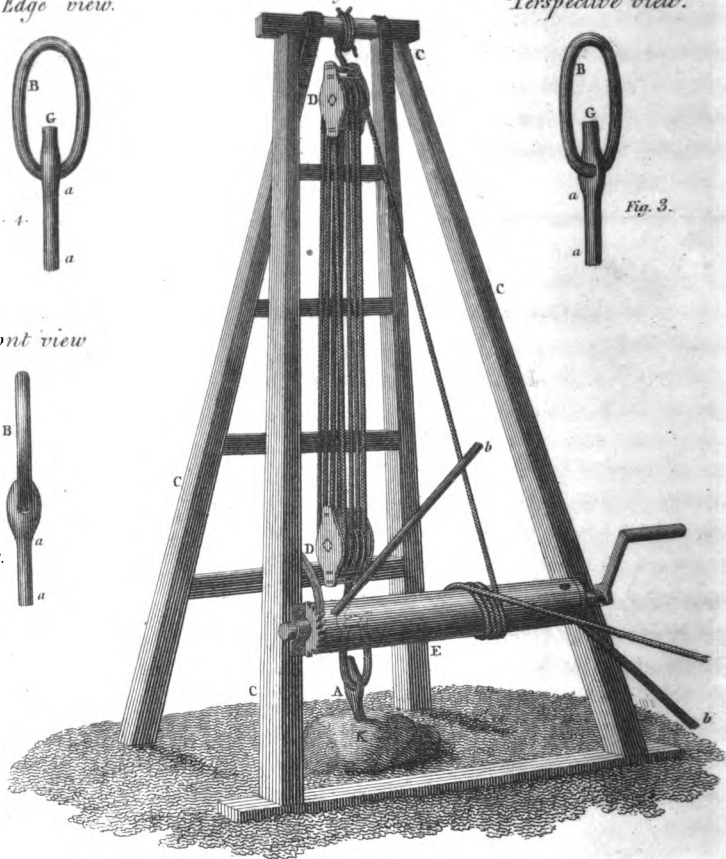
Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

Perspective view.



Fig. 3.



THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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No. 6.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA, A POEM,

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

A CURIOUS and whimsical fatality has hitherto attended the career of the poet Robert Southey. Whenever he invokes the assistance of his Muse, it sounds the tocsin for his friends and enemies to prepare for immediate battle. We know not what opinion a man would be capable of forming, if he should read all the reviews and critical strictures on this bard, pro and con, bound up in a volume by themselves. They are so directly opposed and irreconcilable, that there seems no general point of contact between them. When we leave these literary censors to fight their own battles, and turn to the page of the poet, we find nothing there recorded capable of exciting such uproar and alarm.

The real state of the case, the cause of all this difficulty, lies, we fear, deeper than the poetry of Robert Southey. He was known to have been an early advocate of the French revolution; and to have opposed the measures of the English ministry in consequence of that event, and the ministerial critics were deter-

mined not to admit him to the freedom of Parnassus. They were resolved to monopolize all the genius of the kingdom, and assumed it as a postulate, that no man whose political opinions differed from theirs, was competent to write a page of common sense. Their politico-poetico adversaries, all good men and true, warred with the same weapons, and stood ready at their allotted posts, to off-set every outrageous invective by a panegyric equally outrageous. Southey was made the stalking horse, and thus his politics contributed at one and the same instant of time, to the condemnation and to the approbation of his Muse. When we are resolved to burn down a building, we seldom inquire very minutely into the order of its architecture, and the sole question then is, whether it is composed of inflammable materials? Such are the unhappy consequences of blending things in their nature so different as politics and poetry.

From the zeal with which this controversy has been carried on, we should fear it might terminate in a battle literally *epic*. Amidst all this jangle and contrariety of opinion, an incident transpires, that throws both the friends and the enemies of Southey into attitudes the most awkward and embarrassing, and that is his political conversion. Southey has now openly renounced his former errors, and avows his proselytism to an entire different system of politics. He does think that the subjugated continent of Europe, her smoking cities and villages, the plunder of the French armies, and the indiscriminate butchery of the inhabitants, afford at least *presumptive evidence* that Buonaparte is a dangerous man, that to contribute, by any means whatever, to a still further accession of his power, is to prepare the way for outrages of a similar nature. This point of deep and erudite philosophy, that what a man has done once, what he does now, he will, if circumstances permit, still continue to do in future, is made plain to the intellectual optics of Robert Southey, and we wish him joy on his conversion.

But the question occurs, what is now to be done by his critics? His former censurers surely will not continue their invectives, for this effectually prevents new proselytes to their creed, and it lessens the influence they might otherwise derive from whatever weight of character belongs to their present convert. Neither,

on the other hand, can his quondam admirers continue their panegyrics; because this sharpens the weapons for their enemies to handle, and may encourage others likewise to desert from their standards. If they would be consistent with themselves, they ought now completely to change sides; the assailants of the bard should become his defenders, and his defenders his assailants. Not daring to occupy such ground, they have agreed on an armed neutrality; or in other words, they palliate, compromise, and extenuate what ought never originally to have been said.

Leaving these critics to extricate themselves as they may, from their embarrassments, let us consider the character of the bard; it will form a subject of interesting analysis. He first excited public attention by his poem entitled *Joan of Arc*. It was a hasty composition, and like all his others, extremely unequal. There was no more of supernatural machinery in this than was fairly admissible on the true principles of epic. At an ordinary time, before the malignant fever of politics had pervaded so far as it has; before the atmosphere of Parnassus had become polluted with the miasma, this poem might have been safely trusted by its author to its own merits amongst the critics. A different fate awaited Mr. Southey. The cold and languid passages were numerous, and incapable of much palliation by apology, and there were still to be discerned in other spots symptoms of a genius capable of flights more daring and adventurous. Here the opposing critics entrenched themselves, and the poor poet was assaulted, defended, applauded, and condemned, without mercy.

Southey, who felt the strength of his own genius, and never dreamed of an attack on the score of penury of invention, was resolved to guard against such aspersions for the future.

Artificial causes had, by a long preparatory process, stimulated the public appetite to an unusual degree of rapacity for novelty. The monsters and bugbears of the German school had been exported in such abundance, that nothing short of a dragon, a vampyre, a bleeding nun, or a ghost, could be endured, or digested. At that time, to say that a poet lacked invention, was to say he was deficient in every thing.

Southey, being thus assailed on his strongest point, was resolved, at every hazard, to settle this question forever. He accordingly set out in good earnest for novelty, and produced his *Thalaba*, written not only on a subject, but in a style and measure never attempted by any other poet. The monsters of Germany, their ghosts and hobgoblins, were dolls and playthings to this: it was all monstrous, all incredible.

Here the public taste underwent a sudden and surprising revolution—gorged to repletion as it was, by such hard and indigestible masses of incredulity, it was incapable of bearing another surfeit of a similar kind. Nothing would answer now but the simplest and most mawkish diet—flowery vales and azure skies, and purling streams, and green fields were all in high demand; not forgetting the poor little fillagree Cupid, and the die-away strains of silly lovers.

The enemies of Southey, taking advantage of this wonderful change in the public opinion, relinquished their old charge, that he lacked invention, and now taxed him with an excess of it. He was, they stated, borne headlong, by an intemperance of fancy, into outrage on all probability, and contrary to all the statutes of criticism, in such case made and provided. Such criticism, although directly in the face of former declarations, and a complete abandonment of the ground first taken, was well received; for, whatever might be the real motive, the ostensible one was undoubtedly just. But we all of us know, that good advice may come too late. We also know, that however excellent such precepts may be in the main, unless delivered from proper motives, they are an insult in the shape of admonition.

Southey was consequently placed in this curious predicament, after he had sacrificed truth and nature in quest of novelty, to relieve his Muse from critical aspersions, so unjustly cast upon her, found himself in a great measure abandoned by public taste for so doing. Had the German appetite for monsters continued, our poet would have stood in the first rank of his order. He would have supplied them with animals of this description, superior in size and in deformity to all of foreign importation. But the question remains for decision—what is now to be done? Pride, a spirit naturally adventurous, a disposition that scorned

to succumb, prompted him still to persevere, right heroically to brave the result, and this probably in defiance of his own better judgment.

Such are the lights in which we contemplate the character of Robert Southey. We conceive him to have been a poet spoiled by his critics in the first instance: that if he had received not mercy, but justice, in the outset, he would have been entirely a different man, for there is nothing in his earliest production from whence we could augur subsequent flights so daring, adventurous, and absurd.

Having been disgusted with such tyranny, he quits, like Timon, his native abode, or rather human nature; and like a true misanthropist, declares poetic war on the whole human race. India afforded a vast magazine of superstitious nonsense not yet thoroughly explored, and he sends his Muse thither on a voyage of discovery. Here he found materials for a poem perfectly to his liking, and by which his Muse would be warranted to construct a man with powers equal (if it is not a contradiction in terms) to those of Omnipotence. With a perverted ingenuity, and an industry worthy of a better cause, he sets down to the task, arranges his fable, props up all his extravagancies by the superstition of the east, and ushers the startling prodigy into the world, entitled *The Curse of Kehama*. A Hindoo who believes that a woman was brought to bed of a gourd, which, on being examined, was found to contain sixty children, or that the river Ganges once descended from heaven on the head of a man, while the atmosphere was loaded with whales, porpoises, serpents, encountering the birds in their passage to earth; or that a dwarf once drank the ocean dry, may easily be called in to swear that Mr. Southey has not exceeded the bounds of sober probability in his narrative. The poet stands ready, and armed at all points, with such vouchers to prove how little he has so trespassed, and challenges his critics to a scrutiny. Admit the principle that tales of legendary lore and superstition are sufficient authority for the poet, and Southey stands on safe ground; for so far from having outraged, the poem, extravagant as it is, falls infinitely short of such inaccessible nonsense. The whole work is plainly a gauntlet thrown down to his critics, and if the bard is charged,

after this, with deficiency of invention, it is difficult to tell where we shall find this quality hereafter.

We have thus seen a fine genius by such artificial means corrupted. All the studies and researches of Mr. Southey are now turned towards novelties of the most flaring sort; and it is immaterial how incredible the thing may be, provided it be only new. Novelties of this species are not of the legitimate race. Their genealogy is entirely distinct. New properties in substances which before we have been familiar with, or new combinations of the old, constitute the class of legitimate novelties. All our preparatory knowledge on such subjects, is then called to the assistance of the poet, deepens the impressions, and makes the surprise we first felt strong and durable. Novelties of the other species blaze and disappear. Astonishment is transitory, and when allied to nothing more permanent, expires in disgust: it must be consecrated by probability to be lasting.

We hope we shall be enabled to condense some of these mythological absurdities and horrible superstitions, so as to render them plain and intelligible to our readers. Brama is the creator, Veshnoo the preserver, and Seeva the destroyer of the human race. To these succeed Indra, the god of the elements; Yamen, the lord of hell; Mariatally, the protector of travellers; Davitas, inferior deities; Suras, good spirits; Assuras, bad; Glendoveers, answerable to the character of fairies, and the most beautiful of all good spirits. There seems to be among these no general bond of alliance; each exerts his own particular agency, and the security of mankind consists in their mutual jealousy and opposition. Veshnoo, on particular occasions, assumed an incarnation. Their superstitions are, almost beyond conception, monstrous and abominable.

A giant having obtained from Seeva a promise that on whatever person's head he laid his right hand, the same should be reduced to ashes, made his first trial on Seeva himself. The immortal god fled in terrors for his life, when Veshnoo descended to his assistance, in the form of a beautiful damsel. The giant becoming enamoured, was favourably received, provided he would perform absolution in a neighbouring pool. He consented, and the preparatory process was to lay his hand upon his head, which

he accordingly did, and the life of the unhappy god was thus preserved by the destruction of the giant.

Another instance is recorded where the unfortunate god was not so successful. A man having obtained favour in the eyes of Seeva, requested a son, who might live for a short time and cultivate piety towards the gods. At the age of sixteen, this incomparable youth was summoned by Yamen, the god of death, and positively refused to obey. He was reasoned and remonstrated with to no purpose; he could not be convinced of what philosopher Square would denominate the moral fitness and propriety of death. Yamen himself came at last; still the youth resisted, and by a little supernatural assistance, left the immortal god dead on the spot. Yamen was afterwards resuscitated, as the world, in the interval occasioned by his death, became overstocked with inhabitants.

Their mode of obtaining the Amreeta, or beverage of immortality, was by churning the ocean with a mountain. Fire was produced by this process, then butter, then the moon, then a white horse, then a tree, then a cow, then dews in human shape, and last of all the desired Amreeta. This precious beverage was consigned to the custody of Yamen, the god of hell, denominated Padalon. One mortal drank of this beverage, whose head was directly afterwards amputated, and the body inherited a sort of polypus immortality.

The lineage of Mariatally is no less singular. She was the wife of a god, who in a fit of jealousy deprived her of her head. Her son, sorely lamenting this event, was told by his father to reunite the head to the severed trunk, and to utter some words of incantation. In his haste to comply, he placed the head on the body of a criminal executed for a similar crime. The consequence was, that this new being inherited all the immortality of a god, and all the vices of a criminal.

Jaganut is a deity held in high reverence by the Hindoos. The Bramins procure virgins for the temple, and after they have indulged their criminal desires, denominate them the wives of the god. The crafty bramin enters the bridal chamber at midnight, and departs before day; and the unhappy victim is herself

credulous enough to believe, that she has submitted to the embraces of a god.

Tradition runs, that two celestial nymphs accustomed to bathe, were much admired by a rajah, and submitted to his addresses. Having frequent interviews, they brought with them a celestial male inhabitant, between whom and this officer a close friendship afterwards existed. The rajah intimating a wish to behold the celestial glories of Indra's palace, he was by his friend transported to that mansion. Returning with more enlarged ideas of magnificence, he built the city of Ballypour, so superb that the gods, out of envy, buried it beneath the billows of the ocean.

Baly was worshipped in this city, and he was once a giant who expelled the gods from the earth. Veshnoo, incarnated in the guise of a dwarf, asked of the great Baly three paces of land, to build a hut. This was complied with, when Veshnoo, swelling, filled the universe; he measured earth with one pace, and the heavens with another, and demanded of Baly where he should find room for a third. The god satisfied with the giant's submission, appointed him one of the judges of Padalon, with permission to visit earth every year on the day of the full moon. Swerga was supposed to be the royal palace of Indra, and according to this system of mythology, there were seven heavens of different heights, and Swerga was the lowest. Calassy was a silver mountain of inconceivable height, where Seeva was worshipped, so remote that not a single ray of the sun could penetrate so far. In the centre was a bell of silver, and a square table, surrounded by nine precious stones, and on the table a silver vase, where the immediate presence of the deity was supposed to reside. Mount Meru was the polar circle and the metropolis of Indra. The soul was supposed to be capable of inhabiting other bodies, and death by incantation enlarged its sphere of mischief.

These are some of the outlines of that barbarous mythology, and we hope we shall not trespass too much on the patience of our readers, if we proceed to state what human agency was thought capable of effecting. A peculiar feature in that system is, that prayers, when accompanied by personal austerities, for so they denominate their various modes of self-torture, the deities

have no power to refuse. However malignant the motives may be, or however extravagant the demand, they must both be indulged, when the deities are thus invoked. They are mere instruments in the hands of mortals, to subserve their designs of vengeance, pride, or ambition. One of these worshippers is reported to have exhausted the period of eleven hundred years in performing these several austerities, each of which occupied a century, holding up his arms and one foot towards heaven, and fixing his eyes on the sun—standing on tiptoe—living on nothing but air—then on water—standing and making his adoration to a river—performing the same service buried up to the chin in the earth—enveloped with fire—standing upon his head, with his feet towards heaven—standing up with the palm of one hand resting on the ground—hanging by one hand from the branch of a tree—hanging from a tree with his head downwards.

The power conferred by such austerities may be known from the following tradition: Ravenna, who had so disciplined himself, compelled all the gods to do menial duties: Brama was his herald; Seeva his barber; Veshnoo his dancing-master; Yamen his linen-washer; and all these deities were soundly flogged in default of industry and attention. The sacrifice of one hundred horses deprived Indra of his throne, which it was very difficult to perform, as the felonious god was upon the watch, and ever ready to slay or carry off the beast, by force or fraud. If the consecrated beast was touched by human hands, the sacrifice amounted to nothing.

One of these enchanters possessed the power of self-multiplication, by which he paid his addresses to sixteen thousand different damsels at one and the same time.

We have selected these from a chaos of other absurdities still more monstrous, as specimens of the materials with which Mr. Southey's poem is constructed. A son of Kehama, by the name of Arvalan, was slain by a peasant for an outrage attempted on his daughter. Kehama, who had previously been empowered, by his austerities, so to do, inflicts on the unhappy man the following curse: his life is supernaturally charmed from injury by deadly weapons, stone, wood, fire, water, serpents, beasts of prey, sickness, and time. He should seek, but should not find death;

earth and water should deny him their bounties, winds and dews their refreshment; and he should live forever, with a fire in his brain and in his heart. This miserable being is called Ladurlad, and his daughter Kailyal. Kehama endows the spirit of his son with power to inhabit other bodies, for purposes of vengeance. Kailyal, accompanying her father, and exhausting all her arts to beguile him, while under the influence of his curse, is found by a glendoveer, named Ereenia, and the poet now gives his fancy full scope. He bears her to Casyapa, the father of the gods, who tells him she is the victim of Kehama's vengeance, and declines any intervention, as he deprecates a contest with him. Still the benevolent deity, nothing daunted, places his charge in a ship, and sailing through clouds and sunshine, arrives at the royal palace of Indra. This deity is under the same terror with Casyapa.

Meanwhile the enchanter, in pursuance of his ambitious designs upon Swerga, or the palace of Indra, prepares to sacrifice the hundredth horse. Ladurlad seizes the beast, and no injury results from hostile weapons, protected from such harm by Kehama's curse. Returning to his native home in quest of his daughter, he discovers the face of Arvalan, who comes for the purpose of aggravating the torments inflicted by the malediction. Ereenia descends to the succour of the wretched man, wounds and defeats Arvalan, and bears both the sire and the daughter to mount Meru, a place not as yet subjugated to Kehama, and where his curse would not afflict. Arvalan, sore under his recent discomfiture, applies to an enchantress for vengeance, who furnishes him with armour and her chariot drawn by dragons, to encounter mount Meru. In his passage, his chariot is turned from its course by an unseen power, and Arvalan is imprisoned in a polar ice-drift.

The happy mortals are suddenly alarmed at mount Meru by the appearance of old Casyapa, who informs them that the equestrian sacrifice is performed, and that this mountain, Indra's palace, is now subjugated by Kehama. He commands Ereenia, to fly to the second circle of the heavens, to find a refuge from the enchanter, and that Ladurlad and Kailyal must once more revisit earth. Kailyal, while in the mansion of her father, is found by a party who are in quest of a spouse for their idol, Jaga-Naut, and

Kailyal is conducted to the temple in great pomp. On the departure of the priests, she beholds the detested countenance of Arvalan once more. As he is about perpetrating his infamous designs, he is attacked, overthrown, and cut in pieces by Ereenia. The enchantress suddenly appears to his succour; and aided by a legion of Asuras, evil spirits, Ereenia is overcome, bound, and by them transported to the city of Baly, and confined in the bottom of the ocean. The scattered limbs and members of Arvalan are once more united, and he attempts again to perpetrate his criminal purposes, when Kailyal fires the bed—her persecutor flies off howling from the flames, and the maid, in the very crisis of her fate, is borne off by her father, on whom fire could inflict no injury.

Ladurlad having undertaken the rescue of Ereenia, who was confined at the bottom of the ocean, in the city of Baly, accompanies his daughter to the sea-side, explores the deep, and remains seven days under water. Encountering a sea-monster, who guarded the captive, after a conflict of six days and nights, he slays him and liberates Ereenia. Kailyal remained all the while by the sea-side, awaiting her father and her lover's return from the deep. Baly, now liberated from his tour of duty as a judge of Padalon, was wandering on the shore invisible, to contemplate the spot on the ocean where his superb city formerly stood. As Ladurlad returned from his conquest, Arvalan and the enchantress were in waiting, and a host of Asuras, or evil spirits, beside, to inflict further mischief. They seize Ladurlad, Kailyal, and Ereenia, and when ruin seems inevitable, Baly becomes visible, folds Arvalan, the enchantress, and all their confederates, in his hundred arms, and sinks with them down to Padalon. Kehama attempts their redemption in vain. Padalon as yet remains unsubdued. He offers himself to Kailyal in marriage, an offer which she spurns with indignation, although he promises her to share with him the throne of Indra. In revenge for her refusal, he afflicts her with the leprosy.

Ereenia flies to mount Calassy, the residence of Seeva; implores his protection for Kailyal, and is directed by that deity to seek a refuge in Padalon. Obsequious to the mandate, he embarks for Padalon, with Kailyal and Ladurlad, in a vehicle that

moves instinctively, with one wheel, on a bridge of steel, over the fiery lake, of the dimensions of a cimeter's edge. They behold the judgment-seat of Yemen, supported by three human figures, each glowing like coals of living fire, and enduring the most exquisite tortures. Kehama suddenly appears, and self divided into eight parts, enters the eight several gates of Padalon at once. A contest ensues with Yamen, in which the lord of hell is defeated, and his throne usurped by the enchanter. He once more offers Kailyal his hand, which she rejects. He calls for the Amreeta cup, but did not know the subtle nature of that fluid, which conferred immortality and misery together on the wicked man. He accordingly drinks and feels the power of the fluid, like burning poison in his veins; his body glows like a furnace, and instinctively he moves to become the fourth supporter of Yemen's judgment-seat. Kailyal drinks and enjoys an immortality of happiness with Ereenia.

The reader is by this time, we trust, well acquainted with the nature of the raw materials, and the kind of architecture displayed in this poetical edifice. We are first compelled to quarrel with Mr. Southey on account of the stuff he has employed in its manufacture. Traditionary legends, monstrous and incredible, ought never to be obtruded, by our poets, on our view, in the full extent of their incredulity. Much, very much, it is true, may be pardoned to ignorance and fanaticism, when we consider the state of society where such fables gain credit. The poet's business does not end here; his business is to affect us also. Before this can be done, middle ground must be taken; the fable must be rendered sufficiently plausible to interest our feelings, and when distress is excited, the supernatural machinery should be softened down, so as to be rendered probable by analogy, and by no means wantonly to transgress that license by common consent allowed to poets. There is in such cases a privilege bards may exercise with impunity, and they have a prescriptive right so to do; but beyond this all is incredible, all is monstrous. Mr. Southey himself admits, that "this mythology is of all others the most antipicturesque and unpoetical:" yet in the very face of this admission, he loads his pages with all the absurdities of such a system.

If it is a sufficient justification of his Muse, that a people do exist stupid enough to credit such nonsense, then the inference to be drawn is, that there is no standard of taste whatever; for there is nothing too stupid for some men to believe. Our poet should remember not only the personages he writes about, but those also whom he is addressing. The historian's task and the bard's are in this respect widely different, although Mr. Southey seems by his actions to confound them. The former is the mere narrator of a fact, and we have the pledge of his character for veracity, for the fidelity of the narrative. The poet aspires to higher powers of writing; he undertakes to make his story credible to us—he labours to prove that such things actually did exist, and to make converts of his readers.

Unless this is the object of the bard, we should be glad to be informed what it is. Does he expect to raise our interest in a story which we despise and condemn in the narration? Mr. Southey has, in palpable violation of that homage and fealty he has sworn to the Muses, attempted to excite our feelings by outraging our credulity, in every step of the narrative. He has explored heaven and hell, and has tenanted each with monsters unworthy a residence in either. We would not bind the poet down to the creed of Athanasius, Luther, or Calvin, heathen or Mahometan; but what we insist upon is this, that absurdity and incredulity may exist somewhere, and wherever they do, Mr. Southey must be condemned. What excuse, for instance, shall be made for such a daring flight of poetic nonsense as this, that a time did actually exist when an enchanter was able to divide himself into eight different parts; each part a perfect man, and in that condition fighting and overcoming, and then uniting himself again? If he justifies the capture of heaven by Claudius's war of the gods, or Kehama's victory over Padalon, by the conquest of Hercules over Pluto, to this it may be honestly replied, that folly and unendurable nonsense, because it is antique, has no prescriptive title to immortality. Our ideas of Omnipotence have been, long since, by revelation settled and defined, and it does assuredly require some degree of poetical hardihood to represent mankind endowed with power superior to the Deity's. Nor do we mingle too much the Christian, in censures

of this nature. The better sort of heathens themselves despised fables so absurd, and Juvenal, in the following lines, pours a whole torrent of contempt on this species of writing:

Nata magis nulli domus est sua, quam mihi lucus
 Martis et Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
 Vulcani: Quid agant venti; quas torquet umbras
 Æacus; unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum
 Pelliculæ: quantus jaculatur Monychus ornos:
 Frontonis platani, convulsæque marmora clamant,
 Semper et assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ,
 Expectas eadem a summo minimoque poetæ.

We do not oppose the introduction of fabulous machinery to the extent adopted by Mr. Southey, because we apprehend danger to the faith of any individual; there appears a species of cant in such hostility, and against infidelity we are provided with a never-failing antidote in the monstrous absurdity of the fables themselves. The ground of opposition is, that these stories are so far beyond the boundaries of credulity, and their departure from truth proceeds in a line so bold and direct, that no apology is left to the bard on the common plea of poetic license. Should any one of these authors maintain that a time did exist when every ray of the sun disseminated darkness, we should be under no apprehension that any beholder of this majestic orb would become a proselyte to the tale; but we should really think that it required some stock of assurance, in the full blaze of the beams, to state a fact so absurd.

The subordination of preternatural agency, we repeat it, may be admitted; becoming familiar to the presence of such petty deities, credulity is not shocked by tales of this cast. But is it hence to be inferred, that the throne of Omnipotence himself is to be invaded by the poet? Mr. Southey has squandered so much of his existence in the pursuit of the marvellous, that every species of novelty has a charm, irresistible to him. Lest his composition should lose its proper pungency by not being seasoned highly enough, he pours the whole, *en masse*, upon his page. He has, we believe, murdered a fine genius in pursuits of this kind, and has been so long conversant with monsters he has

lost that delicate sense of propriety that the fine and beautiful forms of nature exhibit and inculcate. Who is Kehama? Every thing but a mortal man. He manifests every symptom of almighty power, before he tastes the Amreeta. Drawn with no perceptive lines of analogy to his fellow men, we seem all along to be in the presence of a god more powerful than the Jupiter of the ancients, and more vindictive than their furies.

This character is so uncouthly compounded to afford sufficient latitude for such enormous and incredible agency, and how much every feature in human nature is violated and distorted, provided such ends are attained, seems an object of no sort of concern.

We will not prudishly quarrel with the measure our poet has adopted, that is, nevertheless, strictly speaking, no measure at all. They are loose lines, thrown together without metre or method. To justify such bold infractions there should always be an equivalent. A strong and masculine genius should be constantly peering above such irregularities, by way of awing us into reluctant approbation. This is not the case with Mr. Southey: his genius is intermittent—it comes and goes capriciously, and is subject to all the vicissitudes of that character. He is either an eagle or a serpent. In his happiest flights he claims his fellowship with the sun; but while we are gazing upward, with an aching vision, to catch a glimmer of his wing, we suddenly behold his sinuous folds upon the ground, rendered almost imperceptible by surrounding herbage. Between these two extremes there is nothing to break the rapidity of the descent. A more sounding and measured verse would render this descent more agreeable to the reader, and less painful to the bard.

It seems another peculiarity of Mr. Southey, that although undoubtedly a descendant from Adam, he has never learnt, at least poetically, of his parents, the necessity of the fig-leaf. He exhibits himself, with all his faults and all his beauties obtrusively, and does not attempt to husband the admiration he excites, by any sort of concealment. Nor do we transgress the boundaries of critical propriety when we assert, that he goes further still—he adopts a measure more calculated to expose himself in those moments of poetical imbecility than any other could have done,

while it does not favour so auspiciously those moments when he is visited by his guardian genius.

The poet evidently anticipated some salute of this kind; for he frowns upon us in the following lines, from the front of his first volume:

“ For I will for no man’s pleasure
Change a syllable or measure;
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets’ veins;
Being born as free as these
I will sing as I shall please.”

Southey often possesses the infirmity of some other bards, and that is, to dwell upon some favourite thought, or happy conception, so long as to weaken the force of the general impression. He will strike out a sparkling novelty, and instead of submitting to the reader the delightful task of investigating the analogies to which it leads, he points them all out himself, as if he was afraid of trusting that occupation to other hands. By this means the conception comes to the reader’s mind broken and exhausted, and its beautiful brilliancy is tarnished and effaced. It is often the duty of the poet to put us on the tract of investigation, merely to show us the game at a distance, and to leave it untouched for us to hunt down. Mr. Southey has no delicacy of this kind. He monopolizes all that pleasure to himself. He starts the game, hunts it down, and invites his friends to be in at the death.

Probably it is one of the most difficult attainments of a poet, to know when he can with safety remain silent; to determine how much he ought to express himself, and how much he ought to leave unexpressed, for the fancy of his readers to supply. The pleasure we derive from such writing is unquestionably of a compound nature. It results partly from what the poet tells us, and partly from what we are able to discover by the lights he has afforded us.

His present mode of writing fails to procure him what is inestimable to every bard, the sympathy of his readers. Characters raised above or debased below the level of humanity, have

no joys or sorrows in common with us, and can claim no participation in such allotments. Thus, when Kehama gains the throne of Swerga, or usurps the sceptre of Padalon, we feel no regret, because both the one and the other so far exceed any thing within the reach of human achievement, that he appears to us a being of a distinct species from ourselves, and to have no passions in common with us. Here the common law of Parnassus follows the common law of England: monsters are declared incompetent to inherit any portion of our estates by the latter, and are, as before remarked, interdicted from any participation in our sympathies by the former.

To Germany English literature is indebted for so much corruption. Every species of extravagance by adoption has thus become legitimate. Wordsworth was one of the first who made a stand against such daring innovation; but he, like all new converts, diverged into an opposite extreme. In his rage to extirpate such meretricious ornaments, he denied to his Muse the sweet and modest embellishments of nature. He not only refused her the rose, but forbade her to look upon the violet. Instead of a garland fresh and beautiful with the variegated tints, and dripping with the dews of Parnassus, he compelled the pouting damsel to wear a plain quaker bonnet, in despite of her tears and entreaties. He was a reformer, not of the Lutheran but of the Calvin school, who, if the page of Swift may be credited, told his brother Martin to strip, flay, tear, and destroy, so that he might look as little like the rogue Peter as possible!

We are sensible that we run no inconsiderable risk, when we venture to denominate the vehicle called the ship of heaven, in which the glendoveer conveys Kailyal to the Swerga, a happy novelty. When we hear of the chariot of Jove, drawn by horses, a degree of incredulity attaches. It is a vehicle too ponderous for the region where it moves. We naturally look for something partaking more of lightness and buoyancy. Thus the description of the chariot of the Christian Deity, as drawn by the Psalmist, is infinitely more appropriate and sublime. "He maketh the clouds his chariot, and flies upon the wings of the wind." The ancients themselves were sensible of this; for notwithstanding the chariots

of Jove and Mars were drawn with horses, Juno's was harnessed to peacocks, and that of the Cyprian goddess to doves. Mr. Southey has, in our opinion, with a judicious boldness, followed this precedent, and adapted his vehicle more to the nature of the element. With all our conceptions of spirit we constantly associate corporeal investiture. We always conceive that motion and change of place must be attended with fatigue and lassitude. How far this is correct, we shall learn in another state of being; but it is probable that the swiftest vehicles fancy can furnish, would retard, instead of augmenting the celerity of a spiritual journey. We may probably hereafter regard our sublimest conceptions in our present state, with the same contempt a butterfly would do, if endowed with intelligence, and should compare the low earth-born conceptions of a chrysalis, before he burst that investiture, with those afforded by an existence which is but a change of sweets, fanned by ambrosial gales, bathed in pellucid dews, fed on the vapour of fragrance, and brightened by every beam that illuminates his pinions, with such varieties of lustre.

The poem is divided into twenty-eight books, from which we shall extract a few passages more immediately deserving notice. The ship of heaven, in which the glendoveer transports Kailyal to Swerga, as well as the description of that gentle spirit himself are equally novel and poetic:

Then in the ship of heaven, Ereenia laid
 The waking, wondering maid;
 The ship of heaven, instinct with thought, displayed
 Its living sail, and glides along the sky.
 On either side in wavy tide,
 The clouds of morn along its path divide;
 The winds who swept in wild career on high,
 Before its presence check their charmed force;
 The winds, that loitering lagg'd along their course,
 Around the living bark enamoured play,
 Swell underneath the sail, and sing before its way.
 That bark, in shape, was like the furrowed shell
 Wherein the sea-nymphs to their parent king,
 On festal day, their duteous offerings bring,

Its hue?—go watch the last green light,
Ere evening yields the western sky to night;
Or fix upon the sun thy strenuous sight
Till thou hast reached its orb of chrysolite.
The sail, from end to end displayed,
Bent, like a rainbow, o'er the maid.
An angel's head, with visual eye,
Through trackless space directs its chosen way.
Nor aid of wing, nor foot, nor fin,
Requires to voyage o'er the obedient sky.
Smooth as the swan, when not a breeze at even
Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,
Through air and sunshine sails the ship of heaven.

Recumbent there the maiden glides along
On her aerial way,
How swift she feels not, though the swiftest wind
Had flagg'd in flight behind.
Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay,
And all serene in mind,
Feeling no fear; for that ethereal air
With such new life and joyance filled her heart,
Fear could not enter there:
For sure she deemed her mortal part was o'er,
And she was sailing to the heavenly shore;
And that angelic form, who moved beside,
Was some good spirit sent to be her guide.

Daughter of earth! therein thou deem'st aright,
And never yet did form more beautiful,
In dreams of night descending from on high,
Bless the religious virgin's gifted sight,
Nor, like a vision of delight,
Rise on the raptured poet's inward eye.
Of human form divine was he,
The immortal youth of heaven, who floated by,
Even such as that divinest form shall be
In those blest stages of our onward race,
When no infirmity,
Low thought, nor base desire, nor wasting care,
Deface the semblance of our heavenly sire.
The wings of eagle or of cherubim
Had seemed unworthy him:

Angelic power and dignity and grace
 Were in his glorious pennons; from the neck
 Down to the ankle reached their swelling web
 Richer than robes of Tyrian dye, that deck
 Imperial majesty:
 Their colour like the winter's moonless sky,
 When all the stars of midnight's canopy
 Shine forth; or like the azure deep at noon
 Reflecting back to heaven a brighter blue.
 Such was their tint when closed, but when outspread
 The permeating light
 Shed through their substance thin a varying hue,
 Now bright as when the rose,
 Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent and sight
 A light delight; now like the juice that flows
 From Douro's generous vine,
 Or ruby when with deepest red it glows;
 Or as the morning clouds refulgent shine
 When, at forthcoming of the lord of day,
 The orient, like a shrine,
 Kindles, as it receives the rising ray,
 And heralding his way,
 Proclaims the presence of the power divine.

Thus glorious were the wings
 Of that celestial spirit, as he went
 Disporting through his native element.
 Nor these alone
 The gorgeous beauties that they gave to view;
 Through the broad membrane branched a pliant bone,
 Spreading like fibres from their parent stem;
 Its veins like interwoven silver shone,
 Or as the chaster hue
 Of pearls that grace some sultan's diadem,
 Now with slow stroke and strong, behold him smite
 The buoyant air, and now in gentler flight,
 On motionless wing expanded shoot along.

The description of the city of Baly, under water, which was
 visited by Ladurlad, proves how well Southey is able to conceive
 and express, when "the fit of inspiration is on him:"

Those streets which never, since the days of yore,
 By human footstep had been visited;

Those streets which never more
A human foot shall tread,
Ladurlad trod. In sun-light and sea-green
The thousand palaces were seen
Of that proud city, whose superb abodes
Seemed reared by giants for the immortal gods.
How silent and how beautiful they stand,
Like things of nature! the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand
Drifted within their gates and choaked their doors,
Nor slime defiled their pavements and their floors.

Through many a solitary street,
And silent market-place, and lonely square,
Armed with the mighty curse, behold him fare.
And now his feet attain that royal fane
Where Baly held of old his awful reign.
What once had been the garden spread around,
Fair garden, once which wore perpetual green
Where all sweet flowers through all the year were found,
And all fair fruits were through all seasons seen.

It was a garden still beyond all price,
Even yet it was a place of paradise;
For where the mighty ocean could not spare,
There had he, with his own creation,
Sought to repair his work of devastation.
And here were coral bowers,
And grotts of madrepores,
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
As e'er was mossy bed
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie
Their languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.
Here, too, were living flowers
Which, like a bud compacted,
Their purple cups contracted,
And now in open blossoms spread,
Stretched like green anthers many a seeking head.
And arborets of jointed stone were there,
And plants of fibres fine as silkworm's thread;
Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair
Upon the waves dispread:
Others that, like the broad banana growing,
Raised their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,

Like streamers wide outflowing.
 And whatso'er the depths of ocean hide
 From human eyes, Ladurlad there espied;
 Trees of the deep, and shrubs, and fruits, and flowers,
 As fair as ours,
 Wherewith the sea-nymphs love their locks to braid,
 When to their father's hall, at festival
 Repairing, they, in emulous array,
 Their charms display,
 To grace the banquet and the solemn day.

The golden fountains had not ceased to flow,
 And where they mingled with the briny sea,
 There was a sight of wonder and delight,
 To see the fish, like birds in air,

 Above Ladurlad flying.
 Round those strange waters they repair,
 Their scarlet fins outspread and plying,
 They float with gentle hovering there;

And now upon those little wings,
 As if to dare forbidden things,
 With wilful purpose bent,

 Swift as an arrow from a bow
 They dash across, and to and fro,
 In rapid glance, like lightning go
 Through that unwonted element.

Almost, in scenes so wondrous fair,

 Ladurlad had forgot
 The mighty cause which led him there;

 His busy eye was every where,
 His mind had lost all thought;

 His heart, surrendered to the joys
 Of sight, was happy as a boy's.

But soon the awakening thought recurs

 Of him who, in the sepulchres,

Hopeless of human aid, in chains is laid.

We will now close by the flight of the glendoveer, to mount
 Calassy, the residence of Seeva:

 What power of motion,
 In less than endless years shall bear him there,
 Along the limitless extent,

To the utmost bound of the remotest spheres?
What strength of wing
Suffice to pierce the golden firmament
That closes all within?
Yet he hath past the measureless extent,
And pierced the golden firmament;
For faith had given him power, and space and time
Vanish before that energy sublime.
Nor doth eternal night,
And outer darkness, check his resolute flight;
By strong desire through all he makes his way,
Till Seeva's seat appears, behold mount Calasay!
Behold the silver mountain! round about
Seven ladders stand, so high the aching eye,
Seeking their tops in vain amid the sky,
Might deem they led from earth to highest heaven.
Ages would pass away,
And worlds with age decay,
Ere one whose patient feet, from ring to ring
Must win their upward way,
Could reach the summit of mount Calasay.
But that strong power that nerved his wing,
That all-surmounting will,
Intensity of faith and holiest love
Sustained Ereenia still,
And he hath gained the plain, the sanctuary above.
Lo, there the silver bell,
That, self-sustained, hangs buoyant in the air!
Lo! the broad table there, too bright
For mortal sight,
From whose four sides the bordering gems unite
Their harmonizing rays,
In one mid fount of many-coloured light.
The stream of splendor, flashing as it flows,
Plays round and feeds the stem of yon celestial rose!
Where is the sage whose wisdom can declare
The hidden things of that mysterious flower,
That flower which serves all mysteries to bear?
The sacred triangle is there,
Holding the emblem which no tongue may tell.
Is this the heaven of heavens, where Seeva's self doth dwell?

After the glendoveer addresses a prayer to Seeva, his adventure thus concludes:

So saying up he sprung
 And struck the bell, which self-suspended hung
 Before the mystic rose.
 From side to side the silver tongue
 Melodious swung, and far and wide
 Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music rung.
 Abashed, confounded,
 Left the glendoveer;—yea all astounded
 In overpowering fear and deep dismay;
 For when that bell had sounded,
 The rose, with all the mysteries it surrounded,
 The bell, the table, and mount Calasay,
 The holy hill itself, with all thereon,
 Even as a morning dream before the day
 Dissolves away—they faded, and were gone.

From these extracts, we trust, it will abundantly appear, that some of these superstitious legends might have been adopted by the poet, and carefully interwoven with the thread of a delightful narrative. This mythology furnishes Mr. Southey with infernal powers of limited agency, like the glendoveers, and under their respective and counteracting patronage, how many strange and singular adventures might have been contrived by the fancy of a poet so rich in materials as the present one. What alternations of joy and of sorrow, of hope and of fear, without shocking credulity in the least, might not his readers have undergone!

This might not have deprived him of his visit to the submarine city, where the theatre for the range of his fancy is almost unbounded, and where incidents, either awful and terrific, or beautiful and delightful, await but the poet's bidding to come forth. It is a mine of materials as yet unexplored, and only awaits reduction into some probable and consistent shape, to carry all that conviction that the bard is entitled to command. Amidst this desolation of all probability, and of just propriety—amidst this wanton outrage on all credulity, we are occasionally caught by the light of some fragment of beautiful and of exquisite workmanship.

We can but cherish the hope, that a poet less adventurous than Mr. Southey will retread part of the ground that has been

occupied by his footsteps. Kehama wild, absurd, and incredible, as he has been, may furnish lights to some succeeding adventurers, and ensure a voyage more prosperous.

The amateurs of poetry, we presume, have already thought of Mr. Campbell. Had his genius, alike cautious, glowing, and delicately chaste, been furnished with these facts, he would have turned them in every point of view; selected the most beautiful and appropriate, and, above all, he would narrowly have examined how far the ground of probability extended. Too fearful of offence in this respect, our apprehension would be, that he would not allow to his genius latitude enough. A greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than is furnished by the genius of these two writers. Southey in open and palpable violation of all probability, founds his claim to admiration on astonishment merely: Campbell, cautious and circumspect, restrains the treasures of his intellect, and fears even to make, as he might often do, probability astonishing. The throne of heaven is not safe from the assaults of Mr. Southey, nor the sceptre of the devil likewise, of which he has hitherto held the peaceable and undisturbed possession. As we have already selected some of the beauties of the bard, it might be expected that we should cite particular instances of his defects; but this is entirely unnecessary. A casual perusal of the volumes will gratify the most voracious appetite of those who delight in the detection of blemishes.

We have now, with as much impartiality as we are capable of preserving, fairly investigated the genius, poetical character, and peculiarities of Robert Southey. Amidst the blaze of an invention, that, like a consuming fire, devours every thing within the sphere of its immediate influence, we discover objects more remote, which are at the same time illuminated and threatened by the conflagration. We behold the quiet mansion, the retreats of parental love, the smiling hearth, and all the domestic endearments still secure, and they furnish a delightful and pleasing contrast to the flame that burns with such violence in their neighbourhood. This is, notwithstanding, involuntary clemency in the author. He casts an anxious glance towards these objects, but they are beyond the reach of the fire-brands and the sparks.

We have seen further, that although an incendiary, as he is, it is not the natural character of the man. Persecution, and an avowed contempt for his talents, finally hurried him onwards to a state of poetic desperation.

We sincerely hope that the flames of Smithfield will not hereafter be felt in the bowers of Parnassus. Those very men, the critics that irritated the poet to such daring outrages of nature, truth, and propriety, are now among the first to lament the consequences of their own acts. Every such lamentation is a direct satire on their former conduct, and those who make them stand the self-convicted authors of all this mischief.

While Criticism maintains an administration pure and impartial, it may be called a sort of literary Areopagus, a court, venerable for its antiquity, and dignified by its wisdom; it preserved alike the public taste and morals, and collected and preserved the dying embers of Grecian freedom. History informs us, moreover, that the very city, dignified by the residence of the court of Areopagus, became at last the repository of thirty tyrants, under whose administration public morals, taste, and liberty expired together.

FROM TILLOCH'S PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE.

METHOD OF RAISING LARGE STONES OUT OF THE EARTH. BY
MR. ROBERT RICHARDSON, OF KESWICK, IN CUMBERLAND.*

GENTLEMEN,

I, ROBERT RICHARDSON, of Keswick, in the parish of Crosthwaite, and county of Cumberland, beg leave to inform you, that I have found out a method of taking large self-stones out of the ground in a very expeditious manner, and that by this means two men will take as many stones out of the ground in one day,

*From *Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce*, for 1808.—The silver medal of the Society was voted to the inventor, and one of the implements is preserved in the Society's Repository.

as would require twelve men in the usual way of blasting, and afterwards using large levers, &c.

Where stones of from two to four tons each are to be taken up, two men will raise as many as twenty men in the usual way. The work is done by the power of a tackle, but by my method of fixing the tackle to the top of the stone, by the plug which I have invented, it will hold till the stone is pulled out of the ground, and laid upon the surface, or upon a carriage, if required, all which can be done in a very little time. Stones of four tons weight, or upwards, may be taken out of the ground within the time of five or ten minutes, by two men, without any earth or soil being previously taken from around them, or without any digging with hacks or spades. J. C. Curwen, Esq. of Workington, has seen and approved of my performance with this invention, and if the Society should think it deserving of a premium, it would ever be gratefully acknowledged by,

Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant,

ROBERT RICHARDSON.

Keswick, Feb. 8, 1808.

TO THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT suffer Mr. Richardson's letter to be sent to the Society without adding a few lines concerning it. I can bear ample testimony to the ease with which the largest self-stones are lifted by his method. I have seen one upwards of five tons lifted by four men. One of the plugs is sent for the inspection of the Society. There is no difficulty in cutting the hole to receive it, the only care is not to make it too large. It is difficult to explain the theory of its action; the least stroke laterally disengages the stone. In many situations it is likely to be of great use, not only in drawing stones out of the ground, but in making weirs and embankments, where the stones are only to be lifted a moderate height.

One of my farmers in Westmoreland has made great use of one, and speaks of it in high terms. I have exhibited it to numbers of persons, who could not believe its power till they saw it. ied.

Mr. Richardson submits its examination to the Society, and I conceive it will be very useful and beneficial in cases of new inclosures of land. I do not think it would answer for soft stones, or be safe to use for raising stones in buildings, it being so easily disengaged by any lateral blow. By adding wheels to the tackle machine, or having it upon a sledge, a great deal of time and trouble would be avoided. I purpose to employ this method next summer in making an embankment against the sea; the facility it will give in raising and removing large stones, will expedite the work greatly. If any further certificates of the performance of this plug be required by the Society, I will with pleasure transmit them to you. I will answer for its extracting any stone not exceeding five tons weight out of the ground, without any previous moving of the earth; and it is of importance to preserve large stones entire.

I am, with respect, dear sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. C. CURWEN.

Workington Hall, Feb. 19, 1808.

TO C. TAYLOR, M. D. Sec.

SIR,

I AM favoured with your letter, desiring my opinion of the utility of the iron plug invented by Robert Richardson, of Keswick. That which I use is about six inches long, and one inch and a quarter in diameter; it requires a hole of its own size, only two inches deep; the plug is to be driven in a little short of the bottom, and will raise a stone of six or eight tons, with the assistance of three men, in the course of ten minutes after the hole is prepared; and I do not hesitate to say, that three men, thus furnished, will clear the ground of large stones in less time, and more effectually, than twelve men by any other method yet come to my knowledge. The plug should be made of good beaten iron. The simplicity and cheapness of the whole apparatus is a great object, as a good plug of the size I use will only cost two shillings and sixpence. I am fully of opinion, that by adding more and stronger ropes and pulleys, work might be done by it to an amazing extent. I have reaped great advantage

in my farm from the aid of the iron plug, and, in justice to the inventor, am happy in vouching for its extreme usefulness. Several of my respectable neighbours have experienced the aid and benefit of the above instrument, and will vouch, if required, for the truth of the above statement.

I am, sir,

Your truly obedient servant,

ROBERT WRIGHT.

Rose Gill Hall, near Shap, Westmoreland, May 9, 1808.

To C. TAYLOR, M. D. Sec.

Reference to the engraving of Mr. Richardson's invention for raising large stones out of the earth. See plate, figs. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

Fig. 1, K, shows the upper part of a stone nearly buried in the earth, having a hole made in it three inches and a half deep, and one inch in diameter, by means of a miner's jumper; the cylindrical tail of the plug *a*, figs. 2, 3, and 4, which is of the same size, is driven fast into it, by means of a hammer applied upon the head of the plug *G*. This plug, in its whole length, is nine inches, and has a hole made in its broad part *H*, through which the oval iron ring *B* passes easily, and on which the plug can move backwards and forwards, when the ring is hung upon the hook of the lower pulley block of the lifting tackle. CCCC represent the four legs of frame-work of the quadrangle, *D* a five-fold tackle, with blocks ten inches in diameter; *E* a roller seven inches in diameter, turned by two long iron levers *bb*; the handle *I* is used as a safeguard, and to assist to regulate the power of the levers. In fig. 1, the plug *A* is shown fixed in the stone *K*, ready to draw it out of the ground, by means of the lifting tackle.

N. B. The hinder legs of the quadrangle are made to close in between the fore legs, for the convenience of carriage.

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE ARTIST—NO. IV.

A CORRECT CATALOGUE OF

THE WORKS OF BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In a former number we promised a correct catalogue of all the works of Mr. West, which we now submit to our readers, with the various sizes of the pictures, the persons for whom they have been painted, and in whose possession they now are.

Pictures painted for, and in possession of his Majesty.—Queen's House.

Regulus. Hannibal. Epaminondas. Bayard.

Wolfe, the second picture.

Cyrus and the King of Armenia with his family, captives.

Germanicus and Segestus with his daughter, captives.

The apotheosis of Prince Alfred and Octavius.

The picture of the Damsel accusing Peter.

In the King's Closet at St. James's; all whole lengths.

The Queen with the Princess Royal (Queen of Wirtemberg), in one picture.

The Prince of Wales and Duke of York, in one picture.

Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex; Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, and Mary, in one picture.

Dukes of Clarence and Kent, in one picture.

Prince Octavius (dead).

Now at Hampton-Court.

The whole length portrait of his Majesty in regimentals, with Lord Amherst and the Marquis of Lothian on horseback in the back ground.

Its companion—The Queen, whole length, with the fourteen Royal Children in the back ground.

In Windsor Castle.

The whole length portrait of her Majesty with the fourteen Royal Children. The same repeated.

In the King's Audience-room in Windsor Castle.

The Battle of Cressy, when Edward III. embraced his son—9 feet by 16.

The battle of Poitiers, when John, King of France, is brought prisoner to the Prince—9 feet by 16.

The Institution of the Order of the Garter—do.

The battle of Nevil's Cross—6 feet by 4.

The Burgesses of Calais before Edward III.—do.

Edward III. crossing the Somme—5 feet by 6.

Edward III. crowning Ribemont at Calais—5 feet by 4.

St. George destroying the Dragon—8 feet by 6.

The design of our Saviour's Resurrection, printed in colours, with the Women going to the Sepulchre; also Peter and John—12 feet by 10.

The Cartoon from the above design, for the east window, painted in the Collegiate Church of Windsor, on glass—36 feet high by 28 wide.

The design of our Saviour's Crucifixion, painted in colours—6 feet by 10.

The Cartoon from the above design, for the west window in the Collegiate Church, painted on glass—36 feet high by 28.

The Cartoon of the Angels appearing to the Shepherds, ditto for ditto—9 feet by 16.

The Cartoon of the Nativity of our Saviour, ditto for ditto—do.

The Cartoon of the Kings presenting Gifts to our Saviour, ditto for ditto—do.

In his Majesty's possession at Windsor; all 8 feet by 10.

The picture, in water colours, representing Hymen leading and dancing with the Hours before Peace and Plenty.

The picture, in water colours, of Boys with the Insignia of Riches.

The Companion with Boys, and the Insignia of the Fine Arts.—All painted for the Marble Gallery in Windsor Castle.

Designs, from which the Ceiling in the Queen's Lodge was done; all 3 feet by 4.

Genius calling forth the Fine Arts to adorn Manufactures and Commerce; and recording the names of eminent men in those pursuits.

Husbandry aided by Arts and Commerce.

Peace and Riches cherishing the Fine Arts.

Manufacture giving support to Industry in Boys and Girls.

Marine and Inland Navigation enriching Britannia.

Printing aided by the Fine Arts.

Astronomy making new discoveries in the Heavens.

The Four Quarters of the World bringing Treasures to the lap of Britannia.

Civil and Military Architecture defending and adorning Empire.

Pictures painted for his Majesty's Chapel in the Castle of Windsor, explanatory of revealed Religion, from the four Dispensations.—Antediluvian Dispensation.

The expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.

The Deluge.

The Patriarchal Dispensation.

Noah sacrificing.

Abraham and his Son Isaac going to Sacrifice.

The Birth of Jacob and Esau.

The Death of Jacob in Egypt, surrounded by his twelve Sons.

Mosaical Dispensation.

Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh; their rods turned into serpents—10 feet by 14.

Pharaoh and his Host lost in the Red Sea, while Moses stretches his Rod over them—do.

Moses receiving the law on Mount Sinai—do.

Moses consecrating Aaron and his Sons to the Priesthood—do.

Moses sheweth the Brazen Serpent to the People to be healed—do.

Moses shewn the promised land from the top of Mount Pisga—6 feet by 10.

Joshua crossing the River Jordan with the Ark—do.

The Twelve Tribes drawing Lots for the Lands of their inheritance—do.

The Call of Isaiah and Jeremiah—each 5 feet by 14.

David anointed King—6 feet by 10.

The Gospel Dispensation.

Christ's Birth—6 feet by 12.

The naming of John; or, the Prophecies of Zacharias—6 feet by 12.

The Kings bringing Presents to Christ—6 feet by 12.

Christ among the Doctors—6 feet by 10.

The Descent of the Holy Ghost on our Saviour at the River Jordan—10 feet by 14.

Christ healing the Sick in the Temple—do.

Christ's last Supper—6 feet by 10.

Christ's Crucifixion—28 feet by 36.

Christ's Ascension—12 feet by 18.

The Inspiration of St. Peter—10 feet by 14.

Paul and Barnabas rejecting the Jews and receiving the Gentiles—do.

The Revelation Dispensation.

John called to write the Revelations—6 feet by 10.

Saints prostrating themselves before the throne of God—do.

The Opening of the Seven Seals; or Death on the Pale Horse—do.

The overthrow of the old Beast and false Prophet—do.

The Last Judgment—do.

The New Jerusalem—do.

Painted for, and in the possession of William Beckford, Esq. of Fonthill.

The picture of St. Michael and his Angels fighting and casting out the Red Dragon and his Angels.

Do. of the Women clothed in the Sun.

Do. of John called to write the Revelations.

Do. of the Beast rising out of the Sea.

Do. of the mighty Angel, one foot upon Sea, and the other on Earth.

Do. of St. Antony of Padua.

Do. of the Madre-dolorosa.

Do. of Simeon with the Child in his arms.

Do. of a small Landscape, with a Hunt passing in the back-ground.

Do. of Abraham and Isaac going to Sacrifice—6 feet by 10.

Do. of a whole length Figure of Thomas à Becket, larger than life.

Do. of the Angel in the Sun assembling the Birds of the air, before the destruction of the old Beast.

Four half lengths.

The small picture of the Order of the Garter, differing in composition from the great picture at Windsor.

In the possession of the Earl of Grosvenor—all 5 feet by 7.

The picture of the Shunamite's Son raised to life by the Prophet Elisha.

Do. of Jacob blessing Joseph's Sons.

Do. of the Death of Wolfe (orig. picture).

Do. of the Battle of La Hogue.

Do. of the Boyne.

Do. of the Restoration of Charles II.

Do. of Cromwell dissolving the long Parliament.

A small portrait of Gen. Wolfe, when a boy.

The picture of the Golden Age.

In different Churches.

The picture of St. Michael chaining the Dragon, in Trinity College, Cambridge—15 feet by 8.

Ditto of the Angels announcing the Birth of our Saviour, in the Cathedral Church of Rochester—10 feet by 6.

Do. of the death of St. Stephen, in the Church of St. Stephen, Walbrook—10 by 18.

Do. of the Raising of Lazarus, in the Cathedral of Winchester—10 feet by 14.

Do. of St. Paul shaking the Viper off his finger, in the Chapel at Greenwich—27 by 15.

The Supper, over the Communion-table in the Collegiate Church of Windsor—8 by 13.

The Resurrection of our Saviour, in the east window of ditto—28 feet by 32.

The Crucifixion, in the window of ditto—28 feet by 36.

The Angel announcing our Saviour's Birth, in ditto—10 feet by 14.

The birth of our Saviour, in ditto—9 by 16.

The Kings presenting Gifts to our Saviour, in ditto—do.

The picture of Peter denying our Saviour, in the Chapel of Lord Newark.

The Resurrection of our Saviour, in the church at Barbadoes—10 feet by 6.

The picture of Moses with the Law, and John the Baptist, in ditto—as large as life.

In the Collection of Henry Hope, Esq.—First painted for the late Bishop of Bristol.

DRAWINGS.

Faith,	St. Matthias,	St. Bartholomew,
Hope,	St. Thomas,	St. James the Mi-
Charity,	St. Jude,	nor Apostle,
Innocence,	St. Simeon,	Malachi,
St. Matthew,	St. Ja. the Major,	Micah,
St. Mark,	St. Philip,	Zachariah,
St. Luke,	St. Peter,	and
St. John,	St. Andrew,	Daniel.

COMPOSITIONS.

Paul shaking the Viper from his finger. Peter delivered from Prison.

Paul preaching at Athens.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind.

Paul before Felix.

Cornelius and the Angel.

Two whole lengths of the late Archbishop of York's two eldest Sons.

A whole length portrait of the late Lord Grosvenor.

The picture of Jacob drawing water at the Well for Rachel and her flock; in the possession of Mrs. Evans.

In the Historical Gallery, Pall-Mall.

The picture of the Citizens of London offering the Crown to William the Conqueror.

The Queen Mother soliciting the King to pardon her son John.

Three of the children of the late Archbishop of York, with the portrait of the Archbishop, half lengths; in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Drummond.

The family picture, half lengths, of Mrs. Cartwright's Children.

Do. of Sir Edmund Bacon's Nephew and Niece, half lengths.

Do. of — Lane, Esq.'s Children, half lengths.

A lady leading three Children of Virtue to the Temple.

A picture of Madona.

In various Collections.

The picture of the late Lord Clive receiving the Duannie from the Great Mogul; for Lord Clive.

Christ receiving the Sick and Lame in the Temple; in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia—11 feet by 18.

The picture of Pylades and Orestes; for Sir George Beaumont.

The Original sketch of Cicero at the Tomb of Archimedes; for ditto.

The picture of Leonidas ordering Cleombrotas into banishment with his Wife and Children; W. Smith, Esq. first painted for W. Locke, Esq.

Do. of the Marys at the Sepulchre; ditto.

Do. of Alexander and the Physician; for General Stibert.

Do. of Julius Cæsar reading the Life of Alexander; ditto.

Do. of the Return of the Prodigal Son; for Sir James Earle.

Do. of the Death of Adonis; Mr. Knight, Portland place.

Do. of the Continnence of Scipio; ditto.

Do. of Venus and Cupid, oval; Mr. Steers, Temple, now Mr. Acerman's, Bristol.

Do. of Alfred dividing his Loaf; presented to Stationers'-hall by Alderman Boydell—8 feet by 11.

Do. of Helen brought to Paris; in the possession of a family in Kent, name not ascertained.

A small sketch of the Shunamite's Son restored, &c.; Rev. — Hand, painted for Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol.

Cupid stung by a Bee, oval; — Vesey, Esq. in Ireland.

Agrippina surrounded by her Children, and reclining her head on the urn containing the ashes of Germanicus; — Vesey, Esq. in Ireland.

The Death of Wolfe, the third Picture; in the possession of the Prince of Waldeck.

Do. the fourth picture; Lord Bristol.

A small do. the fifth picture; Monckton family.

Do. of Romeo and Juliet; Duke of Courland.

Do. of King Lear and his Daughters; ditto.

Do. of Belisarius and the Boy; Sir Francis Baring.

Do. of Sir Francis Baring and part of his Family, containing six figures as large as life; ditto.

Do. of Simeon and the Child, as large as life. Provost of Eton.

Do. of the late Lord Clive receiving the Duannie from the Great Mogul, a second picture; for Madras.

The second picture of Philippa soliciting of Edward III. the Pardon of the Burgesses of Calais; in the possession of — Willet, Esq.

Do. of Europa on the back of the Bull; at Calcutta—8 feet by 11.

Do. of the Death of Hyacinthus; painted for Lord Kerry, but now in the National Gallery at Paris.

The picture of Venus presenting her Girdle to Juno; painted for Lord Kerry, and in the National Gallery; figures as large as life in both pictures.

Do. of Rinaldo and Armida; for Caleb Whitefoord, Esq.

Do. of Pharaoh's Daughter with the child Moses; — Pauch, Esq. originally painted for General Lawrence.

Do. of the stolen Kiss; painted for ditto, and in possession of — Pauch, Esq.

Do. of Angelica and Madora; for ditto.

Do. of the Woman of Samaria at the Well with Christ; ditto.

Do. of Pætus and Arria; in the possession of Col. Smith, at the Tower.

Do. of Rebecca coming to David; Sir Jacob Ashley.

A drawing representing Christ's Nativity; Mr. Tomkins, Doctors Commons.

Do. of Rebecca receiving the Bracelets at the Well; late Lord Buckinghamshire.

Do. of the stolen Kiss; ditto.

Do. of Rinaldo and Armida; ditto.

Do. of a Mother and Child; ditto.

The whole length portrait of Sir Thomas Strange; in the Town-hall of Halifax.

Do. of Sir John Sinclair.

The picture of Agrippina landing at Brundisium (the first picture); painted for Drummond, Archbishop of York, and in the possession of Lord Kimmoul.

Do. of do. for the Earl of Exeter, at Burleigh (second picture).

Do. of do. for Mr. Joyce (third picture); now in the possession of — Hatch, Esq. in Essex.

A small picture of Jupiter and Semele; in the possession of Mr. Mitchel.

The Large picture lost at sea.

Mr. West's House at Windsor.

Hector parting with his Wife and Child at the Scæan Gate; painted for Dr. Newton, late Bishop of Bristol.

The Prophet Elisha raising the Shunamite's Son.

The raising of Lazarus.

Edward III. crossing the River Somme.

Queen Philippa at the Battle of Nevil's Cross.

The Angels announcing to the Shepherds the Birth of our Saviour.

The Kings bringing Presents to our Saviour.

A View on the River Thames at Hammersmith.

A do. on the banks of the River Susquehanna, in America.

The picture of Tangere-mill, at Eton.

Do. of Chrysas returned to her Father Chrysus.

Pictures painted by Mr. West for his own Collection.—In the painting-room.

Venus and Adonis, as large as life.

The Sixth picture of the Death of Wolfe; with alterations.

The second picture of the Battle of La Hogue; with ditto.

The Sketch of Macbeth and the Witches.

The small picture of the return of Tobias.

Do. of the return of the Prodigal Son.

Do. of Ariadne on the Sea-shore.

Do. of the Death of Adonis.

Do. of John, King of France, brought prisoner to the Black Prince.

The small picture of Antiochus and Stratonice.

Do. of King Lear and his Daughter.

The picture of Chrysus on the Sea-shore.

Do. of Nathan and David,—“Thou art the Man!”—as large as life.

Do. of Elijah raising the Widow's Son to life.

Do. of the Choice of Hercules.

Do. of Venus and Europa.

Do. of Daniel interpreting the Hand-writing on the wall.

The small picture of the Ambassador from Tunis, with his attendant, as he appeared in England in 1781.

The drawing of Marius on the ruins of Carthage.

Do. of Cato giving his daughter in Marriage at his Death; both in the possession of the Archduke Joseph—duplicates with Mr. West.

Do. of Belisarius brought to his family; for Mr. Mier, at Hamburgh—duplicate with Mr. West.

The large picture of the Death of the Stag, or the rescuing of Alexander III.; for Lord Seaforth—12 feet by 18; the drawing and painted Sketch with Mr. West.

The picture of Cymon and Iphigenia, and Endymion and Diana; at Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire—duplicate with Mr. West.

Do. of Cymon and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Madora; in the possession of Mr. Mitten of Shropshire, painted at Rome.

Small picture of the Battle of Cressy.

Small sketch of the Order of the Garter.

Mr. West's small picture of his family.

The sketch of Edward III. with his Queen and the Citizens of Calais.

Mr. West's small copy from Vandyke's picture of Cardinal Bentivoglio, now in the National Gallery at Paris.

Mr. West's copy from Corregio's celebrated picture at Parma, viz. St. Gerolemo, now in the National Gallery.

The large Landscape from Windsor Forest.

The picture of Mark Antony shewing the Robe and Will of Julius Caesar to the people—6 feet by 10.

Do. of Ægisthus viewing the body of Clytemnestra.

The large sketch of the Window at Windsor of the Kings presenting gifts to the infant Christ.

The small sketch of the Battle of Nevil's Cross.

The second small sketch of the Order of the Garter.

The small picture of Ophelia before the King and Queen, with her brother Laertes.

Do. of the Recovery of his Majesty in the year 1789.

Do. from Thomson's Seasons, of Miranda and her two Companions.

Do. of Edward III. crowning Ribemont at Calais—a sketch.

The picture of Leonidas taking leave of his family on his going to Thermopylæ.

Do. of a Bacchanté, as large as life, half length; now in the possession of Sir John Leicester.

First sketch of the Battle of Cressy.

The picture of Phæton soliciting Apollo for the chariot of the Sun.

The second picture of Cicero at the tomb of Archimedes.

The small picture of Belisarius and the Boy—different from that in the possession of Sir Francis Baring.

Do. of the Eagle giving the Vase of Water to Psyche.

Do. of the Death of Adonis, from Anacreon.—Its companion Adonis and his Dog.

Do. of Moonlight and the "Beckoning Ghost," from Pope's Elegy.

Do. of the Angel sitting on the stone at the Sepulchre.

Second picture of the same, but differing in composition.

A small sketch of do.

A sketch of King Lear and his Daughter.

The second picture of Angelica and Madora.

Do. of the Damsel and Orlando.

Mr. West's portrait, half length.

Sketch of his two Sons when Children.

Do. when Boys.

Do. when Men.

Portrait of the Rev. — Preston.

Picture of the Bacchanté Boys.

Do. of the Good Samaritan.

In the Gallery.

Picture of the destruction of the old Beast and false Prophet.—Revelations.

Do. of Christ healing the Sick, Lame, and Blind in the Temple.

Do. of Tintern Abbey.

Do. of Death on the Pale Horse; or, the Opening of the Seals.

Do. of Jason and the Dragon—in imitation of Salvator Rosa.

Do. of Venus and Adonis looking at Cupids bathing.

Do. of Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh.

Do. of the Uxbridge Passage-boats on the Canal, returning in the evening.

Do. of St. Paul and Barnabas rejecting the Jews and turning to the Gentiles.

Do. falling of Trees in the great Park at Windsor.

Do. of Diomedes and his Chariot—Horses struck by the lightning of Jupiter.

- Do. of the Milk-woman in St. James's Park, with Children receiving milk from the cow.
- Do. of King Lear in the storm at the hovel.
- Do. of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.
- Do. of the Order of the Garter.
- Do. of Orion on the Dolphin's back,
- Picture of Cupid complaining to Venus of a Bee having stung his finger.
- Do. of the Deluge.
- Do. of Queen Elizabeth's Procession to St. Paul's.
- Do. of Christ's shewing a little Child as the emblem of Heaven.
- Do. of Harvest Home.
- Do. of a View from the east-end of Windsor Castle looking over Datchet.
- Do. of washing of Sheep.
- Do. of St. Paul shaking the Viper from his finger.
- Do. of the Sun setting behind a group of trees on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham.
- Do. of the driving of Sheep and Cows to water.
- Do. of Cattle drinking at a watering-place in the Great Park, Windsor, with Mr. West drawing.
- Do. of Pharaoh and his Host drowned in the Red-Sea.
- Do. of Calypso and Telemachus on the sea-shore—second picture.
- Do. of Gentlemen fishing at Dagenham Breach waters.
- Do. of Moses consecrating Aaron and his Sons to the Priesthood.
- Do. of the View of Windsor Castle from Snow-hill, in the Great Park.
- Do. of a Mother inviting her little Boy to come to her through a small stream of water.
- Do. of the naming of Samuel, and the prophesying of Zacharius.
- Do. of the Ascension of our Saviour.
- Do. of the Birth of Jacob and Esau.
- Do. of the Brewer's Porter and Hod carrier drinking porter at the door of an Ale-house.
- Do. of Venus attended by the Graces.
- Do. of Samuel when a boy presented to Eli.
- Do. of Christ's Last Supper (in brown colour).
- Do. of the Reaping of Harvest, with Windsor in the back-ground.
- Do. of Adonis and his Dog going to the Chase.
- Do. of Christ among the Doctors in the Temple.
- Do. of Moses shewing the Promised Land.
- Do. of Joshua crossing the River Jordan with the Ark.
- Do. of Christ's Nativity.
- Do. of Mothers with their Children, in water.
- Do. of Cranford Bridge.
- Do. the sketch of Pyrrhus, when a child, before King Glaucus.

Do. of the Traveller laying his piece of Bread on the Bridle of the dead Ass.—From Sterne.

The Captive—from do.

The picture of Cupid letting loose two Pidgeons; now in possession of Captain Agar.

Do. of Cupid asleep.

Do. of Children eating Cherries.

Sketch of a Mother and her Child on her lap.

The small picture of the Eagle bringing the Cup to Psyche.

The picture of St. Antony of Padua and the Child.

Do. of Jacob, and Laban with his two Daughters.

Do. of the Women looking into the Sepulchre, and beholding two Angels where the Lord lay.

Do. of the Angel loosening the chains of St. Peter in prison.

Do. of the Death of Sir Philip Sidney.

Do. of the Death of Epaminondas.

Do. of the Death of Bayard.

The small sketch of Christ's Ascension.

The sketch of a group of Legendary Saints, in imitation of Rubens.

The picture of Kosciusco on a couch, as he appeared in London in 1797.

Do. of the Death of Cephelus.

Do. of Abraham and Isaac—"Here is the wood and fire, but where is the lamb to sacrifice."

The sketch of the Bard—from Gay.

Do. of the pardoning of John by his brother King Richard the First, at the solicitation of the Queen-Mother.

Do. of St. George and the Dragon.

The picture of Eponina with her Children giving bread to her Husband when in concealment.

The sketch, on Paper, of Christ's Last Supper.

The picture of the pardoning of John, at his Mother's solicitation.

Do. of the Death of Lord Chatham.

Do. of the presentation of the crown to William the Conquerer.

Do. of Europa crowning the Bull with flowers.

The picture of Mr. West's Garden, Gallery, and Painting-room.

Do. of the Cave of Despair—from Spenser.

Do. of Christ's Resurrection.

The sketch of the Destruction of the Spanish Armada.

The picture of Arethusa bathing.

The sketch of Priam soliciting of Achilles the body of Hector.

The picture of Moonlight (small).

The small sketch of Cupid shewing Venus his finger stung by a Bee.

Drawings and Sketches on Paper, in the Gallery.

The Drawings of the two sides of the intended Chapel at Windsor, with the arrangement of the Pictures, &c.

The Drawing of St. Matthew, with the Angel.

Do. of Alcibiades, and Timon of Athens.

Do. of Penn's Treaty.

Do. of Regulus, his departure from Rome.

Do. of Mark Antony, shewing the Robe and Will of Cæsar.

Do. of the birth of Jacob and Esau.

Do. of the death of Dido.

The large sketch, in oil, (on paper) of Moses receiving the Laws on Mount Sinai.

The large drawing of the death of Hippolytus.

The large sketch, in oil, of the landing of Agrippina, on paper.

Do. of Leonidas ordering Cleombrotus into Banishment, on paper.

The drawing of the death of Epaminondas.

The sketch, in oil, of the death of Aaron, on paper.

The drawing of the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

The sketch, in oil, on paper, of David prostrate, whilst the destroying Angel sheathes the Sword.

The drawing of the Woman looking into the Sepulchre.

Do. of St. John preaching.

Do. of the Golden Age.

Do. of Antiochus and Stratonice.

Do. of the death of Demosthenes.

The large sketch, in oil, on paper, of Death on the Pale Horse.

The drawing of King John and the Barons with Magna Charta.

Do. of La Hogue.

Do. of Jacob and Laban.

The large do. of the Destruction of the Assyrian Camp by the destroying Angel.

The large sketch, in oil, on paper, of Christ raising the Widow's Son.

Do. in do. on paper, of the Water gushing from the rock when struck by Moses.

The Drawing of the death of Socrates.

Do. of the battle of the Boyne.

Do. of the death of Eustace St. Celaine.

The sketch, in oil, on paper, of the Procession of Agrippina with her Children and the Roman Ladies through the Roman camp when in mutiny.

The drawing of the Rescue of Alexander III. of Scotland from the fury of a Stag.

The drawing of the death of Wolfe.

The sketch, in oil, of King Alfred dividing his loaf with a Pilgrim.

Do. of the Raising of Lazarus.

The small whole length of Thomas à Becket, in oil, on canvass.

The small picture of the death of the Stag.

The drawing of do.

Do. of Nathan and David.

Do. of Joseph making himself known to his Brethren.

Do. of Narcissus at the Fountain.

Do. in small of the Duannie received by Lord Clive.

Do. of the Continnence of Scipio.

Do. of the Last Judgment, and the Sea giving up its dead.

Do. of the Bard—from Gay.

Do. of Belisarius and his family.

The sketch, in oil, of Aaron standing between the dead and living to stop the Plague.

Do. on paper, of the Messenger announcing to Samuel the loss of the battle.

The drawing of Sir Philip Sidney ordering the water to be given to the wounded Soldier.

The large drawing of the giving of the Duannie to Lord Clive.

The large picture of King Lear in the storm at the hovel on the heath; painted for the Shakspeare Gallery, but now in the Academy at Philadelphia.—Its companion, Ophelia before the King and Queen; in ditto.

Mr. West painting the portrait of Mrs. West, in one picture, half figures, large as life; in ditto.

The half length portrait of R. Fulton, Esq. in ditto.

Hagar and Ishmael, figures as large as life; painted for Lord Cremorne, but now in the possession of a nobleman in Ireland.

Thetis bringing the armour from Vulcan to her son Achilles; painted for Thomas Hope, Esq.

Iris bearing Jove's command to King Priam, to go and solicit the body of his son Hector; painted for ditto.

William of Dolbeny presenting his three Daughters to King Alfred III. to make choice of one for his wife; painted for the late Duke of Rutland, and now at Belvoir Castle.

Christ among the Doctors.—Its companion, Christ blessing little Children: both painted for the late Duke of Rutland, and at Belvoir Castle.

The Grecian Daughter defending her father from the Tyrant.—Its companion, the Couch scene of King Lear and his Daughter; painted for Mr. Bowles of Wanstead.

The small picture of Thetis bringing the armour to Achilles in which the Myrmidons are introduced. Two sketches of the same subject without the Myrmidons—one in colours the other in *claro-scuro*; in the possession of Mr. West.

The Victory off Trafalgar, or the death of Lord Nelson, a large composition; in the possession of Mr. West.

The death of Lord Nelson in the cockpit of the ship Victory; painted for John M'Arthur, Esq.

Victory bearing the body of Lord Nelson to the arms of Brittainia; painted for ditto.

A small picture of the Resurrection of our Saviour; in the possession of Mr. West.

The drawing of Prince Bladud contemplating the Medicinal virtues of the Bath waters by observing their effect on Swine.

A view of Bath from the high ground eastward of Prior-Park House.

A view of the rocks at Bristol Wells.

A view in Prior Park, near Bath.

A view on the river Avon, at Bath.

These drawings are in the possession of Mr. West.

GENERAL VIEW OF LITERATURE.

(Continued from page 469.)

THE author of the lay of the Last Minstrel and Marmion may be considered as the minion of modern popularity; for the works of no living, and of few dead authors, have been so widely and so rapidly diffused. We are, we believe, correct in stating, that upwards of twenty-five thousand copies of the Lay have been printed in the space of six years, and seventeen thousand copies of Marmion since its first appearance in spring 1808. The effect of this extensive popularity has been almost ludicrous. Upon the annunciation of an expected poem, we are well assured that at least four musicians have prepared notes for unwritten songs; two artists have been retained to illustrate scenes which were yet to be born of the author; and as many satirists, having blessed God and the founder, have set them down to parody a work yet in embryo. These pleasing and painful marks of notoriety go in the main to prove the same issue; for even the master of a dung-barge knows enough of navigation to discover which vessel is likely to get soonest under weigh, and to obtain her assistance, if possible, to tow him out of harbour. We have been at some pains to discover the talisman upon which this popular enthusiasm depends, but we find it more easy to ex-

press ourselves on the subject by negatives than by positive assertion. Mr. Scott's fame certainly does not rest on the art of his story, for of that he has hitherto given no example; on the contrary, the incidents, both in the *Lay* and *Marmion*, are of themselves slightly interesting, and loosely put together. Neither can we consider his characters, though drawn with a bold and determined pencil, as entitling him, on their account, to occupy the distinguished rank which he holds in the poetical calendar. They are, properly speaking, the portraits of *genera* rather than of individuals. William of Deloraine, *Marmion*, Clara, and Constance, are just such persons as might represent any one predatory free booter, ambitious noble, sentimental damsel, and reprobate nun, that ever dignified the pages of romance.

The features (perhaps with exception of *Marmion's* forgery) must be allowed to bear a striking general resemblance to the characters of these ranks in the middle ages; but there is a want of individuality. The knights and freebooters of Mr. Scott are, like Sir Fopling Flutter, knights of the shire, and represent each a whole class; and, although the poet may have been more anxious to give a general view of the period in which he laid his scene, than a picture of individual manners; and in this he has assuredly succeeded; we must still deny the praise of excellence to him who has halted in full career, and stopped short in finishing his picture, even at the most interesting point; and so thinking, we cannot give unqualified approbation to Mr. Scott's skill in drawing portraits. To moral sentiment he has made little pretence: the few specimens which occur in his poetry are true, but they are obvious; and their best recommendation is, that they have uniformly a virtuous or honourable tendency, and are expressed with the unaffected simplicity and lofty feeling of one who is in earnest in recommending the truth which he delivers. The descriptive passages claim more unequivocal praise; and in this department of poetry Mr. Scott frequently stands alone, and unrivalled. Instances are so numerous, that their quotation seems unnecessary: but still, even of those passages, which have been most highly praised, many do not boast the luxuriance conspicuous in the descriptions of Southey, or the elegance which is frequently displayed by the

bard of Hope. To what, then, are we to attribute a charm which has interested the old and the grave, as well as gay youth and frolic boyhood? It must, we apprehend, be ascribed to that secret art which will be found to pervade the popular writings of almost every country, despite of their sins against common sense or classical criticism; that, in short, of rendering interesting the story which they have to tell, not by its own proper merit, but by the mode of telling it. It is thus that De Foe has contrived to identify the feelings of every reader with those of Robinson Crusoe, to render his slightest wants and inconveniences subjects of our anxious solicitude, and protract a tale, in itself the most unique and simple possible, with unabated interest, through so many pages of minute and trivial incident. In the same manner we lose the author in the admired passages of the Lay and Marmion, because he never seems to think of himself, but appears wholly engrossed with the desire of impressing on the auditor the outlines of a description which is vividly sketched in his own mind. In describing a battle, a siege, or a striking incident of any kind, he seldom brings forward objects unless by that general outline by which a spectator would be actually affected. He enters into no minute detail; it is the general effect, the hurry, the bustle of the scene, those concomitant sounds of tumult and sights of terror which stun the ear and dazzle the eye, which he details to his readers, and which have often the effect of converting them into spectators. In like manner, in scenes of repose, he seems more anxious to enjoy than to describe them; his ideas crowd upon him, but he dispatches each of them in a line, and leaves the imagination of his reader, if it be capable of excitation, to follow forth and fill up the outline which he has sketched. To an active fancy this is a pleasant task, for which it returns to the author as much gratitude at least as is his due. A slow comprehension, on the contrary, catches the general proposition, and is pleased to escape from that more minute detail, which, however pleasing to true admirers of poetry, seems only embarrassing tautology to those who, with inert imagination, and an indifference to the beauties of protracted description, feel nevertheless a natural interest in the incidents of the tale, and in the animation with

which they succeed to each other. Mr. Scott, we have remarked, seems to be fully sensible of his strength in thus embodying and presenting his scene to the imagination of his readers, and has studiously avoided sliding into distinct narration. Every incident is usually conveyed by the means of indirect description; and, so remarkably is this the case, that, even when a narrative is placed in the mouth of a personage in the poem, the scene is instantly shifted, and the incidents of that very tale held up in motion and action to the reader, something a-kin to the phenomena observed in dreams, where every thing is presented to the eye, and little or nothing to the ear; and where, if our fancy is crossed by the supposed report of another course of action, that secondary train of ideas is immediately substituted for the original vision, and we imagine ourselves spectators of it instead of being only auditors. It is indisputable, that the art of thus rivetting the attention of the audience forms one great source of this author's popularity.

We must not omit to mention Mr. Scott's learning, by which we mean his knowledge of the manners of the time in which his scenes are laid. The display of this knowledge has, perhaps, here and there, degenerated into antiquarian pedantry, but the possession of it was essential to the purpose of the author. *Sapere est principium et fons*. It is the true touch of manners which gives justice to a narrative poem, and discriminates it from those which are either founded upon the vague imagination of an author, or tamely copied from the model of some more original writer. The difference can be discovered by the least enlightened, just as an individual portrait can be distinguished from a fancy sketch even by those who are unacquainted with the original. With these remarks upon the truth and spirit of his poetry, we leave Mr. Scott, no unworthy member of the triumvirate with whom he has divided the public applause.

According to modern custom we should now consider the imitators, or, as the modish phrase is, the school of these respective poets; if that can be called a school where no pupil will heartily yield pre-eminence even to his pedagogue, and where each preceptor would willingly turn his scholars out of doors. Upon professed imitators we shall bestow very short

consideration, as the very circumstance of palpable imitation may be considered as decisive against an author's claim to be noticed in such a sketch as we are now drawing of national poetry.

The followers and imitators of Campbell would probably rejoice more in being termed of the school of Goldsmith or Johnson: yet when we read the *Pleasures of Friendship*, the *Pleasures of Solitude*, the *Pleasures of Love*, and so forth, or even when we see such titles in an advertisement, we are naturally led to think the subjects could only have been chosen from the popularity of the *Pleasures of Hope*, or of the *Pleasures of Memory*. The latter beautiful poem probably gave Mr. Campbell the original hint of his plan, though it expanded into a more copious and bolder field of composition than had been attempted by Mr. Rogers, and contains beauties of a kind so different, that the resemblance of title is almost the only circumstance which connects them. The *Pleasures of Memory* is a gem in which the exquisite polish makes up for the inferiority of the water. There is not a line in it which has not been earnestly and successfully refined to melody, nor is there a description left unfinished, or broken off harshly. The sentiments are easy and elegant, and of that natural and pleasing tendency which always insures a favourable reception, even when destitute of novelty. We have in Mr. Rogers's poetry none of Campbell's sublime bursts of moral eloquence, which exalt us above the ordinary feelings of our nature; but we are gently and placidly led into a current of sentiment most congenial to all the charities and domestic attachments of life. Yet those who have by heart the *Deserted Village* of Goldsmith, will hardly allow Mr. Rogers's title to originality. Something he has gained over his model by an intimate acquaintance with the fine arts, and the capacity of appreciating their most capital productions. The delicacy and accuracy of discrimination inseparable from such attainments, diffuses, through his poetry, a certain shade of classical and chastened taste, which may serve, perhaps, more than any of the circumstances we have mentioned, to discriminate his productions from those of his contemporaries.

With the name of Southey those of Coleridge and of Wordsworth are naturally and habitually associated. We do not hold, with the vulgar, that these ingenious and accomplished men are combined to overthrow the ancient land-marks of our poetry, and bring back the days of Withers and of Quarles; on the contrary, to those who give themselves the trouble of considering their works attentively, there will appear such points of distinction as argue a radical difference in their taste, and the rules they have adopted in composition. Still, however, connected as they are by habits of friendship, vicinity of residence, and community of studies, some general principles may be pointed out common to all three, and entitling them, more than any other living authors, to the appellation of a school of productions. We regret to say, that the peculiarities which they have in common do not by any means seem to us the most valuable properties of their productions. They are all, more or less, favourers of that doctrine which considers poetry as the mere imitation of natural feeling, and holds that its language ought in consequence to be simplified as much as possible to the expressions of passion in ordinary life. To this proposition Mr. Wordsworth adds another yet more doubtful, that the language of low and rustic life ought to be preferred, because, in his opinion, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, and because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity. Now this appears to us a radical error. Those who have studied the lower orders of society, especially in a mercantile country, must be sensible how much the feelings and talents of that class are degraded, imbruted, and debased by the limited exercise to which they are confined, and the gross temptations to which they hourly give way. Even among the more fortunate inhabitants of a pastoral country, the necessity of toiling for daily bread burthens the mind and quells the powers of imagination: the few passions by which they are strongly actuated are those which are the most simple, the most coarse, and the worst regulated; nor can the expressions which they dictate be considered as proper for poetry; any more than the company of the swains themselves for the society of persons of cultivated taste, manners,

and talents. The opposite opinion has led to that affectation of a simple nakedness of style, which has, in some instances, debased even the gold of Southey, and forms a far larger alloy to the coinage of his two friends, which we are about to consider.

We are, in some degree, uncertain whether we ought to view Coleridge as subject to our critical jurisdiction, at least under this department. He seems to have totally abandoned poetry for the mists of political metaphysics,—mists which, we fear, the copious eloquence showered from his cloudy tabernacle will rather increase than dispel. With extensive learning, an unbounded vigour of imagination, and the most ready command of expression both in verse and prose, advantages which none of his predecessors enjoy in a greater, if any possess them in an equal degree; this author has been uniformly deficient in the perseverance and the sound sense which were necessary to turn his exquisite talents to their proper use. He has only produced in a complete state one or two small pieces, and every thing else, begun on a larger scale, has been flung aside and left unfinished. This is not all: although commanding the most beautiful poetical language, he has every now and then thought fit to exchange it for the gratuitous pleasure of introducing whole stanzas of quaint and vulgar doggrel. These are the passages which render learning useless, and eloquence absurd; which make fools laugh, and malignant critics “dance and leap,” but which excite, in readers of taste, grief and astonishment, as evidence of talents misapplied, and genius furnishing arms against itself to low-minded envy. To Mr. Coleridge we owe some fragments of the most sublime blank verse, and some lyric passages of a soft and tender nature, we believe unequalled. The verses addressed to “The Memory of a Deceased Friend,” and those called “An Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie,” are sufficient proofs of our assertion. But these are short or unfinished performances, and others which we could quote from the same author are of a nature so wild, so unrestrained by any rules either in the conception or in the composition; forming such a mixture of the terrible with the disgusting, of the tender with the ludicrous, and of moral feeling with metaphysical sophistry, that we can hardly suppose the an-

thor who threw forth such crude effusions is serious in obtaining a rank among the poets of his country, nor do we feel at liberty to press upon him a seat of honour, which, from his conduct, he would seem to hold in no esteem.

The feelings of Mr. Wordsworth appear to be very different. Although hitherto an unsuccessful competitor for poetical fame, as far as it depends upon the general voice of the public, no man has ever considered the character of the poet as more honourable, or his pursuits as more important. We are afraid he will be found rather to err on the opposite side, and, with an amiable Quixotry, to ascribe to those pursuits, and to that character, a power of stemming the tide of luxury, egotism, and corruption of manners, and thus of reforming an age, which we devoutly believe can be reformed by nothing short of a miracle. But in this, as in other particulars, the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth accords strikingly with his character and habits. We have made it a rule not to draw the character of the man while we reviewed the works of the author, and our sketch has suffered by this forbearance, for we could have shown, in many instances, how curiously they differed or coincided. But if we durst now raise the veil of private life, it would be to exhibit a picture of manly worth and unaffected modesty; of one who retired early from all that sullies or hardens the heart, from the pursuit of wealth and honours, from the bustle of the world, and from the parade of philosophical pursuits; and who, sitting down contented in a cottage, realized whatever the poets have feigned of content and happiness in retirement. It might have been supposed, that, surrounded by romantic scenery, and giving his attention only to poetical imagery, and to the objects by which they were best suggested, the situation he had chosen was the most favourable for his studies; and that such a happy coincidence of leisure, talents, and situation, ought to have produced poetry more generally captivating than that of Mr. Wordsworth has hitherto proved. But we have constant reason to admire the caprices of human intellect. This very state of secluded study seems to have produced effects upon Mr. Wordsworth's genius unfavourable to its popularity. In the first place, he who is constantly surrounded by the most magnificent natural

subjects of description, becomes so intimately acquainted with them, that he is apt to dwell less upon the broad general and leading traits of character which strike the occasional visitor, and which are really their most poetical attributes, than upon the more detailed and specific particulars in which one mountain or valley differs from another, and which, being less obvious to the general eye, are lest interesting to the common ear. But the solitude in which Mr. Wordsworth resides has led to a second and more important consequence in his writings, and has affected his mode of expressing moral truth and feeling, as well as his turn of natural description. He has himself beautifully described the truths which he teaches us, as being

—— The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and rests on his own heart.

A better heart, a purer and more manly source of honourable and virtuous sentiment beats not, we will say it boldly, within Britain. But the observation of a single subject will not make a skilful anatomist, nor will the copying one model, however beautiful, render a painter acquainted with his art. To attain that knowledge of the human bosom necessary to moral poetry, the poet must compare his own feelings with those of others; he must reduce his hypothesis to theory by actual experiment, stoop to sober and regulated truth from the poetic height of his own imagination, and observe what impulse the mass of humanity receive from those motives and subjects to which he is himself acutely alive. It is the want of this observation and knowledge of the world which leads Wordsworth into the perpetual and leading error of supposing, that trivial and petty incidents can supply to mankind in general that train of reflection which, in his speculative solitude, he himself naturally attaches to them. A reflecting mind and a quick fancy find food for meditation in the most trifling occurrences, and can found a connected and delightful train of deductions upon an original cause as flimsy as the web of a gossamer. The cleaving of a block of wood, the dancing of a bush of wild flowers, the question or answer of a child, naturally suggest matter of reflection to an amiable and reflecting mind, retired from the influence of incidents of a na-

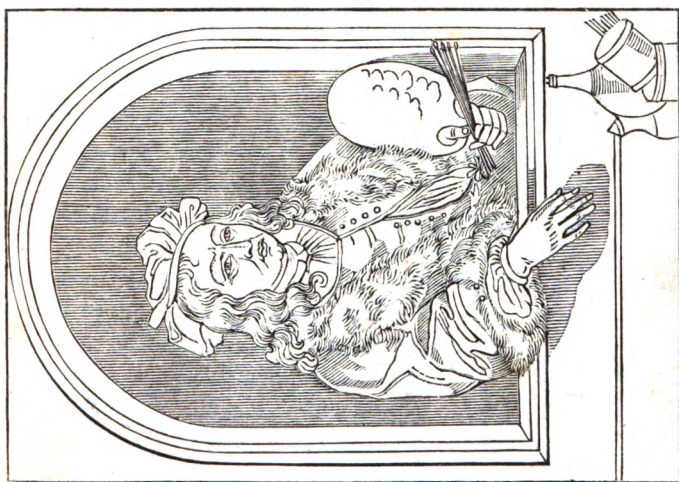
ture more generally interesting. And such are Wordsworth's studies, or, as he himself expresses it,

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

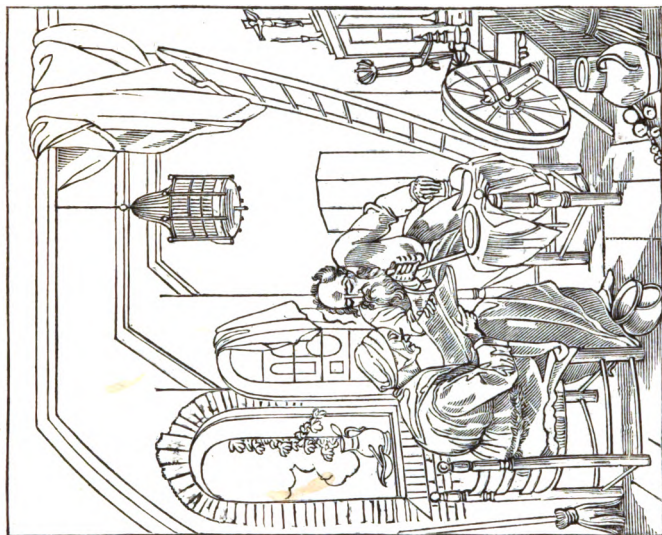
In this situation, the poet's feelings somewhat resemble those of a person accustomed to navigate a small boat upon a narrow lake, to whom, if he possess an active imagination, the indentures of the shore, which hardly strike the passing stranger, acquire the importance of creeks, bays, and promontories. Even so the impressions made upon the susceptible mind of the solitary poet by common and unimportant incidents; and the train of "sweet and bitter fancies" to which they give rise are, in the eye of the public, altogether extravagant and disproportioned to their cause. We mark this with sincere regret; for though Mr. Wordsworth, to the affectation of rude and bald simplicity, which we have censured in Southey and Coleridge, adds that of harsh and rugged versification, often reduced in harmony several steps below well-written prose, yet his power of interesting the feelings is exquisite, and we do not envy the self-possession of those who can read his beautiful pastorals, "The Brothers" and "Michael," without shedding tears; for it may be said of such, that they have no interest in humanity, "no part in Jacob, and no inheritance in Israel." It is therefore to be lamented, that Wordsworth should be, upon system, rude in diction and trivial in narrative; and that he should continue to exhibit traits of feeling bordering upon extravagance, and so metaphysically subtle that they are a stumbling block to the ignorant, and foolishness to the learned. But his muse is, we fear, irreclaimable, and pleads the freedom of a Cumbrian mountaineer:—

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

THE FLEMISH SCHOOL. PAINTINGS BY GERARD DOW.



GERARD DOW.



THE FAMILY OF GERARD DOW.

Somewhat akin to Wordsworth in the train of his poetry, but beneath him in originality of genius, is James Grahame, author of the "Sabbath" and the "Birds of Scotland." The most remarkable feature of his poetical character is his talent for describing Scottish scenery in a manner so true and lively as at once to bring the picture to the recollection of his countrymen. The ardent love of nature in which this power of description has its source, is uniformly combined with virtuous and amiable feeling. Accordingly, Mr. Grahame's poetry exhibits much of these qualities; but his religion has sometimes a tinge of fanaticism, and his views of society are more gloomy than the truth warrants. In his moral poetry he occasionally unites, with the nakedness of Wordsworth's diction, a flatness which is all his own. In his landscapes, on the other hand, he is always at home, and more fortunate than most of his contemporaries. He has the art of being minute without being confused, and circumstantial without being tedious. His Sabbath Walks are admirable specimens of this his principal excellence. But this is a vein capable of being exhausted, and it will be for the serious consideration of the Lord of the Manor, whether it has not been already sufficiently wrought out.

Those who may be considered as belonging to Walter Scott's school of poetry, or, to speak with more propriety, those who, like him, have dealt in imitations of the ancient minstrel compositions, or have laid their scene in the days of chivalry, form a list comprehending some respectable names. Among the imitators of the old ballad, a species of composition with which Mr. Scott begun his prosperous career, we might reckon John Leyden, did not his removal to India withdraw him from our consideration. It may, however, be briefly said of him, that no man wrote better when the subject was dictated by his own feelings and few have overwhelmed the public with an equal quantity of tinsel and *verbiage* where he substituted the resolution to write instead of the impulse which ought to have preceded his determination. An affectation of abstruse science, and a confusion of the various hoards of knowledge, ill-arranged even by the retentive memory and powerful intellect to which they were entrusted, have a farther influence in defacing Dr. Leyden's po-

etry. But these faults are often redeemed by beautiful and expressive language, an acquaintance with ancient manners equal to that of his friend Mr. Scott, and an enthusiasm in the pursuit of such knowledge, which, while circumstances permitted, was inferior to that of none who ever entered upon the career of national antiquities. Among more professed imitators of Mr. Scott, we have been able to distinguish few who merit notice in a treatise limited, properly speaking, to the year 1808. The *Minstrels of Acre* and the *Fight of Falkirk*, which have appeared about or since that period, are the only compositions of the kind which are worth mentioning; and even these are chiefly praiseworthy when they least remind us of their original. Imitation is in fact a miserable road to fame; in those poets with whom it has succeeded, the first who treads the path carries off the merit of his followers, and a failure is attended with general ridicule.

There is a species of legendary poetry of which Dryden set the English an example in his *Fables*, and which has been cultivated by the authors of Italy, France, and Germany. This department comprehends modern imitations of such romantic tales as have become obsolete through change of language and manners, skilfully adapted to the modern taste, yet retaining enough of their antique guise to give them a venerable and interesting shade of simplicity. This was a study which was successfully pursued by the late Gregory Way, and in which Mr. William Rose has more recently given us favourable specimens of his poetical talents. But although we cannot well assign a reason, this *rifacimento* of the old romance has never been such a favourite with us as on the continent. Perhaps the changes which have taken place in England, and the rapid increase of commercial wealth, may have early banished all remembrance of the old romances which amused our forefathers. We question much if the popularity of any one of them survived the time of the great civil war. The names of the old English romances, therefore, or of the heroes and the incidents which they celebrate, do not bespeak any favourable interest; we listen to the revival of their history as to something which has no previous claim for favour or sympathy; and, independent of such partiality, it requires little argument to show, that the tales of a

rude age are rarely so ingeniously contrived as to interest the present.

There are, however, distinguished exceptions to the above general rule. It sometimes happens, that an ancient legend is so happily conducted as to unite interesting incident with simplicity of action, and supply to a modern poet the outline of a story which he cannot improve, otherwise than by shading and colouring it according to the taste of his own times. Such was the classical fable of Psyche, and such, in Gothic times, was the beautiful legend of Huon of Bordeaux, the ground-work of Weiland's romance of Oberon. The German poet has happily found a congenial spirit in Mr. Sotheby, whose version of this fanciful and elegant romance is one of the best translations in our language. Sotheby has also distinguished himself by original composition; and his poem, entitled Saul, ranks him among the successful imitators of Milton. The tone, however, of this biblical history is indifferently suited to the taste of the age. The simple dignity of the scripture narrative is lost without any thing very valuable being substituted in its room; and saint and sinner see with regret talents and fancy wasted upon a subject, which both agree in considering as alien to decoration. That decoration, notwithstanding, evinces taste and genius in the artist, and Saul, though neglected by the multitude, will long continue a favourite study with those who love English blank verse when skilfully varied and modulated. This class of admirers is now diminished, as well as the number of those who put their faith, and rest their pleasure, upon the heroic couplet to which Dryden gave dignity, and Pope sweetness. The intrusion of a variety of rhythms, some borrowed from the German, some from the Italian, some from the middle ages, some from the loose and unregulated Pindarics of the seventeenth century; and still more, the general misuse of the older and more classical structure of verse, by the shoal of unskilful pretenders to the lyre, have in some measure rendered them unfashionable, if not obsolete. They are, however, natural to our language, and will resume their native superiority when they shall be employed by those who can imitate the numbers which first exhibited English blank verse, and the heroic couplet, with vigour and suc-

cess. Mr. Sotheby is not altogether adequate to effect this revolution, yet his efforts are not unserviceable, but resemble those of the swimmer who supports the head of a drowning person, although unable to insure his safety by dragging him to the shore.

(*To be continued.*)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE GRAPHIC ART;

EXEMPLIFIED BY SKETCHES FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT
PARIS.

THE outline prints now given are *fac-similes* of the original work entitled **MANUEL OF THE FRENCH MUSEUM**, with analytical and critical descriptions of every picture. This work includes all the principal paintings of the different Schools as exhibited in the *Gallery of the Louvre* at Paris. The French work is now completed in ten volumes, and we shall commence with the *Flemish School*; and give a representation and critical account of all the pictures therein; and proceed afterwards through every School in the same manner until the whole work is gone through, which we trust will prove a rich treat and gratification to every lover of the Fine Arts in this country.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON PAINTING.

AMONG the various terms of art used on the continent of Europe, and of which we have adopted many for every-day use, it may be observed that we have omitted one, at least in the peculiar sense in which it is there understood. Were we to translate the word *genre* by the English *style*, we should be literally correct; but then this word *genre* is applied in a more limited sense; for as an intelligent French critic observes, it has been agreed upon in technical language to apply this term to all pictures in which the figures are not as large as life. The pictures of Poussin, he observes, which are much smaller than reality, are yet deserving to be classed as historical paintings; so also is the gallery of Rubens, although the subjects are modern. The Flemish School is considered as having given birth to this which

is specifically styled *genre*. The pupils and masters of that school found the historical source completely drained by the Italians; they had, moreover, no models of antiquity before them, and their particular talent for drawing did not encourage them to attempt subjects as large as life. But this *genre*, which admits a choice of subject, *ad libitum*, is particularly favourable to mediocrity, as its models are within the reach of every amateur of the easel; nor does it refuse its aid to genius, when genius chooses to sink to its level.

Talent also, though even of a moderate kind, there ever found room for exercise; for on a canvass not too extensive, it is much easier to attend to the detail of outline, and to produce all the magic of colouring, than in a picture on a large scale. Pictures which are designed for a near point of view, lose nothing of the finer touches of the pencil, or of the illusions of colour; so that whilst genius is necessary to form the historical painter, a certain taste, or turn of mind, will enable the man even of moderate talent to please in that species of painting now under discussion. Historical painting requires extraordinary grandeur both in conception and in execution, and even that the chosen subject should have sufficient celebrity to be known at a glance; whilst *genre* avails itself of all that historical painting neglects, for all the scenes of domestic life come within its range; and correctness of representation is the principal object in view from Greuze to Calot.

When Corneille, Racine, and other great masters of the drama, had exhausted all the great subjects of historical tragedy, then plots were invented; and after Moliere and a few others had dramatized most of the characteristic incidents of human life, then nothing was left for their followers but to string phrases and to whine sentiment. Thus pictures of *genre* are in painting what those latter works are in literature; they admit a greater license, and require less correctness in conception; if they are brilliant in colour, ingenious in their manner, if the subject is interesting, and the story intelligible, we are not fastidious about the style; they please, and we are satisfied.

Amongst the painters who have excelled in this department, those who are placed at one extremity of the line tread close

upon the heels of historical artists; such, for instance, was the elder Albane, for in this class must we rank all those who take their subjects from romance, from poetry, or from pastoral life. At the other extremity we find Calot, Labelle, and Teniers; amongst them also are many ingenious artists, such as Van Ostade, Gerard Dow, Mieris, Natcheur, &c.; who, making choice of subjects either interesting, striking, or voluptuous, have left works much sought after by amateurs, and perhaps the more so as from their size they can be conveniently placed in the smallest cabinets.

The more, however, that this particular department departs from history, and from the nobleness of design, the more necessary is it that it should possess all the mechanical perfection of the art; for it is only by this that Calot and Teniers are able to retain their place amongst the great masters; whilst by interesting stories; by characteristic expression, and accurate delineation of affections and sentiment, Greuze has been enabled to occupy the rank which he now holds, although he had neither the striking originality of the one, nor the variety and correctness of the other.

Amongst the first painters of this school we must give to Boucher a place in the front rank. Too much cried up when living, and too much depreciated when dead, it must not be denied that his imitations of life and of nature, were like those on the stage, the produce of glaring colours, and of false lights. But then we voluntarily yield our senses to the delusion, and in both cases we enjoy it. His graces, indeed, were like those of an elegant opera-dancer; nothing was true or natural; but then the charm operated, and every thing pleased. Without doubt, Boucher led great part of the pupils of the French School astray, by the apparent facility of success in imitation; but then even the abuse of talent proves its *existence*; *mediocrity* never yet led any person astray.

Of Vanloo, it may be said, that if his *Saint Genevieve* was not a *chef-d'œuvre* of idea, so elegantly executed as to be claimed by the genius of the historical school, he must otherwise have been classed amongst the painters now in review.

Above the rank of painting now under discussion, we must place those works which may be called portraits of historical facts, such as the *Death of Wolfe*, of *Rajazet*, of *Lord Chat-ham*, and also that well known production of *Moliere reading the Tartuffe to Ninon*; and when those historical pieces add to the truth of the fact the interest of locality, as well as that arising from the fidelity of the portraits of remarkable personages, they become a kind of cotemporary memoirs, and form precious materials for history herself.

The English School has attained great excellence in this particular class, both in historical subjects, and in domestic scenes of familiar interest; but then it may perhaps be said, that this success depends more upon the graver than the pencil, as pictures scarcely going beyond mediocrity have produced very fine engravings, so that the engraver has corrected the errors, and filled up the deficiency of the painter. Such are the ideas of a well informed French critic.

When the *idea* is grand, or fine, or sentimental, the defects in the *drawing* or in the *colouring* vanish before the *graver*, and the ideas only are preserved. On the Continent few speak of English paintings as possessing any superior excellence; yet their pictures of this very class now under discussion, have given birth to many elegant engravings much sought after on account of the subjects and execution, and even on account of their colouring; for, as a French writer has observed, it seems as if being unable to execute the colouring on *canvass*, they have transferred it to the *copper-plate*, and have been astonishingly successful. The English style of black lines, and even the dotted or *stippled* manner, has been subservient to colour in the hands of Woollet, Earlom, &c. &c.

Though it has been said that this style of painting requires not absolute perfection, or even an approach to it like the others, yet that must be understood with respect to the grand principles of the art, to the grandeur of outline, and correctness of the drawing; for with respect to *colouring*, there no deficiency must exist. In the colouring then, we ought always to meet with that exquisite velvet touch which may almost be felt, and which

leaves nothing for the eye to desire; in short, that elegance which calls for, and bids defiance to the magnifying glass.

In this point then, nothing should be sacrificed to haste, or slovenly executed; it is here that we must find the effects of the *Camera Obscura*, which omits not to represent even the minutest trifle; it is here that we can fully appreciate the merit of the exact imitation of the various stuffs, which are of no other importance in historical painting, than as mere draperies; but which, in this style of the art, must show their distinct qualities; for here it is necessary, that the manufacturer as well as the artist should be able to distinguish his velvet, his linen, or satin. It is here, indeed, that the patient attention of the Flemish School has been most successful, and in some of the stuffs of Mieris, even the very threads may be distinguished.

It is some time since Germany has lost her Mengs, an artist called *her Raphael*; there are some of his heads where even the pores of the skin may be seen, when closely examined; and wherever this high-finishing can be executed without destroying the expression, it must surely be considered as highly meritorious. But there are some *mediocre* historical painters, who have their certain value; these are historical painters of the second order, who still retain a certain rank; it is not so, however, with *le genre*, for it admits not of mediocrity. It is thus that it makes amends for its facility; for after the first rank come only the common herd! The Parisian critic who has sketched the foregoing criticism, seems not to have heard of Wilkie, or miss Spilsbury, or many other ingenious artists, whose works adorn the walls of the London exhibitions.

In proceeding to illustrate the specimens of the Flemish School, which we this month present to our readers, we shall commence with the

BIOGRAPHY OF GERARD DOW,

the artist whose labours form our present embellishments. The annals of his life, indeed, give us very little more information than that he was born at Leyden in 1615, and that he lived to a good old age. His talent was little indebted to foreign studies, but then he was himself original, and the creator of a certain species of style, which will always secure to him the head of that rank. Even in his youth history had been treated

by the great masters. That style, indeed, requires the exercise of the imagination, which alone can bring forth, or point out to the artist the image of ideal beauty; but Gerard Dow confined himself to the scenes of domestic life, and therefore had nothing more to do, than to paint what he saw every day. He did not even attempt an elevated style; his sole object seems to have been a scrupulous imitation; but then he adhered so closely to high-finishing, and a colouring so pure, that even real objects do not shew themselves as the models of his pictures, except when they are seen through a *concave lens*; nevertheless, it is only by consideration and the effect of habit that we can believe that the figures in his pictures are much smaller than those of real life. If any person will look through a vacant picture-frame of a foot square, placed about nine inches from the eye, at human figures of the natural size, placed nine or ten paces distant, he will find that they do not apparently occupy more than five or six inches in height, or about half the frame; a fact which shews that the pictures of Gerard Dow, of Mieris, and of Van Ostade, are actually drawn so as to subtend the true mathematical angle at the proper point of view for the picture, and thus actually to cover as much space on the canvass as they do in reality. To a casual observer this may appear incredible, but it is not the less strictly true. But as in the arts every thing depends upon general agreement and choice, they have been obliged, for the purpose of availing themselves of all advantages, to fix the scale of proportion on the canvass itself, instead of supposing it further distant. Gerard Dow, being the son of a glazier, began to paint on glass, in the way of his father's business; and his early skill in this introduced him as a student at Rembrandt's school, where he copied the colouring of his master, but not his manner, which indeed has never yet been successfully imitated. It has been related that he took such extreme pains with many of his pieces, that he has been a fortnight painting a hand in a portrait, and that he confessed to one of his friends having been three days finishing a *broom-stick*! and this is certainly in concert with the observation, that the time in these things is not to be considered in the business; as to execute rapidly and *well*, is always to be surpassed by executing

slowly and *better*. This painter seems to have made it an invariable rule to pay as much attention to minor objects as to his principal figures; with him the picture of a piece of furniture must be as good a likeness as that of a head. His patient researches into the best mechanical means of preserving the purity of his colours, and his exactness in adhering to them were alike, for after entering his workshop, he always allowed a long interval to elapse, in order that the slightest particle of dust might be at rest, before he began his operations; even his colours were always ground by himself, upon a plate of chrystal; he himself made all his brushes, and smallest pencils; and his pallet, whenever out of his hand, was always carefully covered and locked up. From his wish to preserve the same exactness in drawing his designs, we are indebted to him for the method since followed by engravers, of dividing the frame or copper into equal squares. This indefatigable painter became nearly blind at thirty years of age, and could only work by the help of spectacles; and as his mode of appreciating the value of his paintings was at the rate of twenty pence Flemish currency, per hour, it was the *purchaser only* who run the risk of the inequality of his talent on particular days. Very few engravings have been made from the works of this master; perhaps because the *colouring*, in which his chief excellence lay, cannot be imitated by the graver; but then the cabinets of Flanders and of Holland were long rich in his productions. From this slight sketch we proceed to

THE PORTRAIT OF GERARD DOW,

which forms the first subject of our embellishments; and it may be said that if Lavater had analysed this portrait, he would have found that nature had formed Gerard in the same style in which Gerard copied her works; he would there have noticed an outline plump and jolly, but yet incorrect, and possessing not the slightest bold or haughty expression; a tint somewhat like the colouring of his pictures, *velvety*, fresh, but not of a firm touch; a physiognomy which announces no genius, yet is marked with talent; and above all, that which is so peculiar to bilious temperaments, a laborious patience which will never desist whilst any thing remains to be done. As a picture, this little portrait

has all the high finishing, all the careful correctness, and all the nicety of a miniature. The next sketch is the

FAMILY OF GERARD DOW.

This painter, in his compositions, approaches nearer to the historical school than Van Ostade. He is less natural, less correct, it is true; but then he is more luxuriant, is richer, and has more elevation in the choice of his subject, and though his touch has less freedom, yet it is more finished and more studied; he has, in fact, if one may so express it, a finish more finished, a nicety more nice! This picture, which, according to an uncontroverted tradition, is called by its present name, possesses all the characteristics of his particular talent; the head of the old woman, in a half tint, is a master-piece of truth, expression, of tone, and colour; her lips seem to move; all her body is in action; her profile is a portrait; every part of the body, the hands, the back, nay the dress, and even the look, are all cotemporary with the head; all her linen is of the utmost transparency; all her various stuffs in the dress are distinguishable. Even the inanimate details, all the furniture, are highly finished; nothing can be more exact than the wheel, the chairs; nay, even the copper pot, with its ornaments in relief; the very dust is found upon the places where it ought to rest; in short, it is the chamber of an ancient couple. But the figure of the old man is not so perfect; the head seems a little too historical for a portrait; the beard is too patriarchal; he listens, however, whilst his wife reads; he is quite in action, and all his body takes part in it. The light is drawn with great purity; it is evening; the window is open, but the sky, which appears through this opening, is too blue; there is also a *blue vine*, but this is very properly attributed to the chemical destruction of the *yellow* in the *green* tints, from the lapse of time.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

THE inclosed trifle is translated from the *Mercure de France*. If you should deem it worthy of insertion in *The Port Folio*, I shall think myself amply compensated for my trouble. If, in the course of my perusal of the above work, I should find any other articles more worthy of translating than the present one, I may, possibly, occupy a leisure hour in rendering them into English, and sending them to you.

Philad. Sep. 28th, 1811.

J. W. P—R.

THE GENEROUS MASK.

A BEAUTIFUL woman of Bourdeaux mourned for her husband, who had embarked in a vessel that was said to be shipwrecked. Many lovers, attracted by her youth and beauty, waited on her to make her the offer of their hands, as soon as the news was confirmed that her husband had perished. The lady observed a great deal of circumspection in her conduct; however, wishing to give an answer to the offers of her lovers, she invited them to an entertainment at her house on one of the last days of the carnival. They were at play, when an unknown mask, disguised as a Genius, presented himself, and sat down to play with the lady. He lost; he insisted upon playing more, and he lost again. Fortune went against him ten or twelve times in succession, for he seemed to shake the dice so that they might turn up against him. Others of the players tried their fortune with him, but they did not find their account in it. The lady sat down again, and gained an immense sum of money; which the mask seemed to lose with an air of gayety, and apparent pleasure, that astonished the spectators. Some one said, loud enough to be heard, that he gave away with prodigality, and did not play. The mask, raising his voice, said, that he was the genius of riches; that he cared not for them, unless he could share them with the lady; and that he *professed* nothing that he was not willing to fulfil. As he spoke, he pulled out several purses; some filled with gold, and others with diamonds, which he placed before the lady, proposing to stake them against the most trifling sum she would choose to hazard. The lady, embarrassed by this declaration, refused to play.

They did not know what to think of this adventure, when an old lady, one of the company, whispered to her neighbour, that the mask was the devil, and that his riches, his dress, his discourse, and his subtilties at play, made it evident enough. The generous player heard it, and profited by it. He assumed the voice and manners of a magician. He spoke of several things that were known but to the lady herself; he spoke several unknown languages, performed many slight of hand tricks, and concluded by saying, that he came to demand one of the company, that had been given to him; protested that she belonged to him, and that he was going to take possession of her, never more to quit her. Each one regarded the lady, who was quite at a loss what to think of the affair. The women trembled, the men smiled, and the *genius* continued to amuse himself. However, the scene continued long enough to give them time to send for persons, who began to interrogate the *spirit*, and were ready to exorcise him.

The mask turned the whole into ridicule, with so much spirit, that the laugh was entirely on his side. At last he threw off his mask, and the scene was concluded by a cry of joy from the lady of the house. It was no other than her husband, who having gone to Spain, afterwards went to Peru, where he had become enriched, and returned to Bordeaux, loaded with an immense treasure. He had learned, on his arrival, that his wife intended giving an entertainment to her friends. This favourable opportunity for disguise had made him wish to be present at the entertainment, without being known. He had assumed for that purpose, the most fantastical dress he could find. The assembly, composed of his relations and friends, congratulated him on his happy return, and left him with his lovely and happy wife.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN.

THIS ingenious writer and very distinguished poet was descended from the Drummonds of Carnock, and was born at Hawthornden on the 13th of December, 1585. His father was sir John Drummond, gentleman-usher to king James VI, his mother, Susanna Fowler, daughter to sir William Fowler, secretary to Anne of Denmark.

He was sent to the high school at Edinburgh, where his abilities rendered him conspicuous, even in his youth, and he was afterwards removed to the university of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of master of arts. When he quitted the university, he was far from imagining that he had completed his studies, he considered himself as having only commenced them, and therefore employed himself for some years after in the diligent perusal of the best writers of antiquity. In 1606, when he had attained the age of twenty-one years, he was sent by his father into France, and at Bourges he studied the civil law with great diligence. He had not only committed to writing the lectures of the professors in that city, but also wrote down his own observations upon them, which, when communicated to the president Lockhart, he declared, that if Mr. Drummond had followed the practice of the law, "he might have made the best lawyer in his time." Having continued four years abroad, he returned to Scotland in 1610, in which year his father died. It was now supposed by his friends, who had conceived a high opinion of his talents, and who knew that he had made a considerable proficiency in the study of the law, that he would have engaged in that profession, as affording the fairest prospect for the advancement of his fortune. But neither the study of the law, nor the fatigue attending the practice, were agreeable to his taste, which led him to the cultivation of polite literature. He therefore retired to his house at Hawthornden, "a sweet and solitary seat, and very fit and proper for the Muses," and here he employed himself in reading Greek and Roman authors, and in preparing something

of his own, which was afterwards to see the light. After a recovery from a very dangerous fit of illness, he wrote here his *Cypress Grove*, a prose piece, containing reflections on death, and on the vanity of human life. About the same time also, he wrote his *Flowers of Sion*, or *Spiritual Poems*; these, together with some other poems of his *Cypress Grove*, were printed in his life-time, at Edinburgh.

His retirement and application to his studies did not prevent his becoming enamoured with a young and beautiful lady, of the name of Cunningham, who was descended from an ancient and honourable family.

He paid his addresses to her, obtained her consent to their union, and the day was fixed for the celebration of their nuptials; but unhappily, she was taken suddenly ill of a fever, which put a period to her life. This event so much affected him, that he could no longer enjoy his retirement, nor prosecute his studies with tranquillity. In order to dissipate his melancholy, he therefore travelled through all Germany, France, and Italy: but his chief places of residence were Rome and Paris. The most considerable foreign universities were visited by him; and he conversed with many men eminent for literature, in the course of his travels. He also made an excellent collection of the best Greek and Latin authors, and of valuable books in the French, Spanish, and Latin languages. Having made this long stay abroad, he returned again to his native country, which he found in a state of great confusion and anarchy. He retired, therefore, to the seat of his brother-in-law, sir John Scot, of Scotstarvot, who was a man of letters, and with whom he made some stay; and it is supposed to have been about this time that he wrote his *History of the Five Jameses, Kings of Scotland*. He lived the greatest part of his life in an unmarried state, but having accidentally fallen in company with Elizabeth Logan, grand-daughter of sir Robert Logan, he fancied she had a great resemblance to his first mistress, whose idea was still deeply impressed upon his mind, he became enamoured of her, and married her, after he had attained his forty-fifth year, and had by her several children.

The civil war, which broke out about 1638, was a subject of great affliction to him, for he was much attached to the king and

to the church, and wrote many pieces in support of regal and ecclesiastical claims. His zeal for the royal cause often involved him in inconveniences, and his grief on account of king Charles the first being brought to the scaffold, is said to have been so great as to shorten his days. He died on the 4th of December, 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was interred in his own aisle, in the church of Lasswade, near to his house of Hawthornden.

Throughout his whole life he was fond of literature and retirement, and had little inclination for riches or honours. He was well acquainted with the best Greek and Latin authors, and is said to have been a master of the Italian, Spanish, and French languages. He sometimes amused himself with playing at chess, and was a skilful player on the lute. One of his most intimate friends appears to have been sir William Alexander, afterwards earl of Stirling.

He spent very little time in England, though he corresponded with Drayton and Ben Jonson, the latter of whom had so high a respect for Drummond's abilities, and so great a desire to see him, that, at the age of forty-five, he walked to Hawthornden to visit him. Their attachment, however, appears not to have been quite reciprocal; for the account given by Drummond, of Jonson, in his works, is a very unfavourable one.

The poetical talents of Drummond were very great, and it has been remarked by a late writer, that among all the writers at the beginning of the last century, who flourished after the death of Shakspeare, there is not one whom a general reader of the English poetry of that age will regard with so much and so deserved attention as sir William Drummond. The same writer says, that his thoughts are often, nay generally, bold and highly poetical. He follows nature, and his verses are delicately harmonious. Mr. Pinkerton styles Drummond, a poet of the most amiable and exquisite genius; and remarks that it may safely be said, that if any poems possess a very high degree of that exquisite doric delicacy, which we so much admire in Comus, &c. those of Drummond do. Milton may often be traced in him; and he had certainly read and admired him. Some of his sonnets and poems were printed at Edinburgh in quarto, in 1616, and

there is said to have been an earlier edition. Another edition, greatly enlarged, was published at London, in 8vo. in 1656. But in 1711 were published in folio, at Edinburgh, *The Works of William Drummond, of Hawthornden*, consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which were designed for the press, now published from the author's original copies. To this edition an account of the life of the author was prefixed, to which we have been much indebted in the course of this article. This volume contains his *History of the Five Jameses, Kings of Scotland*; his *Cypress Grove*; some poetical tracts and papers; familiar epistles; several miscellaneous tracts, and his poems, consisting of his sonnets, which are numerous, songs, madrigals, epitaphs, divine poems and hymns, a poem called *The River of Forth feasting*; a Maccaronie poem, entitled *Polemo Middinia inter Vitarvam et Nibernam*; and various other miscellaneous poems.

A new edition of his poems was printed at London, in small octavo, in 1791.

Q.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Strictures on Judge Cooper's Letter to Dr. Manners, on experiments to obtain Potassium.

BY WILLIAM JOHNS, FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON.

MR. EDITOR,

I BEG leave to transmit for insertion in your very respectable Port Folio, some remarks on Dr. Manners's communication in the number for August. I do not expect that a literary journal is the proper vehicle for controverted subjects in chemical science; I do not, therefore, purpose any thing like controversy. My wish is to correct some palpable errors in the paper above referred to, and my desire to do it, is to obviate some prejudices, which Dr. M's paper will excite in the minds of scientific men, both in this

country and Europe, with some of whom I have the honour to be more or less acquainted; and amongst whose various publications, both here and there, doubtless, your valuable work has an extensive circulation.

Mr. Cooper says he received "some potassium from Mr. W. Hembell, who procured it from Mr. Johns." This is true. I presented a small portion to Mr. H., with whom I have the pleasure of acquaintance. But he continues—"who (viz. Mr. J.) had repeatedly made it, as I understand at Mr. Davy's laboratory, at the Royal Institute, in London, from whence he brought some to Philadelphia." In reply to which, I observe, that I have the gratification of knowing Mr. Davy; but, I believe, I never saw any potassium of his making; nor did I ever see it made, till I was so fortunate as to make it myself, and then in such quantity as Mr. Davy never made it,* though this is no discredit to that gentleman. I might also remark, that I never made it with any apparatus, but with my own improvement on the French mode, which latter was used by Mr. Davy, and which is always destroyed in the operation, whether successful or the reverse; therefore, it is a small matter, indeed, that judge Cooper *decides* in favour of the improvement: that "upon the whole, Johns's is the cheapest apparatus:" (see page 152,) and, as I may suppose, therefore, "he preferred the latter." See page 146.

Mr. Cooper has given what he calls "the different kinds of apparatus, yet contrived for distilling pure potash over iron." The first he copies from a very imperfect sketch in Nicholson, which, if compared with that given in Tilloch, vol. xxxii, p. 276, to which I referred in my paper in the same work, will be obvious, and which, if given by Mr. C., would have afforded the world a better idea of the thing intended. I must here censure this method of giving copies of copies, instead of copies of originals (if the phrase be permitted). Both Mr. Nicholson, who is a chemist as well as editor, and Mr. Cooper, appear alike unacquainted with the methods in common use, &c. for in fig. 1, there is no clear idea conveyed of a potass holder: it looks more like

* See Tilloch, vol. xxxv. p. 322.

one solid piece, and Mr. Cooper, not knowing the use of it, though he calls it "the receptacle," rejected it. The reason of this is the small aperture in the piece. A is omitted in the engraving: through this, (which was situated at A a, where the 1st and 2d piece unite,) the potass is suffered gradually to pass to the iron. The reason of the minutiae here being omitted, was, because there was no alteration from that described by Mr. E. Davy, in Tilloch, as above. To have done it, would have been making my communication prolix, and a bare repetition of what had been done before. Whether Mr. C. is not chargeable with this repetition, in the descriptions, figures 2 and 3, the reader may judge. It has been suggested, in one of the daily prints, that Mr. C's experiment was conducted "with much difference, in the arrangement of the apparatus, from that given by the European chemists." The only difference that I perceive in the arrangement, from his description, and the verbal communication of our friend Reuben Haines, consists in rejecting the receptacle A a, and substituting the breech-pin of the gun-barrel in its place. Of the receptacle Mr. C. did not know the use. Can he, therefore, pronounce an alteration arising from such a cause, an improvement? And, besides, I conceive some difficulty must arise in fastening in the breeching of a gun, when it and the barrel are at different temperatures. Mr. C. had better to have adopted a plain ground stopper. I shall be happy to see an improvement on the apparatus used in Europe, for Mr. C's is not. And I much doubt if Mr. C. will not be glad to adopt the third piece, after he has made the experiment so many times as I have done. If he should adopt it, I would recommend to him and others, making a good ground joint at A a, and having a small hole drilled to furnish a canal for the alkali. See Tilloch, vol. xxxii, ut supra.

I cannot but express a little jealousy for that man, who uses the success or ill success of others, as a foil to set off his own genius; and this, I think, is done, when Mr. Cooper notices the experiments made by Dr. Coxe and myself; for I know not what end it could serve, but telling the world that Mr. Johns had made it in Europe, and did not (could not) succeed in America: and it argues no more candour to say, "probably Dr. Coxe has

succeeded ere this," &c. judging, I suppose, by Mr. Cooper's own success. Dr. Cox might or might not have succeeded, but it was unnecessary to say any thing about it. I might here inform Mr. C. that I have repeatedly tried since, and that in company with a very intelligent friend in Newyork, and that without success; the causes of failure I have found no difficulty in assigning; the present occasion does not call for them. I mention it without feeling the disappointment, and that in order to call forth the efforts of others, and to encourage them; and I think, after above fifty attempts at so difficult an experiment, I may assume so much to myself.

Mr. C., no doubt, was elated at his success, on the third or fourth experiment: I felt also pleased with hearing it, and was ready to congratulate him on it; but I may remind him, that my first experiment was successful, though, on an average, I have since failed oftener than succeeded.

And now, Mr. Editor, I will forego all further remarks, after telling you I should not have thus troubled you and the reader, had not Dr. Manners requested me to review his father-in-law's letter, in MS., and point out any errata; had I not done this to Dr. M. and he promised to return it to the judge; had it not been drawn up in such unaccountable haste, as to include in it an indirect, but disrespectful attack on my veracity, as well as a want of deference to what others had done before Mr. C.—or, further, had I not given my word to Dr. Manners, that I should certainly feel obliged to do it, if it should be published in its present form. I have now done it, and submit my remarks to Mr. C. and the public.

Yours,

Newyork, August 23, 1811.

W. J.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE STRANGER IN NEWYORK.

LETTER I.

Newyork, Sept. 4, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

IN a new world, widely separated from that little circle of affectionate friends, who were wont to participate in my feelings, and enchant my imagination by the elegance and brilliancy of their colloquial powers. I find, amid all the gayeties of fashion, and all the charms of novelty which surround me, my heart has something still to wish for, still turns instinctively towards its native home for enjoyment; that home where all its affections are concentrated and all its hopes deposited.

The many happy hours that I have spent with you, my dear H., have left an impression on my feelings which neither time nor absence can efface. The picture of our early friendship is still glowing in my imagination: the season of youth is certainly that of content and happiness. The spirits are then buoyant and elastic: the heart, unmolested by care, bounds with pleasure and expands with enthusiasm: the wings of fancy never flag, and the eye of hope never ceases to sparkle. The ties which bind me to my native country, I find daily becoming stronger. Absence, instead of blotting from my memory the images of my friends, serve but to imprint them deeper in my affections.

In compliance with your solicitations, my dear H., I shall attempt to give you an account of every object worthy of notice, which shall fall within the sphere of my observation. I know my remarks will not pass through an unclouded medium. It is almost impossible that the mind of a foreigner should be altogether impartial on a subject which has been so studiously discoloured. The effect which the misrepresentations of European travellers have had in degrading the character of the people of the United States, is well known to you. A Weld, a Bulow, a Jansen, a Moore, a Parkinson, and many others, have successively dipt their pens in

the gall of malignity, to revenge some slight neglect, trifling incivility, or fancied insult. They have exhausted the stores of invention to render the American people ridiculous and contemptible: and their spite has even extended to the abuse of their soil and natural productions. We are told by Mr. Parkinson (an illiterate adventurer) that the land in America is everywhere bad, and that its cultivation will scarcely afford subsistence to the farmer. That civilization is retrogressive and approaches nearer to a Russian than an English *l'ével*; that the necessities of life are extravagantly dear, (and to use his own elegant phraseology) its comforts wholly uncomeatable. That there are no poor laws, no punishments, and no schools. That the climate is inclement and unwholesome, and that there exist unconquerable impediments to the higher stages of cultivation and improvement. And finally, that the country is not only bad, but absolutely "unbetterable." Moore, the poet, informs us that in America nature has done every thing and man nothing. That the people from the form of their government and the influence of republican sentiments, are strangers to taste, refinement, and the arts of imagination: are vulgar, unsocial, insolent, and avaricious. But these censures are perfectly mild and merciful when compared with the animadversions of a Prussian traveller, by the name of Bulow. This arrogant, illiberal and conceited foreigner, not only pronounces the manners of the American people rude and ferocious, but their hearts narrow, selfish, and corrupt to the very core. The first settlers of America he is pleased to denominate the rabble and off-scourings of the earth, whose principles and vices have descended to their posterity. The American revolution he declares to have been prompted by no generous or praiseworthy motives, to have been dignified by no lofty and magnanimous feelings, and to have been conducted to its termination without ability, spirit, or patriotism: that science and genius are scarcely to be found in the country, and that the people are a mean, grovelling, avaricious, and barbarous herd, without sense or hospitality.

When such a distorted picture of America is delineated by the pencil of falsehood, the erroneous impressions which prevail in Europe with regard to the character of its inhabitants,

must cease to excite astonishment. It is a notorious fact, that these travellers who have been so sedulous in spying out the abuses which exist in the new world, so prompt to unfold and expose them, so liberal of invective, and regardless of truth, during their residence in America, were, for the most part, treated with every mark of civility and politeness by those very people whose character they have so wantonly slandered. Every generous mind perceives the deliberate baseness of such conduct, and every heart that is warmed by a single ray of sensibility must be roused to detest the malignity which produced it.

What offence can be greater? what crime more unprovoked, than thus rudely assailing the character of a whole nation? He who libels *an individual* is punishable by the laws. And shall that wretch pass with impunity and escape the lash of public scorn, who causelessly wounds the feelings of a vast community, traduces their noblest qualities, sullies their brightest achievements, and transforms their very virtues into crimes? thus returning their kind offices with reproach, their politeness with insult, and their hospitality with ingratitude.

Even where a favourable disposition *has* existed towards the American nation, it has seldom been directed to any beneficial end, from a want of liberal curiosity. Travellers who are accustomed to pass through a country as fast as a post-chaise can carry them, and glance their eyes merely over the surface of things (as among many others was the case of the censorious Mr. Weld) are but little qualified to afford instruction or entertainment to an inquisitive mind. It is chiefly by making ourselves acquainted with the literature of a country, the genius and disposition of its distinguished ornaments; by entering into all the minute and delicate shades of national character, the social amusements and domestic peculiarities of a people, that the horizon of our useful and ornamental knowledge becomes enlarged, our ignorance dissipated, and our prejudices removed.

LETTER II.

Newyork, Sept. 16, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I SHALL, in all probability, continue here the remainder of the season, principally with a view of acquiring a particular knowledge of the state of society in one of the chief cities of the union, and of forming an accurate estimate of the character of those most distinguished for their genius, wit, eloquence, or science.

The usual difficulties that present themselves to foreigners in acquiring local information, as it regards myself, are in a great measure obviated by the numerous introductions I have already obtained, as well as from the kind offers of my intelligent friend, R., who is profoundly conversant with the philosophical and literary history of his country, and the most prominent characters of his native city.

A few days since I was so extremely fortunate as to witness a powerful display of legal eloquence at the Newyork bar. The impressions which I then received are still fresh and glowing on my mind. They have produced a conviction that eloquence is the attribute of no particular clime, but that its sublime influence is experienced in every region where the intellectual powers are undebased by ignorance and untrammelled by superstition and slavery. In the whole circle of the human arts, there is none, in my estimation, more ornamental or more difficult of attainment than that of eloquence, none which produces more exalted effects or confers higher dignity on its possessor. It affords ample scope for the most vigorous exertions of the understanding, and the loftiest flights of imagination. It borrows assistance from every department of nature, to illustrate and embellish its subject, and lays under contribution every species of human learning, to astonish and delight us. The finished orator can, by the witchery of his art, Timotheus like, sweep the chords of human passion, and awaken all the dormant sensibilities of the soul. Eloquence is power—it is the source of pre-ferment, the basis of most exalted reputation. An eminent orator, to use the words of Tacitus, “is a terror to his enemies, envy and malice tremble, while they hate him.”

The sublime characters of Grecian and Roman eloquence, was chiefly supported and maintained by the freedom of their political institutions; the turbulence of the times, and the reputation in which its votaries were held. Eloquence and liberty perished by the same stroke. Happy for the world, that the warm and enthusiastic breathings of ancient eloquence still survive. Happy, that human industry has been able to preserve, in all their natural glow, those vivid pictures, which fancy "dipping her pencil in the colours of heaven," has delineated. The chaste, energetic, and impressive orations of antiquity, continually present to the intellectual eye, the brightest images of the happiest fancy, and the loftiest conceptions of the sublimest genius. The eloquence of no modern nation (in my apprehension) approaches so near to the purest models of antiquity, in elegant simplicity of style, solidity of thought, or luxuriance of imagination, as the eloquence of the British senate. As to American oratory, I am induced to believe, from observation and report, is rapidly advancing to the highest grade of excellence. The American people, as yet, have been too much immersed in agricultural and commercial pursuits, to have preeminently excelled in the arts of taste and imagination, and all the refined graces and ornaments of rhetoric. Their senatorial eloquence, I am informed, is inferior to their legal. The latter I have had an opportunity of examining with considerable attention. The study of the law in Newyork (as it is the surest road to preferment) is cultivated with unusual avidity; its votaries are, perhaps more numerous, than those of the other two professions united. The legislators of America have been almost entirely taken from the bar. It has afforded a rich treasury of talents from which the wants of the nation have been continually supplied. The principal lawyers of Newyork are remarkable for their legal abilities, industry, probity, and attention to the interests of their clients; their minds are, however, seldom enlarged by general science, or polished by classical literature. I apprehend, my dear H., that there is too much justice in the opinion, that the mind, when moving in a limited sphere, and confining its energies to a particular pursuit, becomes crippled and contracted. The sentiments which Burke expresses upon this subject

in his admirable delineation of the character of lord Grenville, seem to be perfectly correct. "The law" (says this profound and philosophic statesman) "is one of the noblest of the human sciences, a science which has done more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all the other kinds of learning put together; but is not apt, except in persons happily born, to open and liberalise the mind in exactly the same proportion."

Action, which Demosthenes considered to be the soul of eloquence, is here but little cultivated. Elegance of attitudes, variety of gestures, and studied inflexions of voice are considered beneath the dignity of the profession, and only becoming theatrical exhibitions. Hence very few of the lawyers I have observed, have been very assiduous in their attention to the graces. Their professional manners are rarely exalted into dignity or refined into elegance. They appear by no means deficient in legal erudition, readiness of conception, fluency of language, or strength of understanding; yet, in the arrangement of their arguments, they are often immethodical, and in the expression of their ideas destitute of precision. Logic, which my lord Coke pronounces to be the "*anima legis*," is by no means cultivated with a degree of ardour, proportioned to its importance. The happiest genius, and the most extensive juridical acquirements are feeble and ineffective without its assistance. The logician evolves with ease the most intricate and refined subtilties, dissects the latent fallacies of an argument, and carries home conviction to every breast. He analyses, compares, pursues a regular and systematic plan of induction: traces the erratic course of an adversary's reasoning, unravels what is involved, discovers what is futile, and rejects what is irrelevant: in order that his mind may have a clear perception of its various parts, and that nothing may remain perplexed, hidden or obscure. Nor does the logician stop here: thus far he has proceeded only to the discovery of truth; his next step is to illustrate and enforce it in a thousand different ways. To define his terms with accuracy, to keep constantly in view the leading point in debate, and to make all minor and collateral arguments subservient to its support. To cut the Gordian knot which sophistry has tied. To unravel the folds in which subtlety and

falsehood have concealed themselves, and to support and establish the sound principles of law, reason, and justice, with simple elegance and luminous precision. Nor are the dry rules of logic alone entitled to the attention of the intellectual gladiator. He should wield, with equal facility and adroitness, the powerful weapons of satire, fancy, persuasion, and personal appeal: he should awaken interest, rivet attention, and suffer no avenue, which leads to the understanding, to be closed against the force of his reasoning.

LETTER III.

Newyork, Oct. 1, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

IN my last, I endeavoured to seize the bold features of American eloquence, and to mark with accuracy its characteristic excellences, and incidental defects. I shall now descend to individual sketches, grouping my characters, not in the order of their respective talents, but as fancy or convenience shall determine. Since the death of general Hamilton, there has been no lawyer at the Newyork bar, endowed with that colossal vigour of mind, which enables its possessor to tower above competition. None at present are elevated to an invidious preeminence, or "stand under the shade of exalted merit:" their efforts are consequently more active, vigorous, and winged with loftier hopes, for their contest is among rivals, their struggle for superiority.

An admirable opportunity was afforded me a few days since of witnessing the combined talents of the profession, in a cause of great pecuniary importance. Among the eminent lawyers that engaged in the debate, Mr. Richard Harison (who is generally distinguished by the appellation of the father of the Newyork bar) particularly attracted my attention. I perceived in his manner of conducting this cause, uncommonly strong powers of discrimination, and a vast fund of legal erudition. The character of his eloquence is mildness, persuasion, and solidity.

An eloquence which does not consist in energy of action, or the expression of vivid feelings: not in captivating the imagination by all the gaudy tints of poetic embellishment: not in perverting the judgment by inflaming passions, nor in delighting the ear of taste, by all those graceful ornaments of diction which decorate and beautify the naked simplicity of truth. It is plain, fluent, and instructive, proceeding to its end with a firm and easy step, unfolding whatever is complex, and illustrating whatever is dark and abstruse. To an understanding clear and comprehensive, Mr. Harison unites a judgment, which no involution of arguments can complex, and no sophistry confound. Rich in legal acquirements, he is ever ready to discuss the most obscure and knotty points of the law. His information (unlike most of his professional brethren) is not principally confined to juridical science: his knowledge of classical and polite literature is various and profound. The few hours of leisure, which he is able to seize from his professional pursuits, he generally devotes to the orators, poets, and philosophers of ancient and modern times.

Were I allowed to hazard an opinion upon so short an acquaintance with the subject of these animadversions, I should say that Mr. Harison's mind, naturally obtuse, has become quickened by exercise, and sharpened by collision. His memory appears to possess, in a high degree, all the qualities which contribute to its perfection; it is uncommonly susceptible, retentive, and ready. His person, though small, is dignified: his face possessing no prominency of features, and seldom lighted up with expression, would, at a single glance, lead the observer to form an unfavourable opinion of his understanding. To the manners of an accomplished and engaging gentleman, he adds the most pleasing powers of conversation, and a disposition, though grave, yet mild, benevolent, and conciliating. In New-york, Mr. Harison is considered as the oracle of the law, to whom numbers are in the habit of daily repairing for legal instruction. His responses are considered as the dictates of unerring wisdom. Although nature has denied this judicious and profound lawyer, sufficient strength of understanding to enlarge the boundaries of legal jurisprudence, yet she has qualified him

to mark with accuracy its limits: although she has curtailed him of the power of brandishing the massy weapons of eloquence with the gigantic force of Demosthenes, yet she has enabled him to handle with skill and adroitness those lighter weapons, which learning, experience, and judgment are accustomed to employ with such triumphant success, in foiling the stratagems of cunning, in breaking the toils of ingenuity and wit, in subverting the empire of vice, and establishing the dominion of justice.

The next character that I shall introduce to your acquaintance, my dear H., is a gentleman highly conspicuous for his intellectual elevation and moral worth, who concentrates the suffrages of universal esteem, and whom all parties unite to applaud. Mr. Hoffman in public estimation has but few, if any superiors. He is universally considered as a man of great strength and brilliancy of powers, as a profound lawyer and eloquent speaker. To an agreeable person he adds a countenance mild and expressive: his features are bold and finely proportioned, and his forehead a faithful index to his powerful understanding.

At a very early period of life, this distinguished ornament of his native state, was called to preside in her councils. The public were not disappointed in the confidence it had bestowed, nor in the expectations it had formed. In this responsible situation the collected powers of Mr. Hoffman's mind, and the benevolent feelings of his heart, were uniformly and successfully exerted in promoting the interests of his constituents. While ordinary minds are immature, and furnished but with the rudiments of knowledge, his was enriched with political science, ripened into maturity, and constantly pouring forth its copious treasures. At the age of thirty he was made attorney-general of his native state, an office which he filled with extraordinary ability and reputation. The recordership of the city of Newyork is the only public station to which he has since been elevated. During the very short period which the proscribing rage of party permitted him to discharge its duties, the public had additional cause to admire the solidity and splendour of his

legal abilities, the urbanity of his manners, his strict impartiality, and enlarged capacity for public business.

In every thing which Mr. Hoffman does, we can easily discern the marks of a quick and subtle genius. To a mind naturally sagacious and comprehensive, he unites a fancy bold, vivid, and excursive in its flights. His memory is powerfully retentive, seldom parting with the impressions it has received. His voice is harmonious, strong, distinct, and adapted to every variety of subject. The facility and ardour of his elocution, delight the ear, awaken the sensibility, and seize with irresistible force the attention of his auditors. Now descending into the profound depths of legal science, he unfolds with incredible facility the most difficult and abstruse propositions, elucidates his subject by the happiest illustrations, and enforces his arguments by the energy of his manner, and the deepest self-conviction. Now soaring in the regions of imagination, he crops the choicest flowers of fancy, and borrows the richest colours of poetic fancy to decorate and embellish his discoursé. Ingenious, prompt, and prepared to meet all occasions, he is never foiled by the unexpected attacks of a skilful adversary. His reasoning, though not uniformly logical, nor his language always polished into classic elegance, yet his readiness of apprehension, and his talents of elucidation, enable him successfully to unravel what is enveloped by sophistry, and to shed light upon what is obscured by misapprehension and ignorance. In appealing to the sensibilities of a jury, he is uncommonly powerful and persuasive. His eloquence, on ordinary occasions, is simple, easy, and flowing, but when an important juncture occurs, and mighty exertions are necessary to overcome mighty obstacles, then the whole strength of his understanding, and the collected forces of his genius are brought into the field of contention. Here his eloquence becomes energetic, vehement and impressive; endued with a power, by which the imagination is delighted, and the understanding convinced.

The mild, benevolent and social virtues which grace and dignify the character of this liberal-minded lawyer, command universal respect, soften the asperities of professional rivalry assuage the rancour of political hostility, and enable him to

glide into the esteem and affections of all with whom he has intercourse. His house is the abode of elegance and hospitality. It is the resort of strangers from all parts of the union, who are always sure of being welcomed by its generous host, with a polite and cordial reception.

Mr. Hoffman, in the opinion of the world, is not only an eminent lawyer, but an intelligent, dignified, and honest politician. The proud superiority of his talents has procured him a deservedly brilliant reputation throughout the union. Open, manly, and sincere, he is bold in the avowal of his sentiments, and consistent in his principles. He has about him no ambiguities, no disguises, none of those paltry finesses, by which intriguing statesmen engage the affections of the people, to abuse their confidence. In all the mutations of party, which have taken place in America, during the last twenty years, his character has not only been unimpeached, but unimpeachable: the tongue of slander itself has never dared to whisper a syllable of reproach against the integrity of his public, or the purity of his private life.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

WE copy the following interesting anecdote from a late periodical British print. Mr. Dibdin has made it the subject for the song introduced into this number of *The Port Folio*.

Extract of a letter from an officer on board the Barfleur, now stationed off Lisbon.

"I CANNOT conclude this letter (says the officer) without mentioning an extraordinary circumstance which happened here the other morning. A sailor of ours on watch, by some accident fell overboard; the sea running very high at the time, prevented the poor fellow from catching any of the ropes that were thrown to him, and upset two boats which put off to his as-

sistance; every body was now on deck, the man sinking, and nobody able to afford him the least relief; when a comrade of his, struck by the supplicating countenance of the miserable man now on the brink of destruction, cried out suddenly—"by heavens, Tom, I can't bear that look; I'll save you or go with you!" All eyes were directed to the man who spoke; but what was our astonishment when we beheld him plunge into the merciless waves, gain his comrade, and seize him with his left arm, while, with his right, he supported both himself and the man through the buffetings of the high running sea, and thus gave time for another and more fortunate boat to rescue them both from the extended jaws of an untimely death."

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines addressed to Master CHARLES R. LESLIE, now on his voyage to England, to perfect himself in the art of painting.

Go, child of genius! go, while youth remains!
 And glory's pulses beat in all thy veins,
 Embrace the hour the Fates auspicious give,
 Wake every sense, and *nobly learn to live*.
 No vulgar art thy rev'rence now commands,
 And beckons thee away to distant lands.
 PAINTING, that sweet enchantress smiles, and lo!
 The clay-cold cheeks with ruddy lustre glow;
 The eye so dead, with new-born beauty teems,
 Awakes to life, and sparkles in the beams.
 By such fond magic does she so deceive,
 The cold and silent grave *appears to breathe*.
 We gaze intent with mingled joy and dread,
 It seems a resurrection of the dead.

Go, youth! improve th' auspicious hour, and learn
 To win this splendid triumph o'er the urn;
 And warm'd to rapture by the gen'rous flame,
 Seize th' inspiring pencil—pant for fame,

And while a glance to future time is cast,
Reanimate the glories of the past:
Bid laurell'd Cæsar wait thy beck'ning hand,
Burst from the tomb, and in thy presence stand.
Go, seize those shades that steal from human sight,
And coyly vanish while they so delight;
Teach them that homage which thy pencil can,
To tarry and survive the mouldering man.

Go, gen'rous youth! while such fond hopes inspire,
And like Prometheus, catch celestial fire;
Dip thy undaunted pencil in the rays,
And warm to life thy canvass with the blaze.

'Twas in that merry season of the year,
When the full poet's mind flows free and clear,
When ev'ry son of song attunes his powers,
And smiling Fancy like creation flowers;
Two forms of more than mortal race were seen,
In social converse on the dewy green.
One, from his gait and movements so august,
Betray'd no kindred to the sons of dust:
His high commanding port, his front sublime,
His strength unconquer'd, all denoted TIME.
The other form by softer shades was known,
There all the fondness of the mother shone.
On ev'ry blossom as she past it by,
She paus'd and turn'd the full parental eye.
Her smiles th' impatient flow'ret joy'd to greet,
And blush'd and pour'd a gratulating sweet.
For who amid such blessings could repine?
That smile, O parent NATURE, it was *thine*.

And thus while forth they wander'd to inhale,
Th' elastic spirit of the early gale;
They strove in idle sport and truant talk,
To charm their footsteps in this devious walk.

Now sudden sounds of music, soft and clear,
Of harp and timbrel caught the list'ning ear.
They follow'd, wondering what these strains might mean,
Till in the bosom of a sylvan scene,

They saw a youthful band of nymphs and swains,
With light fantastic footsteps tread the plains;
Their heads were bound with garlands, and betray'd
Each beautiful diversity of shade;
Where the proud crimson of the rose was set
In all her pomp beside the violet.

NATURE, transported at a sight so dear,
Felt trick'ling down her cheeks th' unbidden tear;
And then, her sterner comrade thus address'd,
With all the parent struggling in her breast:
Canst thou, O TIME, behold without delight,
Shame to thine eyes! so beautiful a sight?
Mark, as my children course along the plains,
How life's warm current pours through all their veins,
Mounts to the cheerful cheek, and there it glows,
With brighter crimson than the garland rose.
For me, while thus mine eyes transported trace,
In all their limbs such levity and grace;
I hope (what parent would the wish resign?)
Their days, O TIME! in length shall rival thine.

Fled was the hour of mirth and pleasure now,
For lo! upon the tyrant's haughty brow,
Stern indignation sat; he turn'd away,
And dost thou think these forms of mouldering clay,
(He cried,) are destin'd by the Fates' decree,
These sons of earth to measure years with me?
Know from this hour thy children I abhor,
With all thy race I wage eternal war:
Nay, cease—'tis vain compassion to beseech,
And let this terrible example teach.

Frowning, he said, and mingling with the band,
Laid on their heads his unrelenting hand.
And hence a wonder horrible to tell!
Those lovely forms to dust and ashes fell.
Where once was youth and beauty gliding by,
The crimson cheek, the fine expressive eye,
The sprightly shouts of merriment and glee,
That mingled with the music of the tree;

Now chang'd, beneath a tyrant so unjust,
To silence, solitude, and mouldering dust.

NATURE beheld the sight amazed, and still,
Her heart was frozen stiff with horrors chill:
But when her tears afforded some relief,
And long succeeding days had mellowed grief;
Mournful she sat—a solitary one,
Casting her hopeless glances to the Sun.

Murmuring, she said, O mighty Parent, hear!
And didst thou bless me with delights so dear,
That cruel TIME, my unrelenting foe,
Should ravage all thy loveliest works below?
Deaf to all pity, to a mother's prayer,
Nor leave behind one trace of what they were:
Of all, no sad memorial now remains,
To sooth and charm a tender parent's pains.
I see, alas! my children all destroy'd,
And nought but mem'ry fills the gloomy void.

The Sun thus mildly answer'd: cease thy frown;
Thy trespass, daughter, brought this ruin down:
It was an idle boast—a wanton crime,
To arm against thee such a power as TIME:
Yet still, in pity to thy suppliant cry,
I grant this boon, the rest the Fates deny:
Whate'er thy race inherit from my rays,
The ruddy cheek, the eye's expressive gaze,
That portion of their being, I declare
Shall be immortal as the flames I bear.
TIME, while he triumphs (so the Fates ordain)
Shall still behold them rescued from his reign.
Henceforth, the pencil shall assert my claim,
And guided on by my inspiring flame,
Maintain the contest throughout every clime,
And still shall triumph in despite of TIME.

Obsequious to the prophecy, behold!
What mighty wonders future times unfold!
The pencil's blaze surviving man's decease,
Pour'd all its lustre on the soil of Greece.

Receding from a land where slav'ry reigns,
 It burst all splendour forth on Latium's plains;
 On Albion's cliffs the quivering glory smites,
 And strikes our clime with repercussive lights.

NATURE obsequious to her sire's behest,
 Resign'd the pencil to the hand of WEST;
 Long has he fought, and by his conquests won,
 Enlarg'd the jurisdiction of the sun.*

TIME frowns indignant, and will soon command
 Th' obnoxious gift restor'd to NATURE's hand.

Already she anticipates the deed,
 And trembles to confer the expected meed.
 Where shall *her hopes alight?* see, LESLIE! see,
 Her eye, her smile, is bent direct on thee.

Go, child of genius! go, while youth remains!
 And glory's pulses beat in all thy veins;
 Embrace the hour the Fates auspicious give,
 Wake ev'ry sense, and *nobly learn to live.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PATTY AND JEMMY—A COTTAGE TALE.

"HASTE, sisters, bind my dark brown hair,
 With this dear ribband Jemmy gave;
 He brought it Patty, from the fair,
 And own'd himself her beauty's slave.

"Haste, sisters, haste, and round me throw
 This broider'd handkerchief so fine;
 'Twas given, with many a tender vow,
 By Jemmy to his Valentine.

"My pretty ring, with posy gay,
 (Dear pledge! we'll never, never part!).
 With love's first modest kiss, one day
 He gave; and Patty gave her heart!

* A catalogue of Mr. West's paintings are published in this number of the Port Folio.

"Look, sisters, look! here on my breast
My dearest, proudest treasures are;
Sweet lines, which sweeter love exprest,
Surround a braid of Jemmy's hair.

"And this the hour he comes to claim
His tender Patty's faithful vows:
And shall I bear my Jemmy's name,
And be his happy grateful spouse!

"O! though my heart be true and pure,
Though innocent my actions prove,
Ye gods, ye only can ensure
My earthly heaven! 'tis Jemmy's love!

"What though each tattling gossip tells
How Jemmy roves from fair to fair;
Still this exulting bosom swells
With blessedness too great to bear.

"Is it his fault, if from his eyes,
Such soul-subduing glances dart?
If in his smile such witch'ry lies
As subjugates the virgin heart?

"No, sisters, no! I'll ne'er believe
That vanity his conduct guides:
That he'll pursue, and then deceive
The heart which in his truth confides.

"Then, sisters, bind my dark-brown hair,
Arrange each flowing lock with art;
Each little ornament prepare,
To make me worthier Jemmy's heart."

Her sisters bound her dark-brown hair,
Arranged her flowing locks with art:
But in the church a wilier fair
Receiv'd false Jemmy's hand and heart.

Poor Patty hears the bridal song;
She sees the bridal train appear:

She starts, she gazes on the throng;
But sighs not! speaks not! sheds no tear!
Pride gives her strength! she joins the rest,
This bridal retinue so gay!
She pins his favour on her breast!
Then sighs! but nothing still will say!
Paler and paler grew the rose,
Which faintly blossom'd on her cheek!
Oft her meek eye to heaven she throws,
Yet still no sentence will she speak!
She would not injure him she lov'd!
She would not tell her tale of woe!
But onward moved, as others moved,
With steps irresolute and slow!
She watch'd them to the bridal cot;
She sunk upon her bended knee;
Not once she curst her hard, hard lot;
But ceased to feel! and ceased to be.
Oft Patty's ghost, by Luna's beams,
Around the false one's cot will glide;
But never haunt her Jemmy's dreams,
Or terrify the happier bride!
Oft, hovering o'er the sleeping youth,
She spreads her arms, in act to bless!
Poor victim of confiding truth!
Not e'en in death she loves him less!

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STANZAS TO ROSA.

Now let me sing of yonder hill,
Where blooming foliage sweetly glows;
With all surrounding nature still,
Save the smooth current as it flows;

To breathe the fragrance of the air,
And all the prospect round survey,
Gay Nature's sweetest smiles to share,
And thus beguile the hours away.

This could the cares of life dispel,
And sooth the wo-worn heart to rest;
The gloomy shades of Grief expel,
And make the child of Sorrow blest.

But, gentle Rosa, hither hie,
Beneath this bending oak repose,
Thy charms would make a clearer sky,
The rugged thorn would seem a rose.

This spot with thee, indeed, were gay,
And while you tread the lovely green,
Melodious warblers round you play,
And animate the glowing scene.

O! could I go with you, to taste
The pleasures of that sweet abode;
With frequent step my feet would haste,
Nor tarry on the blissful road.

My fancy flies on speedy wing,
And brings fair Rosa to my view;
I hear the gentle charmer sing,
And move the soft piano too.

Sweet girl, with smiling graces drest,
Of Innocence, an emblem pure;
Deign, while on yonder green you rest,
To look on him your smiles allure:

And, while in meditation lost,
If his approach should meet your eye,
Let not that soul with fear be tost,
Thy tumult calm—a friend is nigh.

HERMINIUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*An address to the Harp of Miss C——, Richmond, in imitation
of Scott's invocation to the Northern Harp.*

HARP of the South! that never mouldering hung,
But daily by a Sylvan touch doth sing;
And hath thy numbers on soft zephyr flung,
'Till joyous listners did around thee cling,
Musing in ecstasy on ev'ry string:
Oh, happy harp! ne'er let thine accents sleep!
Though pleas'd to hear the James* a murmuring,
Still let thy sweeter sounds its silence keep,
And let a votarist smile, who'd frequent cause to weep.

'Twas thus in ancient days of Caledon,
The lyre was foremost mid'st the happy croud;
When lay of mutual love, or glory won,
Arous'd the lover, or the warrior proud;
And each accordant theme was struck aloud.
Then to its strains sublime and high,
Fair maids and plumed chiefs enraptur'd bow'd,
Well pleas'd the burthen of the minstrelsy,
Was knighthood's dauntless deed, and beauty's matchless eye.

Oh, strike once more! and to thy happy hand,
Its magic numbers pleas'd obey;
Oh, strike once more! and let thy skill command,
Those touching accents, of thy Halcyon lay;
Enchanting sweet, that ne'er may die away;
And always worthy of thy happy strain:
Then, then my heart, enraptur'd at its sway,
Beats to a touch that ne'er was vain,
Then silent never be! Enchantress! strike again!

P.

Philadelphia, Sept. 14.

* The James, the river on which Richmond is situated, and the falls adjacent, murmurs in soothing softness to the soul.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

BOOK I. ODE XIX.

To Harriet, that he was inflamed with the love of her.

THE mother of those boys* divine,
And Theban Semeié, combine
 With thoughts that rise within me;
And, Harriet, thy fair visage too,
Thy jetty locks, thine eyes of blue
 From wandering loves to win me.

Than Parian marble far more bright,
More lovely bursts upon my sight
 Her tap'ring form romantic;
And even should she strive to vex,
Her very frowns with joy perplex,
 And almost set me frantic.

Venus with all her Cyprian throng,
Bid me to weave the chaplet song,
 And turn from subjects stupid;
To sing no more of Scythian wars,
Nor Parthians furious on their cars,
 Nor aught but rosy Cupid.

Bring me a light, and quickly, boy,
Give me cigarrs, those tubes of joy,
 And old wine, and delicious;
A victim will I offer up,
Drown fear, to Harriet, in the cup:
 'Twill make her more propitious.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STANZAS TO AN ORPHAN.

TUNE my harp with plaintive lays,
While my Muse's fancy flies,
And to yonder cottage strays,
Where the hapless orphan lies.

* Cupids.

Hapless! yea, though plenty bless,
No parental fondness glows,
No kind mother to caress,
Nor relieve an orphan's woes.

Thus expos'd on life's rough ocean,
Where the waves of envy roll,
Mov'd by every slight commotion,
Toss'd aside on every shoal.

Fearful of approaching danger,
Ever fill'd with anxious care;
To contentment sweet, a stranger,
Sorrow is the orphan's share.

But if Friendship's smile will bless you,
And dispel those gloomy fears,
If its soothing charms caress you,
'Tis a solace for your tears.

Then, bid Grief depart forever,
On the lap of Comfort rest,
Where no mournful sighs shall sever
Those sweet joys that make you blest.

HERMINIUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON TWO SPARROWS FOUND DEAD IN A LADY'S CAGE.

*One of these birds is supposed to sing over the body of her
dead mate.*

"AWAKE! my dearest life, awake!
Already hast thou slept too long;
The morning beam begins to break,
Come cheer our prison with a song.

Awake, thy partner calls on thee,
Dispel the dear delicious dream,
That haunts thee still; for yonder tree
Is covered with the morning gleam.

Awake my love—adjust thy plumes,
Nor longer let thy spouse complain;
Though sleep has quench'd thine eye in glooms,
The sun will make it shine again.

Awake, our brethren of the sky,
Are chanting loud on ev'ry bough;
O sluggard! sluggard! ope thine eye,
Sweet are their notes, I hear them now.

What, though we can no longer fly
Beneath yon spreading arch of blue;
Yet ever present to mine eye
Captivity is dear with you.

Ah me! what comfort can I take,
When my poor partner lies so low;
I would not wish to be awake,
If thou dost always slumber so.

Ah, how the plumage on my breast,
Beats with the terrors of my heart;
I come, I come, to share thy rest,
And claim a faithful partner's part:

And far such slumber cannot be!
No more the pleasant sun-beams shine:
The world alas! grows dark to me,
I know it is the sleep of thine.

Soft—let me while my limbs can bear,
Feel where thou art; for there I'll creep;
Ere I thy drowsy slumbers share,
In that same spot I wish to sleep.

I feel thee now;" she said no more;
The plaintive Muse was by, and wept;
The sparrow gave her sorrows o'er,
And on her slumbering partner, slept.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Cumberland has accurately described the blunders of the Irish: they result not from a poverty but from an affluence of ideas. Their ardour allows them no leisure to cull and select. This is evident from another consideration—that, in many instances, their meaning overreaches their words, and we commit *bulls* by denominating them such. Of this class is the following: The chancellor of the exchequer is reported to have said in a debate, some years since, that the tax on leather would be severely felt by the *barefooted peasantry of Ireland*. Undoubtedly it would, because it would raise the price of leather, and compel them to *remain barefooted*. He is further reported to have said, that the Irish would, in the present war, spend the last guinea of their property, to preserve *the remainder*. Very well, and there may be a remnant of property *not amounting to the value of a guinea, which they might wish still to preserve*.

It may be a matter not too insignificant for inquiry, whence did the expression Bulls originate? Might it not have been from the bulls of St. Peter, after the establishment of protestantism in England, when the thunders of the vatican were treated with contempt?

A writer, by the name of James Hall, in the European Magazine, of 1809, inquires, “to what peculiar custom or circumstance, Death is said to ride on a pale horse, in the Revelations of the evangelist?” He further states, that it was customary for the ancients to paint horses red, green, and of other colours; and wishes to know whether the appearance of Death on a pale horse may thus be accounted for? The writer, without resorting to the learned lumber of antiquity, has only to reflect that paleness indicates terror and dismay, and consequently was a very suitable colour for the horse, which was mounted by so formidable a rider. Allow Death only to be king of terrors, and a pale horse assuredly becomes him.

In the will of Charles James Fox, a legacy is bequeathed, if memory is correct, to a young man, who attended one of the En-

English nobility to this country. We do not recollect to have seen any thing in print to inform us who this personage was; what were his talents and profession, and yet of some celebrity he must have been, we should suppose, for it is hardly probable, that an ordinary character would have attracted the dying regards of such a man as Mr. Fox.

It has been supposed that the mode of salutation by taking off the hat, is a remnant of ancient chivalry. The knights, in passing each other would raise the vizors of their helmets, which so completely covered their faces, that otherwise they would remain unknown to each other.

Mr. Windham was once in the course of a parliamentary debate complained of by Mr. Fox, for indulging himself in such invectives as he did, against some of the principal characters who instigated the French revolution. Mr. Windham, in explanation, remarked, that his invectives bore no proportion to the crimes that produced them. He further observed, that his honourable friend seemed rather inclined to adopt the language of Scrub, who comes on to the stage, and exclaims, Sir are you one of the *thieves*,—I beg pardon, sir, one of the *honest gentlemen, who are robbing our house?*

A German writer, in describing the Helvetian Alps, says, "these hills bear horns," &c. A society of critics were much puzzled and confounded to ascertain the meaning of this term. They, however, all agreed, that the expression was not to be taken *in its natural sense*, and henceforth hills are not, according to this grave decision, *to be regarded as cornuted animals.*

The English parliament have, it seems, a long time since, imposed a duty on coffee, and the statute requires that coffee should be ground before it is offered for sale. This has led to much fraud and imposition in the seller, who can now, without much hazard of detection, spoil the coffee by a mixture of other ingredients. The author of *Espriella's Letters*, in noticing this

circumstance, speaks perfectly in the style and manner of Goldsmith: "*Besides, an act of parliament has been passed, prohibiting the English from drinking good coffee.*"

A gentleman who professed the most outrageous veneration for Shakspeare, and was at the same time totally insensible to the beauties of that immortal bard, was peculiarly and proverbially unhappy, in the passages he produced, as worthy of admiration. Having fallen upon this line, "Thou wert the cause and most accursed effect," he pondered over it for a long time, and, at last, expanding his brows, he burst into a panegyric, and exclaimed, "How much intelligence is contained in that single line; *it makes my brains ache to understand it.*"

On one of the gravestones in the state of Connecticut is engraved this singular motto:

Deacon ——— and his mother
Left this bad world, to enjoy *another*.

This seems to have been a favourite stanza, at the time it was written, for we are assured by our correspondent, that several other gravestones pay the same compliment to the deceased.

At the trial of John Horne Tooke before lord chief justice Eyre, for high treason, one of the witnesses delivered his evidence in metaphoric language. He was severely tortured by the counsel, in cross examination, and, if we mistake not, applied to the court for protection. The remark of the chief justice on that occasion, was so proper, so admonitory, and intermingled with so much judicial gravity of rebuke, that we cannot resist the pleasure of its quotation: You have drawn yourself into *this* difficulty by the use of figurative language. Suffer me to give you one piece of advice; when you are on oath before a court of justice never deliver your evidence in metaphors.

At the conclusion of the trial above alluded to, Mr. Tooke in the most unequivocal manner, expressed his gratitude to the court and the jury, for their deportment on that occasion, which

he has since represented, in his speeches at the hustings, and in his Diversions of Purley, as having been conducted with the most palpable injustice.

Whatever may have been lord Erskine's former celebrity at the bar, he certainly, in the course of his professional avocations, manifested a petulance, an impatience of interruption, which we should not suppose to belong to a character truly great. In the presence of lord chief justice Eyre, he seemed to feel a sense of inferiority, continually manifested by those little unbecoming irritations, whenever his lordship interposed his authority, in the course of the trial of John Horne Tooke.

Lord chief justice Lee, we think, once made a singular remark, though not less singular than true—that if a man states a thing which is not true, not knowing it to be such at the time he states it, it is still a falsehood.

One of the judges of that age, when a question was brought before the court, somewhat like the following, whether the record of the court below was not deficient in neglecting to state that notice was given to the party against whom judgment was rendered, delivered himself in these terms: Nothing can excuse the want of notice. It has been remarked, that the Deity himself did not condemn Adam unheard. He said, Adam, where art thou? And his lordship further adds, that the same question was put to Eve also. Now, we much fear, if any one would crave *oyer* of that passage, his lordship would be compelled to plead *nul tiel record*, for there is certainly no such record in existence. The judge was probably better acquainted with lord Coke than with his Bible.

Lord Mansfield in a case brought before him, in which the rights of one of the members of the house of commons were decided, sarcastically said, although this question involves the right of election, still a little conscience ought to be *observed for decency's sake*.

One of our native poets, describing a storm at sea, thus beautifully expresses himself:

The billows of the sea ran mountains high,
That made *me heave till I thought I should die.*

Anticipating the death of his brother, he is in a miserable plight, until a friend informs him of his safety, and his grief terminates, perfectly Anacreontic:

He now informed me of the sad report,
And down we sat and *took a bottle of port.*

Anne Seeward, in her Biography of Dr. Darwin, remarks, that he was once asked, by some one, to explain the colour of a certain flowret. He said, continues Anne, that it resembled the *down of a seraph's wing*. Thus accurately, remarks his eulogist, could he describe the hues of a flower that he had never seen. The intelligent panegyrist would have done essential service, and have raised the character of her hero, in our estimation, had she described of what colour the down of a *seraph's wing* was.

A London critic has undertaken the unwarrantable license of altering Goldsmith's beautiful poem, entitled Retaliation. One of his learned emendations runs thus:

Here Cumberland lies, having cast all his parts,
The Terence of England, and mender of hearts.

The author remarks, that Goldsmith has been guilty of a most woful blunder, in the original, in denominating Cumberland an actor, thus:

Here Cumberland lies, having *acted his parts.*

Now, if he will only forget the stage, and apply the term as Goldsmith intended, which was, to denote that Cumberland *performed all the duties of this life well*, he will suffer the original to stand. He acted his part well, is a term of every day phraseology, whether applied to the comedian, the tragedian, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant, the divine, the physician, &c.

&c. &c. That Goldsmith meant this is evident from the next line, where he describes Cumberland as the mender of hearts. The sagacious critic has himself fell plumb into the error which he charges upon Goldsmith; he does denominate Cumberland an actor, and the acting manager, likewise, whose duty it is to cast all the parts.

Our luminous critic proceeds—

Or rather like Tragedy giving a route:

And adds, "this is certainly, with respect to the sense, an objectionable line, yet it would be difficult to alter it." Yes, by good fortune, this line, by ending with the word "route," the objectionable word, has preserved its integrity; it was too hard a task for the critic to comprehend it, and too difficult for him to spoil it, if he was obliged to find a rhyme in so doing.

His (Cumberland's) gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy-queen he has dizzened her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a route.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and vices, that Folly grows proud.

Now, what is a route, in the fashionable sense of the term, but a large company, comprizing all varieties of temper and character, and without any assortment collected? This is what Goldsmith charges Cumberland with so delicately. His gallants are all faultless, his women divine; fools, likewise, make part of the assembly, and are pleased with a company so much above their level. His censure is, that there is too much nobility of character for comedy, and too much levity to constitute legitimate tragedy. Thus, this congregation resembles not Tragedy assorting her characters to their proper stations; but giving a card of indiscriminate invitation, for all her acquaintance to assemble at her *route*.

The critic proceeds. In the eighth line (*viz.* Folly grows proud,) we have altered the appellation Folly to *Moriæ*, to avoid tautology, and indeed, to embody an idea otherwise too diffusive; for, however pleasant repetition may be in a lease, it is, certainly, in a poem, grating and unharmonious. If the gentleman

will only go back to his poetical alphabet, he will find that it is one of the undoubted rights of the Muse to personify abstract qualities. The Genius of Folly, finding her votaries, at this route in so much better company than they were accustomed to frequent, is "proud" of the honour. Narrow, indeed, must be the critic's intellect, if this idea is "too diffusive" for its comprehension. We question whether the Genius of Folly would be proud of such a commentator.

The following anecdote is reported of Dr. Johnson: That once dining in company with John Wilkes, he declared himself inaccessible to flattery. Wilkes said he would put him to the proof. He praised his Rambler and his Idler, and admired them both, as models of style and wisdom. The Dr. was surly and unmoved. He plied him on that string, without effect, for some time: at length he observed, Sir, you are the only person of my acquaintance that can hear his own panegyrics without emotion. The relaxation of the Doctor's muscles testified his pleasure—There I have you, says Wilkes, triumphantly, you are open to flattery.

Burke, in his appeal from the new to the old whigs, applies a principle he states to have laid down for his own observance, to liberty, that may be beautifully applied to the indulgence of extraordinary wishes towards any thing appertaining to a life so mutable and so full of vicissitudes as the present. He says, that being warned by great and respected examples, he had taken his ideas of liberty (or of happiness, it might be added,) very low, that they might stick to him to the last moments of his life.

Two sisters, of the names of Clara and Lucy, were once holding conversation together, when a gentleman who was paying his addresses to the former, quoted a line of Virgil, in which the words "*clariora luce*" were used. The sisters demanding an explanation, he thus answered, and critics may regard it a free translation: Clara is more lovely than Lucy.

A classical shopkeeper who had spectacles for sale, inscribed on his sign this motto, "*Ecce spectaculum dignum.*"

Virgil says " *sacra fames auri, quid non cogis mortalia pectora.*" Dryden has this singular version of the passage:

O *sacred* hunger of pernicious gold,
What bonds of faith can impious lucre hold?

Dr. Young fell so desperately in love with an odd damsel, named Antithesis, that in the ardour of his adoration he sometimes fell into blunders: for example,

Brighter than *brightness* this distinguished day.

He was sometimes so fond of the figurative language, that he degrades the majesty of the subject he handles, by low allusions. For example,

Who rounded in his spacious palm these orbs,
And *bowl'd* them flaming through the vast profound."

Again,

Seest thou yonder galaxy
Sanded with suns:

A critic, some time since enumerated what he was pleased to denominate *Hybernianisms* committed by Englishmen. Among others he cited the following instance, from Dr. Johnson:

And sell for gold what gold can never buy:

The articles of such barter the Dr. declared to be peaceful slumbers and a quiet conscience. Now this is certainly correct. A quiet conscience may, undoubtedly be bartered away for money, and it is equally evident, that it is incapable of being purchased by that article. The writer has laboured under a confusion of ideas, by associating the terms buyer and seller; whereas, it is in the *opposition of those terms*, that the point of the passage consists. Judas sold his conscience, metaphorically speaking, for *money*; but the return of that *money* did not reinstate him in that quietude of mind he had abandoned by his first act; neither would an *additional bribe from the Jews*. The meaning is obvious: Be cautious how you stake your integrity for money, since,

once lost, you forfeit what the mines of Golconda are incompetent to repurchase.

There is (if we may be allowed the expression) a humour of incident, attending, sometimes, strange characters, as if Nature conspired with their own whims, to render them more singular and odd. The following is an instance: a man, whose whole character was a tissue of eccentricity, joined a fishing party, left his fishing-line and his pole in the water, and rambled for his amusement. A wild duck, having seen the bait, caught at it, and was taken by the hook. The eccentric gentleman returning, was asked by his companions if he had caught a fish. No, he replied, but I have a wild duck, and exposed the fluttering captive to their view. This was done with a ponderous gravity of countenance, as if the thing was familiar to, or anticipated by him, without a single feature of pleasure or astonishment. It has become now a common thing to ask him this question: Mr. B. when will you fish for wild ducks? He replies drily, the first leisure moment.

One of the most beautiful quotations, and, at the same time, the most appropriate, we have ever seen, was made by Mr. Burke, from Milton, in one of his parliamentary philippics against the French constitution of 1788. The reader will bear in memory, that the power of the monarch was at that time so restricted as to make the duties attached to it invidious. Louis was the mere shadow of a monarch.

The other shape,
If shape it might be called, that shadow seemed,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
For each seemed either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a deadly dart; *what seemed his head*
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

As an evidence how well Edmund Burke understood the import of words, the following may be cited. Factionous members of a community are often associated for no other purpose than to

pull down the predominant party, and when that object is once attained, they divide and separate again. Burke, enforcing the necessity of a more intimate union among good men, thus expresses himself: When bad men *combine*, good men must *unite*.

It is an article of literary curiosity worthy preservation, that Dr. Goldsmith's *Retaliation* was written directly after Garrick's sarcasm at the club, which ended with this line,

He wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll:

The company dined with sir Joshua Reynolds the succeeding day, when the Dr. produced what the English ministry would denominate *his retaliatory measure*, whence it found its way direct into the public newspapers.

The following favourable, flattering, yet highly discriminating and beautiful critique upon Mitford's *History of Greece*, is so perfectly just, that we copy it with alacrity from a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, not without hope some bookseller will reprint the invaluable work in question, which is decidedly the best history of the Grecian commonwealth, considered with respect, not only to the whole series of ancient events which it comprizes, but also to any very prominent portion of that series. Mr. Mitford's history is the best that has appeared since the days of Xenophon. By calling it the best, we mean, that it is the strongest in that quality, which is the cardinal virtue, or rather the four cardinal virtues in one, of historic composition—*trustworthiness*. Such praise, it will instantly occur to the reader, is seldom bestowed, where it is best due, without a credit account of censure being opened at the same time. The work before us is one which will bear to be commended with discrimination; and its excellencies, if faithfully displayed, may sustain such a contrast of shadow as would perfectly extinguish the farthing brightness of those *novels founded on fact*; commonly called histories.

The present volume continues the history of Greece, in which is included that of Sicily to the battle of Chæroneæ; and might not unfairly be termed the acts of Dionysius of Syracuse,

and of Philip of Macedon. The originalness of its contents the reader will appreciate, when he is told, that the two characters just mentioned, proverbial as they have been in all ages, the one for atrocious oppression, the other for unprincipled ambition, are here classed among the most exalted and unexceptionable of those, whose commanding virtues have exposed them to the martyrdom of misrepresentation. The indisputable qualifications of Mr. Mitford, for patient, and, at the same time, for bold research, entitle his representations on these subjects to be fairly examined; while the strangeness and novelty of those representations must expose them to somewhat more than suspicion, till they shall have been established by proof.

In the judgment of reason, the *matter* of a book is perhaps before its *manner*; but this judgment has been reversed by the consent of all ages; "neither gods, nor men, nor columns" allowing that what is not well written has any title to be well read, or indeed to be read at all. Of the history before us, no critic will deny that its general cast bespeaks the ability of the writer; that he correctly holds the medium between the heavy philosopher and the mere gazetteer, between looking back and going on; that his arrangement is always properly, sometimes delicately, exact; that his episodes have all the character of being appendages, and yet not excrescences; visitors, and yet not foreigners; that, though always copious, he never loses himself in his own copiousness; that, in short, the impression conveyed by his narrative, is a strong sense of its clearness, fulness, comprehensiveness, and variety. Yet the world is never satisfied with any gifts or endowments that are accompanied by affectation; and of this quality Mr. Mitford is charged with having two sorts. He writes in an affected style, and he is eaten up with the affectation of spelling better than any of his neighbours.

These faults, however, belong exclusively to the exterior of this work; and, with so much of solid context before us, it would be wrong to detain the reader on a mere measurement of its superficial extent, or an examination of its colour. In proceeding, before we address ourselves to grapple with any part of Mr. Mitford's matter, we shall offer one word on the sort of authority to which he has resorted for it.

In this particular, we ascribe to our author uncommon merit. We do not allude merely to his management of those materials of intelligence which he has collected; to his skill in winding out a train of events, though obscurely, and uncertainly; or to his dexterity in systematizing loose hints, caught from a variety of quarters. All this he has in a considerable degree; but we mean rather to commend the judgment which he has discovered in his steady pursuit, and, on all occasions, resolute preference of cotemporary authorities. This is one great distinction between this author and his predecessors; and it is one on which he is justly entitled to value himself.

There is this general distinction between cotemporary history and all other history—that the former is a witness, the latter is a judge. The *opinions* of a cotemporary author, on the events which he records, are only then authority, when the impression made on a bystander, happens to be a material part of the case; nor is this any exception to the maxim, that his business is to testify, not to lecture.

On *facts*, however, he is paramount evidence; and that, not only in the age immediately succeeding him, but also, which is generally forgotten, to the latest times. The modern historian, who consults original authorities through the medium of some later predecessor, descends from the character of a judge to that of a faithful reporter of decisions.

These observations apply directly to Grecian history. Of the state of Grecian politics in the time of Philip of Macedon, we know, or may know, much from the writings of cotemporary authors. The writers, on the other hand, who, towards the decline of the Roman power, compiled histories of Greece, were not only far separated from the period in question, but were also deeply tinged with that sophistical spirit, that mania of sacrificing accuracy to hypothesis, which was the pest of the later literature of antiquity. Yet modern authors have implicitly trusted these guides. So far from recollecting that just division of employment, which assigns the province of testimony to the cotemporary historian, and that of judgment to those who come after, they have most preposterously inverted this order. They have borrowed their text from Justin, their commentary from Demos-

thenes; and have justified the prejudiced declamation of the demagogue, by an appeal to the libellous anecdotes of the fabulist.

Were we called to name the circumstance, which of all others distinguishes Mr. M's history, we should mention the light which it throws on the state of parties in Greece.

On the whole, we think it our duty to testify, that the story of the Grecian republics has been more justly told by Mr. Mitford, than by any preceding author; and that those who differ from him in his political conclusions, must still acknowledge their obligations to the clearness and fulness of his narrative.

EPIGRAMS.

On a Dutch vessel refusing to take up major Money, who, after ascending in a balloon from Norwich, fell into the sea.

Beneath the sun nothing, no nothing, that's new;
 Though Solomon said it, the maxim's not true;
 A Dutchman, for instance, was heretofore known
 On *lucre* intent, and on *lucre* alone;
 Mynheer is grown honest—retreats from his prey,
 Won't pick up e'en *Money*, though dropt in his way.

I gave fair Nan a blushing rose,
 And told her, beauty, like the flower,
 Its transitory empire owes
 To youth's short-lived but smiling hour.

I told her that delays were wrong,
 Oh name the happy morn, I cried;
 She felt the moral of my song,
 And was, next morn, *my rival's bride*.

I'll follow *thy fortune*, a termagant cries,
 Whose extravagance caused all the evil,
 That were some consolation, the husband replies,
 For my fortune is *gone to the devil*.

In a Dublin magazine, we recollect to have once read an essay, in which the writer attempted to prove that his nation were

not liable to commit those blunders so often laid to their charge. The author was very ingenious on this point; but in the midst of his zeal, in the vindication of his countrymen, related the following anecdotes: first, that he had himself seen one of his countrymen cutting off, with great deliberation, the branch of a tree on which he stood. The other example, related as authentic, was—An Irish boy, when put out to nurse, enjoyed fine health and an excellent constitution; but when returned to his parents, was a sickly and puny being, and so continued to be for the remainder of his life. He was afterwards accosted by his old nurse, who craved his charity. The young man refused the request, and with much indignation observed, when you first took me to nurse, I was a fine healthy boy, and you *changed me for a sickly one.*

MORTUARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DIED, in Yorktown, Virginia, on the 14th of December, 1810, in the sixty-second year of his age, the honourable **CYRUS GRIFFIN**, judge of the Federal Court for the district of Virginia. When appreciating the blessings of liberty, we cannot too highly estimate the services of those who have been instrumental in its establishment; and, whilst we offer to the memory of the warrior who gained our victories, the most exalted tribute of respect and gratitude, we should not overlook the hero of the cabinet, by whose wisdom and firmness, the road of honour and glory was marked out to the soldier. Amongst the number of those excellent characters who aided in our councils to place us in the rank of an independent nation, was the departed **Cyrus Griffin**. Although educated in Britain, and connected, by marriage, with an ancient and noble family of that country, he was one of the first, who came forward to assert the rights and independence of his native country, and at an early period of his life, was elected a member of the Virginia legislature, by whom, almost at the commencement of our con-

federation (1778,) he was appointed a member of congress. In that station he was so much esteemed, that he was elected by congress president of the supreme court of admiralty, where he remained a judge until the court was abolished; when, having been chosen by the legislature of his native state, chief justice of the 'district of Kentucky, then attached to the state of Virginia, which honourable appointment, though with much reluctance, finding it not convenient to accept, he was again, in 1787, appointed a member of congress. The high estimation in which his character was then held, by a congress of virtuous and enlightened patriots, was evinced by the appointment of their president (1788), and in that high station he continued until the dissolution of our first political compact. General Washington, who well knew Mr. Griffin's merit, determined to provide for him a permanent situation, suited to his talents and habits, and as the first token of his respect and confidence, appointed Mr. Griffin, in conjunction with general Lincoln, and colonel Humphreys, to adjust all differences then existing with the Creek nation of Indians. The mission produced the happy effects expected from it. Mr. Griffin was likewise chosen by the protestant episcopal convention of the state of Virginia, as one of the lay deputies, to represent them, in the general episcopal convention assembled at Philadelphia. When it was believed, that Mr. Griffin might not find employment in the general government, the legislature of his native state again gave him another flattering proof of the estimation in which he was held, by electing him a member of the privy council of Virginia; but before time was allowed to qualify to that office, general Washington promoted him to a seat on the bench, where he acted as judge for twenty-one years. In this long career of valuable services, the honour and integrity of this excellent public servant have never been suspected.

Mr. Griffin's memory will be respected and revered, by all who knew him; for he was the polite scholar, the accomplished gentleman, and an affectionate husband and father, a most sincere friend, a very humane master, and a good christian.

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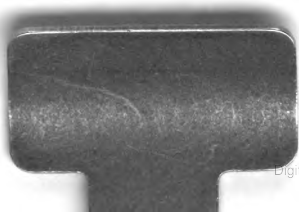
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